Paul Rycaut Esqr late Consul
of Smyrna & Fellow of the
Royall Societie.

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THE CRITICK.

WRITTEN

Originally in SPANISH;

BY

LORENZO GRACIAN

One of the

Best Wits of Spain,

And Tranſlated into Engliſh,

By *PAUL RYCAUT* Eſq;

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The Epiſtle Dedicatory

To the KING.

May it pleaſe your Moſt Excellent Majeſty,

THis little Treatiſe, which was written in my Youth, was the firſt Fruits of my Travels, and ought to have been offered in the Years of my Minority, when perhaps it had looked much more like my ſelf then it doth at preſent: But becauſe the Words only are Mine, and the Sence and Scope the Thoughts and

Contrivance of a Serious Don; the Subject will be liable to no other Incongruity, then that which is now common in the World, where we ſee Men of Years and Gravity dreſſed in the Hair and Faſhion of the Youthful. But be the Attire what it will, I am ſure the Subject, which is Morality, giving Rules for a Vertuous and Prudent Life, is ſeaſonable in all Ages; and much more conducing to the common good of Your Majeſties Kingdoms, then the ſwarms of Libels, and Seditious Pamphlets, which fill the Preſs, and are the Entertainments of Men who are wanton

and

and at eaſe. It is want of true Morality which makes Men Cenſurers of others Actions, neglecting in the mean time to pry into their own: It makes them Proud, High-minded, and Boaſters, and gives them confidence to arraign Princes, and their Cabinet Counſels of Government; whilſt in the mean time they are ſo far from Ruling their own little World within them, that they are not able to ſubdue a Paſsion, or moderate that little, or untowardly Member of their Tongue. But our *CRITICK*, which ſuggeſts better things, doth with that Humility which he teaches, appear

before your Majeſty, being conducted to your Royal Preſence by the Interpreter, who having received Encouragement by the Gracious Eye, your Majeſty hath been pleaſed to beſtow on his other Writings, doth with greater Boldneſs, and yet with due Reverence, tender this at your Royal Feet, Praying always for the long Life of your Sacred Majeſty, in which the Peace, Proſperity, and Welfare of your People is bound up; and that God Almighty may ever Bleſs your Majeſty with Increaſe of Honour, Triumph, and greater Exaltation of Glory, are the unfaigned

faigned, and fervent Prayers of,

Moſt Dread Soveraign,

Your MAJESTIES

Moſt Dutiful Subject, and

moſt Humble Servant,

PAUL RYCAUT.

THE

THE TRANSLATOR TO THE Reader.

When I was about the Age of Twenty, of which I had ſpent Five in the Univerſity of Cambridge, *my good Father, who was deſirous to beſtow on me a liberal Education (though the youngeſt of his Ten Sons) and to improve me in all the Languages which are common to* Europe, *thought fit to ſend me to the Court of* Spain *in company with my eldeſt Brother, whoſe principal Buſineſs there was to recover a Debt of One hundred thouſand Pieces of Eight, which his Catholick Majeſty*

Majeſty owed unto my Father: The Demand was unqueſtionable, for the Account was liquid, and clearly ſtated by the Councel of the Exchequer, *and the King upon their report, was pleaſed to give his own Royal Firm for confirmation of it, and to make ſeveral Decrees for the Payment; but as the Proceedings in* Spain *are always Dilatory, and the Kings Revenue moſt commonly Anticipated, ſo our private Pretenſions were forced to give place to the more importunate Neceſſities of the Publick, and after a year and halfs Sollicitation, we were diſpatched thence with a poor* Auyda de coſtas, *or ſomething under the name of a Largeſs, to bear our Expences, paid in Vellion, or the Baſe Copper Money of* Spain. *Since which the Intereſt hath encreaſed without either payment of it, or of the Principal, though our King of* Great Britain *(whom God preſerve) hath been graciouſly pleaſed often to recommend our caſe to his Ambaſſadors ſent to* Madrid, *and to make*

it one particular in their Inſtructions: But all this being without effect, gave me often cauſe to conclude, that it was much better, and of more Security to have a Mortgage on good Farms and Tenements in England, *then of honour to be a Creditor of the moſt Mighty and Potent Monarch of both the* Indies.

But I, who in the gaity of my Youth, little regarded the Intereſt of Wealth, leaving that care to the incumbence of my pious Parents, attended wholly to the Improvements of my Mind; and to that end, not to looſe time, I ſtudied awhile at Alcala de Henares, *called in Latin,* Collegium Compluſenſe, *where I had the Honour to be eſteemed more for my skill in the Latin Tongue, and my Faculty in Poetry, then ever I had a Reputation for in my own Univerſity; I there applyed my ſelf eſpecially to learn the* Spaniſh *Tongue, in gaining of which I had ſomething more then an ordinary advantage, by having no converſation with Engliſh;*

Engliſh; and then this Book of the Critick *being newly publiſhed and recommended to me for being wrote by one of the beſt Wits and Pens of* Spain; *I was eaſily perſwaded to read it over; the Stile being ſmooth and pleaſant in the beginning, gave me an eaſie Introduction to it; but the remainder being more harſh, and crabbed, I forced my ſelf with ſome difficulty to underſtand the ſence and humour of the Author, fancying in the mean time, that I was entred into thoſe ſteep and thorny ways of Vertue, which* Critilo *teaches, and from which no difficulties ought to divert, or diſcourage a Wiſe and a reſolved Perſon. When I had once read it, I was ſo pleaſed with the Subject, that I was willing to try how it would run in* Engliſh; *which being finiſhed, I was infinitely pleaſed with the Work, both for the Argument, which is Vertue, & Morality, and for my own improvement by the Tranſlation; for it had almoſt made me a Maſter of the* Spaniſh *Tongue.*

How-

Howſoever, as our greateſt Enjoyments, and things which pleaſe our Minds moſt at firſt, grow dull, and diſreliſhing with time; ſo theſe beloved Papers were neglected, and thrown by me whilſt I had occaſion to travel the World; for I was afterwards in Italy, *and there I embarked on the Fleet under command of General* Blake, *and was preſent at the bur ing of nine Turkiſh Ships, and batter ng the Caſtles at* Porta Farina, *near* Tunis; *I alſo ſpent about two years in the* Low Countries, *when his Majeſty reſided at* Bruxelles; *after which having the Employment of Secretary to the Earl of* Winchilſea *at* Conſtantinople *for ſeven years, and Subſequent to that of Conſul at* Smirna, *for the ſpace of eleven more, I was ſo taken up with the Thoughts and Buſineſs of that Country, that I had no leiſure to remember, or reflect upon my little* Critick. *But now, being by Gods Providence returned to a more quiet, and repoſed life in my own Country, and tumbling*

one

one day over my old Memoires, theſe Papers caſually offered themſelves to my hands, torn and worm-eaten with bad Ink, and in every manner ill treated. When I ſaw them, I preſently knew and owned them, recalling them to my mind and acquaintance, and with much eagerneſs and delight I read them over, becauſe they lively repreſented to my Memory and Fancy the Verdures of my Youth, which I found to be over affectionate to words, and Romantick expreſſions; howſoever I obſerved, that I kept cloſe to the ſence, and that I was as faithful even in thoſe years to the Author whom I tranſlated, as I was to the Charge, and Intereſt which I afterwards undertook. And though in my late peruſal of this Book, I have ſuffered it to paſs with little alteration, that ſo it might appear more like to a Product of my Youth; yet having now ruminated with more ſerious and mature reflections, on the ſubject of its diſcourſe, then I was capable to do formerly, my Judgment tells me that this

this Treatiſe is neither misbecoming my preſent years, nor unſeaſonable to the preſent times. It begins like a Spaniſh *Novel, placing the Scene of Diſcourſe in the Ocean, and in the Iſle of* St. Helen, *where a Man is ſtrangely figured to have been encloſed in the darkneſs of a Cave, and fed by Beaſts, until he arrived to ſome maturity of age; which is purpoſely deſigned to introduce the Notions, which a Man may by the mere light of his immaterial Soul, without Sight, or Converſation, conceive of a Deity, and of his own Being. Then he Fancies, a Whirl-wind or Hurricane to break open the Cavern of this natural Man, and all on a ſudden to repreſent a new Scene to him of Heaven, and Earth, and Sea; and then he ſtrives to expreſs the Extaſies of his Soul, and the ſtrange Conceptions he muſt entertain upon the view of ſuch different Objects: Thence he deſcends from the Natural to the Moral World, drawing a Scheme of the Follies and Vanities of it, in order to*

a true regulation of Life, builded on the Foundation of Morality, and Vertue. I am of opinion, that the Author of this Book might originally have deduced his fancy from the Hiſtory of Hai Ebn Yokdhan, *wrote in* Arabick *by* Ebn Tophail, *and Tranſlated into Latin by* Dr. Pocock; *and though there is much difference in the relation of one, and the other, yet the deſign of both is almoſt the ſame, being only to ſhow how far the Spiritual and Immortal Soul of Man, is able in its natural capacity, and by its own reflex acts to conſider its proper being, and the exiſtence of ſomething above it; and by degrees, and ſteps of exteriour Objects to proceed unto Rules for conſervation of its own well-being, and that of others. The Subject of this fancy being much affected and enlarged by* Arabians, *it is probable that from them it was derived to the* Moors, *who have the ſame Language with little diverſity of Dialect, and accent common together: And the* Spaniards, *who for*

the

the ſpace of 600 years had the ſame Country and Manners with Moors, eaſily received their Faſhions, Learning, Proverbs, and every thing but their Religion: So that as their Cuſtoms and way of living are different to other Nations of Europe, *and moſt reſemble that of the Eaſtern Countries; ſo their way of writing in Dialogues and Novels is much after that manner, and is as well pleaſant and diverting in it ſelf, as it is curious to us, who follow another form, and manner in all our Books, and Treatiſes of Philoſophy. And thus, Reader, having given thee ſome intimation concerning the ſubſtance of this Book; the occaſion on which it was tranſlated; and the Reaſons, why after ſo many years, it came to be publiſhed. I leave thee to a peruſal of it, which I beſeech thee to do, with the ſame candour, which is to be allowed to the Works of Youthful Fancies.* Farewel.

THE

THE
Spaniſh Critick.

The *Spring* of *Childhood*, and the *Summer* of *Youth*.

The Firſt CRISIS.

Critilo *being Shipwrackt, meets with* Andrenio, *who renders a ſtrange Account of himſelf.*

NOW both Worlds had kiſſed the Feet of *Catholick Philip* their Univerſal Monarch: and the Circle of his Royal Crown, the greateſt ſtage the Sun runs both in the one and the other Hemiſphere: within whoſe Cryſtaline Center lies enamell'd a ſmall Iſle, or Pearl of the Sea, or Eſmerald of the Land: to

which the Auguſt Empreſs gave it her own Name, that it might be Queen of all other Iſles, and Crown of the Ocean. This Iſle of *St. Helena* (for ſo it is called) in the paſſage from one World to the other, yields refreſhment to the grand *Cargaſon* of *Europe*, and hath always been a Free-Port, preſerved by Divine Providence between thoſe immenſe Gulfs to afford entertainment for the *Eaſtern Catholick Fleet.*

To this place a Shipwracked perſon endeavor'd to make his Port, who ſtriving with the Waves, and contending with the Winds, but more with his own ſad diſaſtures, a Monſter of Nature, and of Fortune, a Swan in his Hoarineſs, and Voice, ſinking on his Plank, between the fatal Medium of Life, and Death, thus complained. O Life! thou ſhouldſt never have begun, but ſince thou haſt, thou ſhouldſt never end: there is nothing more deſired, nor yet nothing more frail, than thou art, and he, who once looſeth thee, too late ſeeks to recover thee; for ever after I eſteem thee for loſt: Nature hath ſhewed her ſelf a Step-mother to Man, denying him a ſenſe to rejoice at his Birth, and yet to fill him with ſad apprehenſions at his Death: to make him unſenſible of the good he receives at his Beginning, and yet to affright and torment him with a Combination of Miſchiefs at his End. O Tyrant! a thouſand times more cruel than Humane Nature is capable to be, who firſt through a ſcandalous temerity truſted his Life to this inconſtant Element on no better ſupport than a frail Veſſel;

Life.

Illi robur & æs triplex circa peſtus erat, &c.

They ſay his Breaſt was covered with Steel, but I think it was doubled with Iron. In vain hath the Supreme Providence

vidence ſeparated Nations with Seas and Mountains, ſince Humane boldneſs hath found a Bridge to tranſport its Malice. Whatſoever humane Induſtry hath invented, hath been unfortunately retorted to its own deſtruction. Gun-powder, that horrible devourer of Lives, hath been an Inſtrument of greateſt Ruine; and what other is a Ship, but a Coffin to anticipate the Solemnities of Death. The Land ſeemed too narrow a Theater to act the Tragedies of Death, until man found ways to triumph on the Seas, and find a paſſage to his fatal Deſtiny through both Elements. By what other means needs unfortunate Man ſeek to periſh, than in the Hull of his own Ship, which like a Scaffold ſeems erected for puniſhment of his boldneſs: With Reaſon did *Cato* eſteem amongſt the three Follies of his Life, his embarking to have been the greateſt. O Fate! O Heavens! O Fortune! though I would perſwade my ſelf that I were ſomething, yet ſo doſt thou purſue me, that when thou beginneſt, thou knoweſt no end but mine. O! that now it were poſſible for me to be nothing, that I might diſclaim that Being, which is confined with Eternity.

In this manner he beat the Air with Sighs, whilſt his Arms rowed the Waters, accompanying his Art with Induſtry, he ſeemed to riſe above the reach of danger; for Perils do both fear and reſpect great Perſons, whom Death it ſelf is ſometimes ambitious to ſpare, and Fortune ſeeks occaſions to advantage. Thus the Serpents ſpared *Alcides*, the Tempeſts *Cæſar*, the Sword Great *Alexander*, and Bullets had no Commiſſion for *Charles the Fifth*. But alas! how Misfortunes are enwreathed, one is but the Introduction, or but the Parent to another; for when he thought to reach the ſecure

Boſom of our Common Mothers, he then began to apprehend new fears, leſt the enraged Waves ſhould daſh him againſt the Rocks, which were as hard, as his Fortune was cruel; the Earth too catched at by his hands, crumbled between them, and tantalized his hopes, when his Life ſeemed almoſt ſecured; there being neither Water in the Seas, nor Earth on the Land, to aſſiſt the Miſerable. Thus floated he between both Elements, in the Medium between Life, and Death, made a Sacrifice of his own Fortune: when a ſprightly Youth, an Angel in his Appearance, but much more in his Actions, ſtretched forth his Arms to encloſe him, attracting him as the ſecret Virtue of the Loadſtone doth the Iron, and ſecuring his Happineſs together with his Life: And being now in Safety on the Shoar, he firſt kiſſed the Earth, and caſting his Eyes up to Heaven, he gave thanks for his Deliverance; and then returning to the Reſtorer of his Life, with open Arms, endeavoured to gratifie him with Embraces, and Acknowledgments; but he, that had thus obliged him by Deeds, could not anſwer him with Words, but only gave demonſtrations of the grand ſatisfaction he received at this accident, and of an aſtoniſhed admiration, to ſee one ſo like himſelf. The grateful Naufrague repeated the expreſſions of his thanks, and ſeconded his embraces, asking him of his Health and Fortune; to all which the aſtoniſhed Iſlander was ſilent; wherefore he varied his Idioms, and tryed him with ſome other Languages, with which he was acquainted; but in vain, ſince he was a perſon void of Speech; ſo that turning all into Signs and Actions, he ceaſed not to behold, and admire him, mixing the extremes of Wonder with Contentment. One might reaſonably

have

have believed him to have been ſome incult product of thoſe Woods, but that this Iſland being uninhabited by Mankind, could not be the native Soil of Humane Race; beſides the fairneſs and length of his Hair, and the equal proportion of his Mouth, was an argument that he was an *European*; the faſhion of his Cloaths, or Garments, could yield no light to any Conjectures, being no other than Nakedneſs the Livery of Innocence. The Intelligent Naufrague reaſoned with himſelf, whether he was deſtitute of thoſe two Servants of the Soul, Hearing, and Speech; but his experience ſoon reſolved him in that, for he liſtned to the leaſt noiſe, and by his ready attention could ſo aptly imitate the Voices of Beaſts, and Chirping of Birds, with ſuch natural Propriety, that he ſeemed better to underſtand Brutes than Men, ſo prevalent is the force of Cuſtom, and Education. From theſe ſenſitive Actions the vivacity of his Spirit darted forth certain Rays, as through the twilight of Reaſon, the Soul labouring to ſhow, that where Education is wanting, Nature of it ſelf is wholly rude and unpoliſhed.

The deſire of knowing each others Fortunes, and Lives, encreaſed equally in both; but the want of a common Idiom, was that which envied them this enjoyment; for Speech is the grand effect of Rationality, and he that cannot Diſcourſe, cannot Converſe. *Speak*, ſaith the Philoſopher, *that I may know you; for the Soul doth in a noble manner communicate it ſelf, by producing the Images of what it conceives in the Mind of him that hears, which is Properly to Converſe: there is no preſence where there is not Diſcourſe, nor can they be termed Abſent, who communicate by Writing.* Speech. Thoſe Wiſe Sages live ſtill, though dead,

and diſcourſe with us daily by their Immortal Volumes, and Illuminate Poſterity with a continued ſource, and ſpring of Knowledge. Speech is both neceſſary, and pleaſant, which two, wiſe Nature always conjoined in the Functions of Life: Converſation is ever attended with Pleaſure, and thence is immediately derived the important Affair of Knowing, which Speech only can adminiſter. Wiſe Men by Speaking beget others like themſelves, and by Converſe, Knowledge is gently inſtilled into the Soul. Hence it is, that Men cannot live happily without ſome common Language, both in reſpect of their Neceſſity, and of their Pleaſure. For ſhould two Infants be caſt purpoſely into an Iſland, they would invent a Language to Communicate, and Converſe with each other; ſo that noble Converſation is the Daughter of Diſcourſe, the Mother of Wiſdom, the Eaſe of the Soul, the Commerce of Hearts, the Bond of Amity, the Food of Contentment, and the Employment of Humanity.

Converſation.

The experienced Naufrague being well aſſured of the truth hereof, began immediately to teach this ignorant Youth to exerciſe Speech, who being both deſirous and docible, was very apt to improve the flexibility of his Tongue: He began by the Names of them both, calling himſelf *Critilo*, and the other *Andrenio*, which fitted the ripe Judgment of the one, and of the other, in his natural Principles. The deſire of bringing thoſe Conceptions unto light, which had ſo long inwardly been ſuppreſſed, and the curioſity of knowing the truth of what lay clouded, and confuſed in his Underſtanding, were ſtrong Incitements to the docility of *Andrenio*; ſo that now he began to Pronounce,

nounce, then to Ask, then to Anſwer, and endeavouring at length to Diſcourſe, accompanied his Words with Action, that ſometimes where his Words began, his Geſtures ſupplyed the want of other Expreſſions in the Concluſion. The Account he gave of his Life, was in ſhort and abrupt Speeches, ſo much the more ſtrange, by how much the leſs underſtood; and oftentimes, where the improbability of the matter could not gain Belief with *Critilo*, there he pretended to want a true Conception of what he related; but when he had learned to continue his Diſcourſe, and the number of his Words were equal to the greatneſs of his Thoughts, at the earneſt deſires of *Critilo*, who afforded him alſo ſomewhat of his aſſiſtance, began to ſatisfie him in this manner. I, ſaith he, neither know who I am, nor who hath given me this Being, nor to what End he hath given it me: which Queſtion I often, without Words propoſed to my ſelf, being as Ignorant, as Curious; but ſince Queries are cauſed by Ignorance, I had little means to reſolve my ſelf: yet ſo would I prove my ſelf with argument, that I might, if poſſible, exceed my ſelf; for as yet no affectation to any particular Good had ſo poſſeſſed me, but that withdrawing my Soul out of Ignorance, I might reach the limits of my deſires. Thou, *Critilo* askeſt who I am, and I deſire to know that of thee; for thou art the firſt Man that until this day I have ſeen, in whom I find my ſelf more perfectly delineated, than in the ſilent Chryſtals of a Fountain, which oftimes my Curioſity carried me unto, and my Ignorance applauded; but if you would be informed of the moſt material ſucceſs of my Life, I ſhall relate that

Natural Conceptions of a Being.

to you, which is more ſtrange than long, or tedious.

Infancy.

The firſt time that I could take knowledge of my ſelf, and form Conceptions of my Being, I found my ſelf immured within the Bowels of that Mountain, which though it hangs out beyond the reſt, yet its height aſſerts its honour and eminency above the other Rocks. There it was that I received my firſt Nouriſhment from one of thoſe which you call Brutes, but I call Mother, believing my ſelf to have been born from her, and that ſhe had given me the Being I am endued with. It is very agreeable (replyed *Critilo*) to natural Ignorance to ſtile Men Fathers, and Women Mothers, from whom we receive Beneficence, in which manner, until now, you eſteemed a Beaſt for ſuch; ſo the World in its Infancy called every Creature which was profitable, and beneficial, by the name of Father, and at length improved that to the Title of God. So I, (proceeded *Andrenio*) believed that Beaſt to be my Mother, which nouriſhed me at her Breaſts, and bred me up amongſt her young Ones, which I eſteemed for my Brethren, and as a Brute amongſt the Brutes, we played and ſlept together. She often gave me Milk from her own Teats, ſhared me part of her Fruits, and Prey which ſhe brought for them. At firſt I was not ſo ſenſible of that tedious Impriſonment, whilſt the interiour darkneſs of my Mind accorded with the exteriour of my Body; and the want of Knowledge alleviated the deprivation of Light, though ſome confuſed glimmerings appeared, which Heaven diſpenſed at times, through the top of that unhappy Caverne.

But

But at length arriving at a certain term of Growth and Life, I was on a ſudden ſurprized with ſuch an extraordinary force of Knowledge, with ſo bright a radiancy of Light, and Advertency, that I began to make ſeveral reflexions upon my own proper Being. What is this, ſaid I? am I, or am I not? for ſince I live, and know, and obſerve, I muſt have a Being: But if I am, Who am I? and who hath given me this Being? And to what end hath he given it me? If it be to remain here, it were a high Infelicity! Am I a Brute like theſe? No, for I obſerve moſt apparent differences between us; for they are covered with Hair, but I, as leſs favoured of him, who gave me this Being, am Naked, and uncloathed; beſides, I obſerved my whole Body otherwiſe proportioned than theirs; I laugh, and weep, they howl, and cry. I walk ſtrait, raiſing my Face upwards, when they move bending with their Heads towards the Earth: Theſe were palpable differences, and which obſervation adminiſtred to my Underſtanding. My deſire to come out from hence encreaſed daily, and the endeavours to ſee, and know, as they are natural to every one, ſo they were in me more than ordinarily violent, and impatient; but that which troubled me moſt, was to ſee the Brutes my Companions, with a ſtrange nimbleneſs to trip over the indigeſted heaps, entring out, and returning in at their own pleaſure; which I not being able to do, was ſoon ſenſible, that that Priviledge and Liberty was denied only unto me.

The Light of Reaſon.

I aſſayed often times to follow thoſe Beaſts, and crawl o'er the Rocks after them, which I appayed with the Blood, that ſtarted from my Fingers; and I would have helped my ſelf likewiſe with my Teeth,

Teeth, but all in vain, and to my prejudice; for I commonly tumbled to the next Bottom, which I left wetted with my Blood, and Tears: at my Voice and Cries the compaſſionate Beaſts came running to my ſuccour, and dividing me a ſhare of their Fruits, and Prey, moderated my Grief, and in part eaſed me of my diſcontent. The want of my outward Speech was ſupplyed by my inward Thoughts, and Soliloques, and the Doubts, and Difficulties my obſervation and curioſity encountred, not being capable of being reſolved by my Judgment, ended in wonder and admiration; but the confuſed noiſe of theſe Seas, was a ſubject of my continued trouble, whoſe Waves beat more violently againſt my Breaſt, than theſe Rocks; but what ſhould I think of thoſe affrighting Claps of Thunder, thoſe encounters in the Air, whoſe Clouds diſſolved into Rain, as my Eyes into Tears? But that which reduced me from a perplexity of Mind, and Pangs of Soul even to the very Agonies of Death, were certain Voices which I heard from without, ſomewhat like yours, which at a diſtance ſeemed more confuſed, but afterwards came by little and little more diſtinct and articulate, which ſo naturally affected me, that they left me not without ſtrong impreſſions in my Mind. I well obſerved the difference of them from thoſe of Beaſts, and from the uſual ſounds with which I was formerly acquainted, which begot in me a vehement Paſſion, to ſee, and know from whence they proceeded; but being not able to attain thereunto, I languiſhed in the extremes of deſpair, and death; and though there were but few things into which I could dive with my Thoughts, yet I have neither wanted of them Diſcourſe, nor Meditation: one thing I can aſſure you, that I have often, and a thou-

thouſand times entertained thoughts of the manner and diſpoſition, ſituation, variety, and compoſure of theſe things according to the meanneſs of my capacity, yet never could attain to the leaſt apprehenſion of the manner, and order of this various Compoſition, which we now ſee, and admire.

This is not much (anſwered *Critilo*) for if the Wits of all thoſe Men, which have been, or ſhall be hereafter, ſhould unite in one, to trace the Artifice of this Worlds Compoſure, and to conſider of its Government, their Conſultations would come ſhort of that Providence, which is required in its direction. But why do I inſtance in the Univerſe? ſince their art reaches not to the formation of the leaſt Flower, or Fly; only that ſupream Creator hath found a Way, and Order to make a harmony in Beauty and changeable Variety.

But tell me, that which I ſo greatly deſire to know, and hear from you, in what manner you came forth from that tedious Priſon, that untimely Grave of your Habitation, but eſpecially (if it be poſſible for you to expreſs) what Thoughts, and Notions, your admirable Spirit conceived, at your firſt entrance into Light, when you diſcovered, ſaw and admired the applauded Theater of the Univerſe. Hold (ſaid *Andrenio*) I had here need to take breath to proſecute a Relation ſo ſtrange and pleaſant.

The Second CHRISIS.

The Grand Theater of the Univerſe.

THey ſay, that as ſoon as the ſupream Artificer had accompliſhed the Compoſure of the Worlds Fabrick; his next Work was to diſpoſe unto every one his Order, and apart all Kinds in their ſeveral and moſt natural Stations. So he ſummoned all Creatures from the Elephant to the Fly, and ſhewing them the ſeveral diſtinct Regions, and Elements, left the choice of all to their Free and voluntary Election. The Elephant anſwered, That he would content himſelf with a Wood, the Horſe with a Meadow, the Eagle with one of the Regions of the Air, the Whale in the Ocean, the Swan in a Fiſh-pond, the Barbel in the River, and the Frog in a Pool. The laſt of all came Man, though the firſt in Dignity, who to the Queſtion propounded, anſwered, that he could not content himſelf with leſs than all, and that too ſeemed but little for his enlarged deſires. This exorbitant Ambition ſtruck no ſmall wonder to thoſe preſent, though it was ſoon applauded by a flattering Sycophant, as a demand agreeable to the greatneſs of his Mind; though by one with better Judgment term'd the defect of his de-

depraved corporeal compoſition. The ſuperficies of this Globe ſeemed too narrow a confinement for his enlarged deſires, until in queſt of Gold, and Silver, he found a way to undermine, and rip up the Bowels of the Earth. His Pride makes him climb to poſſeſs the Air by the lofty Pinacles of his Edifices, leſt his Ambition ſhould be ſuffocated, and ſtifled in the lower Region. He compaſſes the Seas, ſounds the Ocean, dives for Pearls, Amber, and Corral to nouriſh his Folly, and ſwell his Vanity. He taxes each Element according to its quality to pay him Tribute, the Air her Birds, the Sea her Fiſh, the Earth her Beaſts, the Fire its heat, to entertain, not to ſatisfie his Luxury. And yet, as if all this were unſufficient, nothing can appeaſe his Complaints of a Penurious Portion. O monſtrous Covetouſneſs of Man! The Supream Creator took him by the hand, See, ſaid he, and know, that I have formed Man by my own Hands, for my Servant, and your Lord, and like a King, as he is, pretends to Govern all. But underſtand, O man, that this is to be with your Mind, and not with your Belly, as a Man, not as a Beaſt. You ought to be Lord of all Creatures, and not a Slave to them, they ought to follow you, and not you attracted by them. You ought to poſſeſs all with Knowledge, and Acknowledgement, that is contemplating in all theſe Created Mirrours the Divine Perfections, making a ſtep of the Creature to paſs unto the Creator. This Relation of Prodigies, though a Leſſon amongſt us common to the meaneſt and moſt vulgar Capacities, was yet ſtrange, and unheard of to *Andrenio*, who recovering himſelf from his deep Contemplations thereon, and paſſionate Aſpirations towards the Divine Eſſence, began to proceed in this manner.

My

My ſleep, ſaid he, proſecuting his former Diſcourſe, was the ordinary paſtime of my hours, and the chiefeſt eaſe of my Melancholy, and Solitarineſs: to that I inclined as a Remedy of my Diſcontent, when one night (for all to me were ſuch) a more than ordinary deadneſs of ſleep poſſeſſed me, an infallible Preſager of Evil; and ſo it was, for ſtartling from my Slumber, awakened by the vehemency of a Guſt, burſt from the deepeſt Caverns of yonder Mountain, which ſhook the whole Fabrick, and firm Pillars which ſupport it; and whiſtling through the Breach it made, diffuſed it ſelf into a general Tempeſt with ſo much Rage and Violence, as to ſhake the foundation of the neighbouring Rocks, as if its force had been ſufficient to have ſhattered this grand Machine into their firſt nothing. Hold, ſaid *Critilo*, the Mountains themſelves are not exempted from change, but expoſed to Earthquakes, and Thunder, their power of reſiſtance being the cauſe of their ſubverſion. But if theſe Rocks ſhook (ſaid *Andrenio*) what ſhould I? All the Joints of my Body ſeemed to be looſed, and diſſolved, my heart ready to break with Throbs, my Senſes failed me, that I found my ſelf half dead, and almoſt buried between the Rocks and my own fears; whil'ſt this Eclipſe of my Soul remained, the Parentheſis of my Life, neither can I know, nor can any other inform me concerning it, at length, I know not how, nor when, I returned by little and little to recover my ſelf from this total dereliction of my Spirits; I uncloſed my Eyes to the dawnings of the day, a day clear, great, and happieſt that ever my life hath ſeen, a day which I have noted on the Stones and engraved on the Rocks. I inſtantly perceived the

Doors

Doors of my tedious Priſon broke open, a comfort ſo tranſporting me, that I delayed no time to unbury my ſelf, and as one new-born in the World, to leap into it, through that Gap, in which appeared the Rayes, and Light of the chearful Heaven: At firſt, not fully ſatisfyed of the reality, I went round the Rock, ſtill ſuppreſſing with what power I could the ſtrong rebulliency of my Paſſions: but at length, well aſſured, I returned to the confuſed Balcony of my Life, and Proſpect, diffuſing my Eyes in a general view over this grand Theater of Heaven and Earth: the whole vigour of my Soul applying it ſelf to the Windows of my Eyes with that Contentment, and Curioſity, that it diſabled the reſt of my Senſes to perform their Function, that for a whole day I remained immoveable, unſenſible, and dead, being overwhelmed by over-powering of too ſtrong a Life. I would here expreſs, but it is impoſſible, the intenſe violence of my Affections, the extravagant Raptures of my Soul; I can only tell you, that there ſtill remain impreſſions thereof upon me; and the wonder, and amazement I then conceived, are not ſo clearly forgotten, but that the ſenſe thereof, do ſtrongly affect me. I believe, ſaid *Critilo*, that when the Eyes ſee what they never eſpied, the Heart feels, what it was never ſenſible of. I beheld (proceeded *Andrenio*) the Sea, the Land, the Heaven, and each ſeverally, and altogether, and in the view of each I tranſported my ſelf without thoughts of ever ending, admiring, enjoying, and contemplating a fruition which could never ſatiate me.

O!

O! How much I envy thee (ſaid *Critilo*) this unknown happineſs of thine, the only priviledge of the firſt Man, and you, the Faculty of ſeeing all at once, and that with Obſervation, the Greatneſs, Beauty, Harmony, Stability, and Variety of this created Fabrick. Familiarity in us takes off Admiration, and Novelty affects little thoſe, who have neither Knowledge or advertency to enjoy it. For we enter into the World with the Eyes of our Underſtanding ſhut, and when we open them unto Knowledge, the Cuſtom of ſeeing hath rendred the greateſt Wonders, neither ſtrange, nor admired at the Judgments diſcloſure. Therefore the wiſe Worthies have repaired much of this defect by reflections, looking back again as it were to a new Birth, making every thing, by a ſearch and examination into its Nature, a new ſubject of aſtoniſhment; admiring, and criticizing on their Perfections. Like thoſe, who walk in a delicious Garden, diverted ſolely with their own Thoughts, not obſerving at firſt the artificial adornments, and variety of Flowers; yet afterwards return back to view each Plant, and Flower with great Curioſity: So we enter into this Garden of the Univerſe walking from our Birth, until our Death, without the leaſt glance on the Beauty, and Perfection of it: unleſs ſome wiſer Heads chance to turn back, and renew their Pleaſure by a Review, and Contemplation. This *Andrenio* conſidered to be his greateſt Happineſs, in that he arrived to that height of Perfection, which he had ſo long expected and deſired. Your happineſs (ſaid *Critilo*) was your reſtraint, ſince afterwards you knocked off your Bolts, and arrived at a full fruition both of your own deſire, and them;

Novelty.

for

for things that are worth our Wiſhes, and obtained, are twice enjoyed: the greateſt Wonders, if familiar, and common, ſoon looſe their Repute, and an eaſie acceſs, and a free uſe makes but a toy of the greateſt Prodigy; The Sun hath done us a courteſie in abſenting himſelf at night, that his return may be the more grateful in the morning. What a conjunction of Affections muſt you needs feel? What over-flowings of your Senſes? How muſt your Soul have been raviſhed, and employed in its attention on thoſe Objects? 'Twas much, you were not over-boarn with a Contemplation ſo violent, and admirable. I believe (anſwered *Andrenio*) that whilſt my Attention was buſied in Seeing, and Obſerving, it was ſo fixed on the preſent Object, that it found no force nor power to communicate unto another.

But thoſe chearful emanations of the Grand-Monarch of Light, which you call the Sun, crowned with his own Beams, and encircled with Rayes, ſtroak an awfulneſs to Eyes to render him the Reverence, and Admiration: At the Glory of his Throne, at the Soveraignty and Silence of His Majeſty, which triumphs in the Chriſtaline Waves, and fills all Creatures with his bright Preſence; I was wholly ſwallowed up in Amazement, envying the Eagle ſhould be more intent, than my ſelf. At his naming the Sun (*Critilo* could contain no longer, but inſtantly cryed out, and applauded the Comfort, the Bliſs, the Happineſs enjoyed in that immortal and glorious Light the Sun. My Admiration ſtill encreaſed, ſaid *Andrenio*, until my Attention grew dim, and amazed, becauſe I deſied him at a diſtance, to whom I feared to approach near, my Reaſon telling me, what I obſer- *The Sun.*

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The Sun.

ved, that no other Light but his could dim my Eyes, and that no nearer Acceſs could be to him, but only by Contemplation. The Sun (ſaid *Critilo*) is that Creature, which is the moſt lively Effigies, and Abſtract of the Creators Majeſty and Greatneſs. He is called, *Sol*, becauſe he ſolely runs the compaſs of the Heavens, his Preſence out-ſhining the Glory of the other *Luminaries:* his ſituation is in the midſt of the Celeſtial Orbs, as the centre and heart of Light, the perpetual fountain of Rayes, a conſtant and an unchangeable Eſſence, whoſe Virtue aſſiſted us to ſee other things, and yet covers and hides his own Beauty with the Vail of his Brightneſs: his influence concurs with more immediate Cauſes to the Production of all Creatures: nor can Man deny him to be the Author, and Parent of his Life. His Light is moſt effectual in being communicated; for diffuſing it ſelf into all parts, and piercing the very Bowells of the Earth, doth with an admirable Vertue, ſtrengthen, foment, rejoice, and nouriſh: his influence is not Partial, but common, all having need of him, and he of none. In fine, he is a Creature of the greateſt Pomp and Glory, the moſt reſplendent Beam of the Divine Majeſty. A whole day, ſaid *Andrenio*, I was employed in beholding him, ſometimes in himſelf, and ſometimes his Reflections in the Waters being forgetful of my time and ſelf. At this *Critilo* remembred what the Philoſopher ſaid, That he was born to behold the Sun; which was well ſaid, though ill underſtood; for his meaning was, that in this material Sun, he did contemplate the Divine Glory, for if but an Emiſſion, and Shadow of him be ſo bright, what muſt be the true Light of that infinite, and uncreated Beauty?

But alas, ſaid *Andrenio*, how ſoon, like the unconſtancy of this World, was the height of my comfort changed into diſpleaſure, the joy of my Birth into the horrour of my Death, the throne of the morning into the Grave of the night, the Sun being deſcended through the Waters into another World, left me drowned in a Sea of my own Tears; but whilſt the apprehenſions of never ſeeing him again, did grievouſly affect me, behold on a ſudden a new Wonder diverted my Thoughts, the appearance of a Heaven adorned with Stars, changed the Scene, and renewed my Contentment. This Proſpect was no leſs welcome than the other, the variety, and ſtrangeneſs of the Objects affording me an entertainment to buſie my attention. O that immenſe Wiſdom of God! ſaid *Critilo*, which hath found a means to make the Night no leſs beautiful and admirable than the Day. Abſurdly hath vulgar ignorance impoſed the Epithites of drowſie, dark, and uncomely upon the twinklings, and ſerenity of the night: thoſe deſcriptions of being the repoſe of Labour, the refreſhments and diverſion of Cares, are but reproaches of its Sluggiſhneſs and Melancholy: but better is it expreſſed by a Perſon of Wiſdom, who calls it the time of Contemplation and Thoughts: and for that reaſon, was the Owl at *Athens* celebrated as the Hieroglyphick of Knowledge. The night is not ſo proper for the Ignorant to ſleep, as for the Wiſe and Studious to watch, the Night being to prepare that which the Day muſt execute. In this entertainment my Thoughts were ſoon engaged in a Labyrinth of numbring the Stars, ſome whereof only twinkled, others ſhined clearly, obſerving their various Magnitudes, Degrees, Motions, and Colours, whilſt ſome

The night.

appeared, others withdrew: all reſembling, ſaid *Critilo*, humane Fortune, which is no ſooner up, but inclines to his ſetting.

But what I much conſidered, ſaid *Andrenio*, with ſmall ſatisfaction, was that diſorderly, and yet admirable diſpoſition of them; for ſeeing the Superiour Artificer had adorned, and ſealed the Convexity of the Heavens with Stars, why he did not diſpoſe them with Order and Method, interweaving them with pretty Knots, and flowry Circles: I know not how to declare or expreſs my ſelf. I already underſtand you, ſaid *Critilo*, your meaning is, that the Stars ſhould have been diſpoſed in Order, and Rank, like ſome rich Embroidery, or the Flowers of ſome delicious Garden, or ſtudded like Rows of Diamonds, that the luſtre of one, might with an artificial correſpondency have ſet off the Beauty of another. Yes, ſaid he, for beſides that the diſpoſition of this reſplendent Artifice, would have been a proſpect more delicious to the Sight, ſo it would have cleared that fond imagination of ſome, who ſuppoſe Chance to have been Framer of this Univerſe, and by a fooliſh Prophaneneſs hoodwink the Providence of the Almighty. Your Query, ſaid *Critilo*, is not from the purpoſe, for you muſt know that the Divine Wiſdom directing, and diſpoſing of them in this manner, had more Sublime Reaſon, than is eaſily conceiveable, placing their Harmony, and Rule not ſo much in their ſituation, as the conveniency of their Motion, and Temperature: for there is not a ſtar in heaven, which hath not his different nature, and influence; as Herbs and Plants of the Earth have their diſtinct Vertues, ſome predominate in heat, others in cold, ſome are dry, others moiſt; ſo that their extreme qualities being equally mixed, pro-

duce

duce a juſt and moderate temperature in all. That Artificial order that you ſpeak of, is but an Idle toy, and fond invention of Art affected, and procured only to entertain the vanity of humane Folly. In this manner, every night repreſents us a new Scene of Heaven, nor is our Sight, nor our Humour though unconſtant, ever wearied to behold it. Every perſon according to his fancy, entertains a diſtinct Conception, and Idea of their Proportions, the variety and well ordered confuſion make the vulgar to imagin them innumerable, and the appearance of diſorder is to them a riddle of Providence, though Wiſe men have the knowledge to ſearch out, and diſcover their Order and Government. I was much pleaſed, ſaid *Andrenio*, with the diverſity, and variety of their colours, ſome were pale, others ruddy, ſome of a gold, others of a ſilver colour, there only, methoughts, wanted Green, that acceptable and grateful object of the Sight. That, ſaid *Critilo*, partakes too much of an Earthly quality, greenneſs being a Symptome, or Badge of Hope, is more agreeable to the future Wiſhes, and growing expectation of the Earth, than to that ſublimer Region, which is ſwallowed up wholly in a happy Poſſeſſion. This colour alſo is contrary to the nature of the Celeſtial Luminaries, and is a ſign of humidity, and corruption. Did you never obſerve that Star which makes a Point in the Globe of Heaven, the Object to the which the Load-ſtone tends, and the blank to which it darts all its Emiſſions? To that the Compaſs of our attention fixes one Point, and thereby meaſures other Circles, which running round encompaſſes our Lives.

I muſt confeſs (ſaid *Andrenio*) with no leſs curioſity was my attention taken up in admiring that beautiful Queen of the Stars the Governeſs of the night, the Suns ſubſtitute, and little inferiour to him in Dignity, that which you call the Moon; though at this Light I found not thoſe refreſhments, nor alacrity, as at the the other; yet the varieties of its encreaſing, and decreaſing was no leſs ſubject of my admiration. It is the ſecond Preſident of time, ſaid *Critilo*, an equal Colleague with the Sun in Government, if one Governs the day, the other Rules the night, if one is the Almanack of the Year, the other is of the Months, if the Sun heats and dries the Earth by day, the Moon refreſhes, and bedews it at night; if the Sun cheriſhes, and ripens the fruitful Fields, the Moon ſwells, and overflows the Fountains, ſo that both perform their ſeveral Functions, and are the two ſcales and ballances of the Times and Seaſons. But that which is beſt worth your obſervation is, that as the Sun is a clear Mirrour, and Emblem to repreſent unto us the Perfection of the Divine Attributes: ſo the Moon is the Glaſs wherein to diſcover the uncertainty of humane frailty; for her condition, like the unconſtancy of his, is never ſetled, or permanent, but is ſometimes in the increaſe, then in the decreaſe; ſometimes in the firſt point of its appearance, anon in the laſt term of its decreaſe; ſometimes at the full, anon in an unperceivable nothing: whoſe Light being totally communicated by the Sun, is eclipſed of her Glory by an interpoſition of the Earth; when ſhe is brighteſt, ſhe diſcovers moſt of her ſpots; ſhe is the loweſt of all the Planets in ſituation, and dignity:

The Moon.

A Mirrour of Humane Frailty.

ty; her power is more predominant on Earth, than in Heaven: ſo that all thoſe Epithets of changeable, defective, ſpotted, inferiour, poor, ſad, and the like, are all derived from her too near vicinity with the Earth. All this night, ſaid *Andrenio*, and many more I ſpent in this pleaſant entertaintment, making my ſelf as many Eyes, as the Heaven had Stars, and all too little to view this Proſpect. But by this time the Noats of the Birds were alarms of the mornings approach tuning their *Salvè* to his ſecond entrance, giving notice to the Stars to retire, and to the Flowers to awake. The Sun began again to ariſe, and I to revive with his ſight, whom I chearfully ſaluted, but methoughts, with ſomething more cool affections. The Sun, ſaid *Critilo*, at the ſecond view doth not amaze, nor at the third ſtrike admiration. My curioſity began by this time to abate, as my ſtomach became more ſharp; ſo after I had repeated ſome applauſes, and praiſes in his honour, I deſcended lower by the direction of his light (which I perceived was a Creature, and an Inſtrument to ſerve my uſe) for the ſtrengthening of the Mind is ſubject to the neceſſities of the Body, and ſublime contemplations cannot be continued but by new ſupplies made to the decays of nature. So that, I ſay, I deſcended by that dangerous Ladder which thoſe confuſed ruines had rudely and caſually digeſted, which yet I acknowledge to the Providence of Heaven; for otherwiſe there had been no means for my ſafe deſcent. But before I tread the leaſt ſtep on the bottom, I muſt tell you, that both my Voice and words fail

Sun.

me; and therefore I muſt entreat the ſupply of your expreſſions to recount the number of my thoughts, and ſo the ſecond time I invite you to new Wonders, though Terrene.

The

The Third Chrisis.

Natures Comelineſs.

THe Variety of Nature is one part of its comely adornment, and affords us matter to buſie our Heads in Contemplation, and our Tongues in Praiſes: our Souls are naturally propenſe to obſerve the effects of Nature: The wiſeſt man called it the worſt employment, and indeed ſo it is, when our conſiderations arreſt themſelves in ſatisfaction of our own Vanity, not proceeding to ſuch ſublime Raptures as may ſerve to raiſe in us the returns Gratitude and Glory to the ſupream Creator. Though admiration be the Daughter of Ignorance, yet it is the Mother of Content; to admire in ſmall things is folly, and to ſtand unſtruck at more miraculous Prodigies, is inadvertency. Admiration is the higheſt expreſſion of Praiſe, we can attribute to any Object, and eſpecially if it proceeds like expreſſions of Flattery, which pretend thoſe exceſſes of perfection that are better evidenced by ſilence, than words. But it is a vulgar ſaying, that not the greatneſs of a wonder, but the novelty affects us; for we are not ſtudious to behold thoſe ſuperiour wonders, becauſe they are known but becauſe they are ſtrange; by which means we beg

for

for trifling Novelties to entertain our unconſtant humour, and pacifie our curious ſollicitude with extravagancies. So much hath Novelty bewitched us, that the ſtaleneſs of antient wonders, is oppreſſive, and tedious to our unconſtancy, which our Brains are forced to remedy by the arts and toyes of new inventions. That which yeſterday ſtruck admiration to the beholders, is to day ſlighted, and undervalued, not that it hath loſt its perfection, but our eſtimation; therefore the wiſer Sages excuſe this former clownery by the civility of new addreſſes, reflecting on thoſe antient perfections with delight and admiration. If therefore a Pearl brought from another World affects us more, than our own Diamond, becauſe extraordinary, what advantage muſt it then be to *Andrenio* to ſee on a ſudden the Heaven, the Stars, the Moon, the Sun, the Earth deckt with Flowers, and the Sky enamell'd with Stars? Let him relate this himſelf, and with that he proſecuted his Diſcourſe. In this conjunction of beautiful rarities, which I never before apprehended, I found the motion of my Soul more active, and vigorous than my Body, moving my Eyes more than my Feet, every Object retarded my progreſs, and found me matter to admire and applaud. Whilſt yeſterday I admired the Heaven, I had only opportunity to exerciſe my ſight, but in this nearer approach, had I had a hundred eyes, and as many hands, all would have been too feeble, and exhauſted in the diffuſion they made of themſelves through all the variety of theſe Objects. I unweariedly beheld the multitude of Creatures, their different Proprieties their Eſſences, Forms, Colours, Affections, and Motions: with one hand I gathered a Roſe, conſidering the beauty of it, and ſmelt its fragrant odour,

with

with the other I plucked ſome Fruit to pleaſe my taſte, and ſatisfie my appetite: That in a ſhort time I found my ſelf ſo embarked in ſuch a diverſity of Prodigies, that I was forced to leave one, to conſider the other, ſtill filled with delight, and admiration.

But that which with moſt delight I conſidered, was, that amongſt the multitude of Creatures, there ſhould be ſo great diverſity, and difference, that not one leaf of a Plant, nor of a Sparrow, ſhould have a reſemblance of another Species. In this, ſaid *Critilo*, the wiſe Creator determined not only to ſupply the meer neceſſities, and wants of Man, for whoſe ſake all was created, but bountifully to extend his hand in a various plenty, that ſo he, who had been thus liberal in his Gifts, might well epect man ſhould nor be ſparing or niggardly in his returns of ſervice. I ſoon knew, proceeded *Andrenio*, ſome ſorts of thoſe Fruits, which the courtſie of the Beaſts had brought unto my encloſure: but eſpecially I obſerved the manner of their growing, the extention of their Boughs, the twining of their Roots, which as they were of no ſmall delight to me to behold, ſo the reaſon, and nature thereof was too high for my young and unpoliſhed underſtanding to comprehend: the crudity of the unripe Fruits, which I gathered, offended my Teeth and Taſte, not knowing as yet how to diſtinguiſh their times and ſeaſons. This is another Rule, ſaid *Critilo*, and diſpoſition of Divine Providence, to prolong the ripening of ſome Fruits, till the neceſſity of Animals require them. Some not only budded, but ripened in the Spring, are firſt Fruits and Sacrifices more devoted to our taſte, than nouriſhment, and would rather be early than ſeaſonable; the cool refreſhments of others are fitted

The Variety of Creatures.

ted to temper the Summers heat, and others of a more dry, and durable quality are heaped up for the Winters ſtore, both for proviſion of the barren ſeaſon, and by their innate heat to fortifie mens ſtomachs againſt the Winters cold. The cool Herbs of Summer abate, and attemper *July's* heat, and hot plants revive our benumbed coldneſs in *Decembers* Froſts: ſo that one Fruit being gone, another comes in, obſerving their appointed times, and ſeaſons, ſo as to ſupply our wants with abundance, and convenience. O that Provident Bounty of the Creator! who appears ſo expreſly manifeſt, that none can in words deny him, but his inward thoughts and conſcience will immediately check, and accuſe him.

I was involved, proceeded *Andrenio*, in ſo delightful a Labyrinth of natures twining, that I committed my ſelf to the mercy of my own unſatiable curioſity, and to the aſtoniſhment, and confuſion, which every new Object had power to inculcate. I gathered this and t'other Flower, feaſted with its fragrancy, flattered its beauty; nor was I ever wearied with its ſmell, or ſight; I plucked each leaf particularly, making a prolix lecture thereon, anatomatizing its artificial compoſure, deducing concluſions from thence of the general comelineſs of the whole Univerſe. For thus I reaſoned, if one Flower be ſo beautiful, what muſt be the whole Garden? if one Star, ſo bright, and glorious, what muſt be that tranſparent clearneſs of the whole Heavens? Who doth not admire this glory, and celebrate the praiſes of ſo comely, and profitable a Fabrick? I commend your fancy, ſaid *Critilo*, but take care, that the intentneſs of your outward ſenſe obſtruct not the operations of your inward thoughts; that you walk not like thoſe in this Garden of the World, whoſe

whoſe eyes are fixed downwards, and decline with Souls no more elevated than their animal ſenſes: but do you raiſe your contemplation to that infinite Perfection of the Creator; other things being but a ray, and glimpſe of him: and thus argue, if the ſhadow be ſuch, what muſt be the cauſe and the reality which it follows; if ſuch be the Dead, what muſt be the Living? if ſuch be the Image, what is the Original? For as a cunning Artiſt, deſigning to build a Palace, intends not only to make it ſtrong and convenient, but ſtately alſo, and excellent in its ſymmetrical Proportions, which may pleaſe the ſight, which is one of the moſt noble of our Senſes. Even to the Divine Architect of this Palace of the World, hath not only fixed the Foundation, and Pillars of it firm, and ſtable, but adorned it with the excellency of Proportion: ſo that Trees do not yield their Fruit before they are firſt deckt with Bloſſoms, making Beauty ſubſervient unto Profit. From the flagrant Flowers the Bees collect both ſubſtance for their Combs, and Honey; and from the thin Leaves are diſtilled ſweet, and medicinal waters, to revive our Spirits, and pleaſe our Senſes. But alas, replied *Andrenio*, as at firſt the beauty and odour of thoſe Flowers delighted my fancy, ſo was I no leſs troubled to ſee that flouriſhing eſtate ſo ſoon changed, and faded. This, ſaid *Critilo*, is a lively Emblem of humane frailty, for beauty begins in oſtentation, the year ſmiles amongſt the flowers of a chearful Spring, and the day dawns with beams of a bluſhing *Aurora*, and man begins to live with the ſmiles of Infancy, and wantonneſs of Youth; but all ends in ſadneſs, and corruption, when the apprenheſion of being laid in the duſt, and paying the tribute of Nature, affrights us with horrour; whilſt the uncertain

certain time of deſtiny in general ſerves to elude mens expectation thereof in particular.

After I had in this paſtime entertained my ſight, ſaid *Andrenio*, there wanted not the Harmony, and Muſical Notes of Birds to content my Ears: their tuned throats raviſhed my Sences, their Quavers, Stops, and ſweet Airs kept time with the Woods, and Vallies which were inſtruments of their louder Sounds, and by Eccho bore part with them in the ſame Muſick; the ſhrubs alſo, and twigs dancing at the noiſe, ſeemed to ſalute the Sun at his firſt ariſe. I obſerved here, and that with no ſmall admiration, that nature had beſtowed the Gift of melody in Voice, which is the recreation of our Lives, on Birds only; Beaſts with an ungrateful Voice offended my Ears, and the ſound they made was more of horrour, than harmony. The reaſon is, ſaid *Critilo*, becauſe Birds as Inhabitants of the Air are of more refined Spirits in that ſubtle Region, and therefore have the advantage of other Creatures, and only can imitate the words of men, through the Purity of that place they live in, and abiding in a Region of nearer vicinity unto Heaven, have need of ſweeter Voices to reſound continually Divine Praiſes. Another thing I would have you to obſerve, that amongſt all the diverſity of Birds, none is affected with a venemous quality, like thoſe Animals, who crawling on the Earth, ſuck in noxious qualities, which ſhould admoniſh man to avoid the dangers of this Region, and retire from the filth of this infection. I was much taken, ſaid *Andrenio*, to ſee them ſo neat, and ſo pretty in their variety of colours. But here obſerve, ſaid *Critilo*, that the Male hath more variety in his colours, than the Female, reſembling the like in man, whom nature it ſelf hath

ſo

ſo ſufficiently decked, that he needs no other foils to ſet him off; but Women being ſubtle in their inventions, know ways to deceive with the ſnare of their dreſſes, and to cover their defects with counterfeited Feathers.

That which I much obſerved (ſaid *Andrenio*) was that admirable correſpondence, and rule by which the diſtinct multitudes of Creatures were diſtinguiſhed, and diſpoſed, without one being troubleſome unto the other, but rather every one in their ſeveral natures, lik a well-ordered Commonwealth, helpful and aſſiſtant amongſt themſelves. This is another effect, ſaid *Critilo*, of Divine Wiſdom, the ballance of all things in weight number, and meaſure; for every Creature hath its Centre, his natural place of reſidence, his duration in time, his proper end both in being, and operation: By this you may ſee the link and chain of Creatures, their orderly ſituation, and the due degree of their Perfection. Of the Elements the meaneſt Servants of nature are compoſed mixed Bodies, and the inferiours are ſubordinate to the Superiours: Herbs, and Plants, which are in the loweſt order and degree, of life, are Vegetables, moving and increaſing until they arrive at the full point, and period of their perfection. In the ſecond order of life are Senſitives, the Animals of the Earth, which prey on the Vegetables, making them Food, and Nouriſhment for their own ſuſtenance; and theſe are the Beaſts of the Field, the Fiſhes of the Sea, and the Birds of the Air; theſe feed on the Graſs, people the Trees, peck the Buds, build in the Branches, and make the Leaves their defence, and ſecurity: but both theſe, one, and the other

The Subordination of Creatures.

are

are bound to obey a third ſort of Nature, *viz.* the Vegetable, and the Senſitive are made Servants to a higher Maſter, Reaſon, and Underſtanding, which is Man, and he ſubordinated to a greater Soveraign which is God, whom he ought to know, love, and ſerve. In this wonderful order, and harmony, all things are diſpoſed, one Creature being made helpful to aſſiſt the Wants and Neceſſities of another. The Water hath need of the Earth to ſupport it, the Earth of the Water to bedew it; the water in rarefaction becomes Air, and the Air Food to nouriſh, and foment the Fire: every part being ordained mutually to maintain the other, all generally concur to the preſervation of the whole. Beſides, it is worth obſervation to conſider thoſe ways, and means the Divine Providence hath invented for the preſervation of that being, which he hath given to every Creature, eſpecially to the Senſitive, as the moſt conſiderable, which is a natural inſtinct to know the good, and avoid the bad: whence we may better admire, than relate, the apt hability ſome have to deceive, and that others have to eſcape and fly the danger.

Though all this diverſity of Prodigies, ſaid *Andrenio*, was but as one continued Series of Novelty: yet my wonder was ſtill dilated with the ſight and ſurvey of that immenſe Ocean. The Sea ſeemed as envious of the Earth to form Tongues in the water to chide my ſluggiſhneſs, and by the noiſe of its Waves to invite my curioſity to a new admiration. Thus wearied with my Walks, but not with my Thoughts, I ſate me down, on one of yonder Cliffs, oppreſſed with as many fits of aſtoniſhment, as the Sea hath Waves. I contemplated much on thoſe ſlight bounds that

The Sea.

that impriſon the Sea, and the obedience of that furious Monſter to the gentle Curb of the unſtable Sand.* Is it poſſible, ſaid I, there ſhould be no ſtronger Wall, than that of Duſt, to limit the violence of this furious Enemy? Hold, ſaid *Critilo*, Divine Providence hath with much lenity circumſcribed the rage of two boundleſs enemies, which being let looſe, would have deſtroyed the World, and its Inhabitants. The Sea he hath terminated with the limits of the Sands, and the Fire he hath impriſoned in the hard intrails of the Flint, which being called by two ſtroaks only comes forth, and ſerves our occaſions: when we have no farther need of it, it retires or is extinguiſhed; if this were not, two days could not paſs, before the Earth were conſumed by the Fire, or drowned with the Waters. I could not ſatiate my ſelf, ſaid *Andrenio*, in beholding the tranſparent clearneſs of the Waters, and my eyes were hydropically thirſty to view the conſtant motion of thoſe liquid Chryſtals. They ſay, anſwered *Critilo*, that the eyes being compoſed of thoſe two humours Watriſh, and Chryſtaline, are ſo much pleaſed with beholding Waters, that they are never wearied in beholding them. Above all, ſaid *Andrenio*, when I ſaw ſo many Fiſhes within the Bowels of the Sea, ſo differently formed from Birds, and Beaſts, it was here, that I can properly ſay, my admiration was at a ſtand, and being wholly exhauſted was reduced to a *ne plus ultra*. Upon this Rock being ſet alone, without other admonition than my own weak Meditations. I began to conſider the rare harmony of the Univerſe, which being compoſed of

* *The Author ſpeaks here with more Rhetorick than Philoſophy.*

Compoſition of Contraries.

Contraries, one would think in ſo near a conjunction ſhould like irreconcilable Enemies, as they are, combate both to their own, and the Worlds deſtruction: This held me for ſome time in contemplation; for who would think a League could be made to compoſe things ſo contrary, and oppoſite? It is true, anſwered *Critilo*, the World is compounded of Contraries, and Agreement of Diſcords; as the Philoſopher ſaith, there is nothing, but hath an Enemy with whom to combate, either with Victory, or ſubjection, all is with action, and paſſion, none aſſaults, but his blows are returned by his Enemy. The Elements command the Van-guard, by whoſe example the mixed compoſitions are encouraged to Battel, one deſtroying the other, evils waiting to entrap our Goods, and malice to ruine, and overthrow our Fortunes. Sometimes even the Stars have their Diſſentions, and Quarrels, and though there is no Weapons, or power in ſight capable to hurt thoſe invulnerable Bodies; yet the damage of the War, like that of Soveraign Princes, redounds to the affliction of their ſublunary Vaſſals, and their natural Diſcords are converted to moral oppoſitions: ſo that none on Earth, is ſo peaceable and quiet, but finds ſome whom he may hate, or emulate, for corrupt nature is pregnant with the innate ſeeds of diſſention. Thus in Age the old are Oppoſers of the Young, in Complexion the Phlegmatick are averſe to the Cholerick, in Eſtate the Rich unſociable with the Poor, in Climate the *Spaniard* unpleaſing to the *French*: thus in all ſorts of Qualities, and Conditions, ſome are contrary, or in oppoſition unto others. But what if I ſhould tell you, that within the very Gates of Man himſelf, within the ſmall compaſs of that earthly

earthly Cottage, the fire of diſſention ſhould be kindled, and he as an enemy oppoſe himſelf? For he as a little World is compounded of all Contraries: the Humours begin the Quarrel, the Moiſture reſiſts the radical Heat, ſtill endeavouring to abate, and quench it; the inferiour parts are always offenſive to the Superiour, contradicting their Deſigns, and Intentions, and the Appetite ſubdues, and tramples on Reaſon. The Soul, that immortal Spirit, is not free from this Calamity, the Paſſions quarrel amongſt themſelves; Fear endeavours to abate Valour, Melancholy Mirth; ſometimes we deſire, and then we abhor, ſometimes Vices triumph, and anon Virtues, all conſiſts of Arms and War, and the Life of Man on Earth is nothing but a continued Warfare. But O! that wonderful and infinite Wiſdom of the Creator, who hath ſo moderated, and attempered the Contrarieties of Creatures, as to make their Diſcords their ſtay, ſupport, and conſervation, and thereby to unite, and ſuſtain the whole Fabrick of the Univerſe. This, ſaid *Andrenio*, was none of my meanneſt Contemplations, obſerving ſo much change in ſo much Permanency, all things ſeemed to move in a continual progreſs to their natural end, and yet the World as the ſtage of the Tragedy to remain the ſame conſtant, and immutable. The ſupream Artificer, ſaid *Critilo*, hath ſo ordained, that nothing ſhould end, but another ſhould begin, that from the aſhes, or ruine of the one ſhould ariſe another, that the corruption of one ſhould be the generation of another: when all things ſeem to be at an end, a new Offspring begins, Nature peoples again the World, and older ages caſt their Bill, and grow young with a new

Generation, in all which is to be admired, and adored the Wiſdom of Divine Providence.

The Changes of Time.

But here, ſaid *Andrenio*, did not my thoughts, and obſervation reſt, but ſtill proceeded to conſider the variety of times, and ſeaſons, the exchange of day with night, of ſummer with winter, by the moderate and gradual intervention of the temperate Spring; Nature proceeding by degrees never makes ſo long a ſtep as from one extream to another. In this again, ſaid *Critilo*, appears the Divine Government, not only in appointing unto all Creatures, their orders and ſituation, but in accommodating fit times and opportunities agreeable to all occaſions. The day ſerves for labour, and the ſilence of the night for quietneſs and repoſe: the Froſts of Winter fix and extend the Roots of Plants, and the Spring with a reviving warmth cauſes the branches to bloſſom, and the Summer appears in Plentiful hopes, and the Autumn crowns our Labours with the Fruits we reap, and gather into our Barns. But what do you think of the ſtrange Miracle of the Rains? This too I admired very much, ſaid *Andrenio*, to ſee thoſe ſweet dews diſtil on the earth with gentleneſs, and divided ſtreams, for a common refreſhment: and ſo ſeaſonable, added *Critilo*, in the two Months of *October* and *April*, which are productive of Fruit, and ſerve the Plow, and Seed, with a kindly Moiſture. The changes alſo of the Moon contribute unto Plenty, and favour by a wholeſome influence the health of Creatures; for ſome Months are cold, others hot, ſome moiſt, and bluſtering, others dry, and ſerene, according to the different Seaſons: the Waters cleanſe, and fructifie, the Winds purge, and animate;

animate; the Earth immoveably ſupports the deſcending gravity of Bodies, the Air is pliable not to hinder their motion, and diaphanous not to obſtruct and cloud the Sight. Whence we may ſee, that it is, that Divine Omnipotency, that Eternal Providence, and that only immenſe Bounty, which alone knows how to erect this vaſt Fabrick, which we can never ſufficiently admire, contemplate and applaud. Theſe are certain Truths, ſaid *Andrenio*, which I have often obſerved, and yet ill conceived in my rude Underſtanding. It was no unpleaſant entertainment to me, to traverſe all the day from one place unto another, from one proſpect to another, continuing to admire, and view the Heaven, the Earth, the Seas, the Fields, and all with an unſatiable fruition. But that point, on which I much inſiſted, was that admirable Art of the Divine Wiſdom, which with ſo much facility hath perſormed a Labour ſo difficult, and in the firſt invention proceeded to the very height and top of all Perfection, and Accomcompliſhment: How much art was there in fixing the Earth firmly on its Baſis to be a ſecure foundation for the following Superſtructure? Nor leſs admirable are thoſe perennal ſtreams of Fountains, which ſwell with an unexhauſtible increaſe, whoſe continued inundation is no more than a neceſſary Plenty. How much power is there in forming the Tempeſts, and thoſe ſtill whiſperings of Wind, which ſteal from unknown places, and as much unknown the Stages to which they tend? How much power was there in digeſting thoſe uſeful heaps of Mountains, the ribs of this compoſure, the Bay and Harbour for the Earth to ſhrowd it ſelf under? Theſe, as they are additions to the beauty of the Worlds variety, ſo are they the Treaſuries of the

Snows the Mines from which Mettals are extracted, are the the diſſolvers, or breakers of the Clouds, the Head and original of Fountains, and the dens of Beaſts; from them fall the lofty Pines to build our Ships, and Houſes; in them we have refuge from the over-flowings of Waters, in them we remain ſecure, as in Towers, or Bull-works from the ſudden aſſaults, or ſurprizal of our Enemies: all which Miracles, and Wonders, what but an infinite Wiſdom could form, and diſpoſe with Reaſon, therefore muſt we confeſs that were all the beſt Heads, and Judgments of the World united in one, and all their Reaſons, and Diſcourſes, ſqueezed, and diſtilled to the pureſt quinteſſence of Rationality, it were not capable to amend the leaſt circumſtance, or make an addition to the leaſt Atome of Natures perfection. And if that King, for only knowing four Stars, was ſo highly commended by one of his Paraſites (ſo much is Wiſdom eſteemed in a Prince) and with that extravagant applauſe, ſaying, That if he had been Counſellor to the Divine Workman, at that time when he created, and ordered theſe things, that his Humane Wiſdom would have outdone the Divine, and better contrived the compoſure of his Fabrick. But this ſaying proceeded not from an effect of Reaſon, but from a defect of Judgment, incident to the nature of the *Spaniſh* Nation; which in the ſwellings of their boaſting humour cannot moderate their oſtentation though with God himſelf.

The Deſcription of Diviniſy.

Hear me, ſaid *Andrenio*, this laſt truth the greateſt, and moſt ſublime of any, that I have yet declared. I confeſs, that though I have admired four ſtrange Prodigies in this Univerſe, *viz.* The multitude and variety of Creatures, the har-

harmony and agreement in Contraries, their beauty and ornament mixed with profit, and convenience, and their mutations with Permanency. Yet above all, I remained confuſed in the knowledge of the Creator, who is ſo manifeſt in his Creatures, and yet hid in himſelf; whoſe Attributes are imprinted on every ſtep, and action of his Work, as his Omnipotencey in the execution, his Providence in the Government, his Beauty in the perfection, his Bounty in the communicaton; and ſo the reſt of his Attributes; of which as none were unemployed at the beginning, ſo in ſucceeding ages are maintained, and conſerved by the exiſtence and operation of his power. And notwithſtanding this great God is hid, though known, not ſeen, though manifeſt, far diſtant, though near; this is that riddle which hath confuſed my Underſtanding, and left me in an extaſie of love, and adoration. Man, ſaid *Critilo*, is naturally inclined to love his Maker, as the begining, and end he tends unto. Nor is there any Nation ſo barbarouſly ignorant, in whom the Light of Nature hath not infuſed the awe, and reverence of a Deity, ſufficient to curb the moſt audacious profaneneſs, and convince them of the Divine Eſſence, Omnipreſence. Nature having made nothing but to ſome end, the inclinations and propenſities of every Creature are uſeful in their ſeveral Operations. If the Loadſtone turns unto the North, it denotes a ſimpathy between them, and its trembling till it returns unto its Point, ſhews that a violence is offered to its nature, whilſt it remains in the ſtate of Separation. If the Plant turns with the Sun, the Fiſh to the Water, the Stone to the Centre, and Man to God, there muſt be a God, who is his attracting North, his Centre, and Sun, to which

his head bends, and with whoſe vigor, and heat the deadneſs of his Soul receives vigor to revive. From this Great Sire do all Creatures acknowledge to have received their Being: he only is from himſelf, and therefore is Infinite in all kind of Perfection, whoſe Being none is able to circumſcribe with Place, or Time. Though he is not ſeen, yet he is known, and like a Soveraign Prince keeps a diſtance agreeable to his Majeſtick Greatneſs, not admitting, unleſs rarely, his Vaſſals to a familiar Audience, and yet is familiarly preſent with all by the repreſentation of his Creatures. So that a Philoſopher defines this World to be the Grand Looking-Glaſs of God. *Philon Ebreus* terms it the invitation of the Soul, and the only nouriſhment which feeds Minds. *Pythagoras* calls it a Tuned-Harp, whoſe meaſure, and harmony wraps up our Contemplations, and Thoughts with uncontainable Raviſhments. *Tertullian* names it the Pomp of Increated Majeſty. And *Triſmegiſtus* the Muſical Conſonancy of the Divine Attributes.

Theſe are, and ſo concluded *Andrenio*, the firſt Rudiments of my Life, better conceived than related; for where the Thoughts are ſcrewed beyond their natural power, there muſt conſequently want words to utter them. That which I muſt now deſire of you is, that you would ſatisfie my longing expectation to know what you are, and from whence you came, and how you paſſed the rowling Waves of this Ocean, tell me if there be more Worlds, or more People than this, to all which my Curioſity will render me as attentive as you can deſire. To which Relation *Critilo* willingly conſented, being the great Tragedy of his Life declared in the following Criſis.

The Third Criſis.

THE

Deſtroyer of Life.

Critilo *Relates the Misfortunes of his Love in the time of his Youth; and the occaſion of his Shipwrack.*

THey ſay that *Cupid* complained of the Injuries he had received from *Fortune*, in that ſhe had ſlighted and undervalued the Power of his Mother, by not appealing, as ſhe was want, to her Arbitrement and Judicature. What want you *Blind Boy*, ſaid *Fortune?* and he again, replyed, this is agreeable to thoſe reproaches and ſcorn, which Envy and Diſſention hath caſt upon me.

Fortune. With whom have you this enmity?

Cupid. With all the World.

Fortune. I am ſorry you ſhould contend with ſo powerful an Enemy, and that the Juſtice of your Cauſe ſhould invite none to defend it.

Cupid.

Cupid. Had I but only you on my ſide, I ſhould be ſufficiently defended, and this my Mother daily tells me, and often preaches to me, that I ſhould get you to my Friendſhip and Party.

Fort. But do you not revenge your ſelf?

Cupid. Yes, both of young and old.

Fort. Well, but what is the occaſion, and reaſon for your anger?

Cupid. The cauſe is as great, as juſt.

Fort. Perhaps thoſe ordinary reproaches of having been born in the Family of a Mechanick, or your Education to be no other than amidſt the Anvile, and Hammers of a ſmooty Forge.

Cupid. No, not theſe, for never was I ſo diſingenuous as to deny Truth.

Fort. Nor ſhould it trouble you to be called the Son of your Mother.

Cupid. This leſs; for I triumph and glory rather to proceed from the Race of ſo Divine a Progeny; neither can I be without her, nor ſhe without me; neither *Venus* without *Cupid*, nor *Cupid* without *Venus*.

Fort. Now I know your diſtaſte, you are vexed to be thought the heir of your Grandfathers defects, or to imitate the Sea, that troubled and unconſtant Element.

Cupid. No, for theſe are but Fables.

Fort. If theſe be Fables, what are Truths?

Cupid. That which unquiets me is, that they impoſe upon me falſe Aſperſions, unſeemly Epithites, and Slanders.

Fort. I underſtand you now; without doubt it is, that they ſay, you have changed your Bow with Death, and are not called *Amor* from *Amare*, but from *Mori*, as if Love, and Death were both one,

your

your Profeſſion being to deſtroy Life, to unrip the Heart, and lodge it in another; rather where it loves, than where it animates.

Cupid. This is all true.

Fort. If this be true, what other reproach can you complain of, as falſe, or injurious?

Cupid. Are thoſe true, that ſpeak me Blind, and whoſe Malice would pluck out my Eyes? If I am blind, let thoſe well-ſhot Arrows declare, or thoſe marks hit, be mended by the ſhafts of a more quick-ſighted Shooter. They paint me alſo with a Fillet bound about my Eyes; not only *Apelles*, whoſe Fancy guides his Pencil, nor the Poets, whoſe obligation is to faign, and their trade to invent fabulous Fancies; but alſo the wiſe and underſtanding Philoſophers; Theſe are they which move my Patience, and make me angry to think their better Judgments ſhould ſtile me ſuch, and like the reſt be ſeduced with a vulgar Error. Prithee tell me, *Fortune*, what Paſſion is there, that doth not blind? Is not the Angry blinded with his own Choler? The Covetous with his Intereſt? The Deſperate with his Confidence? The Idle with his Sleep? Is not the Vain a Mole in his Gallantry, and the Hypocrite blinded with the Beams of his Eyes? And do not the Proud, Gluttonous, and Drunkards groap in the darkneſs of their own Paſſions? Why then do they impoſe this Ignominy on me only, and ſo deprive me of my Sight, that by a Metonimy of blindneſs they deſcribe me? which is the more ſtrange, becauſe this deprivation is contrary to my Nature; and Sight gives me the firſt Being. By Seeing I begin, and thereby my Paſſion is nouriſhed and formed, and like an Eagle at the Sun, am never wearied with beholding

Blind Paſſion.

ing Beauty. This is the quarrel, and injury I complain of; what think you, have not I reaſon? The ſame, ſaid *Fortune*, is my grievance; and ſince we both lie under the ſame abuſe, let our equal misfortune comfort, and content us both; but that which hath chiefly impoſed this name upon you, is the too raiſed conceit of your own Sight, as if only enamoured Spirits knew how to delight their eyes; and that others had only light to ſerve their neceſſity, and not their curioſity, which cauſes you to accuſe them of blind Ignorance, and upbraid your defects in return of their affronts: He that will ſee this Philoſophy compared with experience, let him attend to this following diſcourſe of *Critilo*, which he dedicates to the years of flouriſhing Youth.

'Your demand, ſaid he, renews my antient grief, which my mind already better feels, than my tongue relates: as your diſcourſe was pleaſant and delightful, ſo the troubles, and misfortunes of my life convert our former content into extremes of Melancholy: happy art thou who waſt born among the Beaſts, and unhappy I who was born and educated amongſt Men, whoſe cruelty exceeds that of ravenous Wolves; for every one is to the other ſuch, and to be a Man is to be more unhumane than they. You have given me an account how you came into the World, and I ſhall tell you, how I came out of it; the ſence of which hath ſo altered, and changed my humour, and condition, that I know not ſo well to tell you who I am, as who I was. They ſay I was born at Sea, and indeed the inconſtancy of my Fortune perſwades me the ſame. The word, Sea, was no ſooner out of his Mouth, but turning his eyes towards it, on a ſudden ſtarted up, and diſtruſting his

his ſight at firſt, ſtood a while in ſuſpence, but at length calling to *Andrenio*, and pointing with his Finger, Doſt thou not ſee, ſaid he, yonder afar off? What is it you ſee? I ſee, ſaid he, ſome wandring Mountains, or winged Sea-Monſters, or elſe ſome Clouds. No, ſaid *Critilo*, they are Ships, though you have ſaid aptly in calling them Clouds; for they rain Gold into *Spain*. *Andrenio* was much pleaſed to ſee them come in with ſuch full ſwelled Sails; for he admired a ſight ſo unuſual, being naturally deſirous to enter into humane Society; but *Critilo* began to ſigh, and lament the trouble and inconvenience of the preſent occaſion. What is the matter, ſaid *Andrenio*, is not this the deſired Fleet of which you told me? Yes. Are not thoſe Men that come? Yes. Why then are you ſo ſad? For this only reaſon, ſaid *Critilo*, for know, *Andrenio*, that we are already lodged within the power of our enemies; now we muſt be circumſpect over all our actions, be provident in ſeeing, cautious in hearing, but eſpecially ſpeaking; we muſt bridle our tongues, and before we begin our Speech, we muſt premeditate what inconvenience may enſue. The profeſſions you make may to credulous ears inſinuate affection and friendſhip, but be ſo provident as to arm againſt the aſſaults of enemies. This new Lecture ſeemed ſtrange to *Andrenio*, whoſe Judgment not being improved by experience, made him to reprove *Critilo*, wondring that he did not rather adviſe him of the dangers of the Woods, and cruelty of Beaſts, than with ſo much inveterate hatred to inveigh againſt man. Was not our danger greater, ſaid he, whilſt our want of habitation drove us to the dens of Tygers, nor did you fear them, much leſs ſhould your

Moral Rules.

your courage abate with the ſight of men. Yes, ſighing, anſwered *Critilo*, for if Men be not Beaſts, it is becauſe their inhumanity exceeds theirs, whoſe irrational Soul is not capable to invent ſuch extravagant Iniquities. Never was our danger greater than with the approach of theſe; which Truth is confirmed by the example of a King, who to protect his Favorite from the violent hands of his own Courtiers, incloſed him within the Den of his Lyons, eſteeming him more ſecure there, than within the reach, or power of his malevolent Proſecutors. I ſhall refer that to your own confeſſion, after that your better experience hath acquainted you with the ſame. Hold, ſaid *Andrenio*, are they not all like you? Yes, and yet are not, for every one is the Son of his Mother, wedded to his own humour, and opinion, and affected with a diverſity both of fancy and geſture. There are ſome who but Pigmies in growth, have yet their Souls elevated to the Skies, and others, Giants in bodies, have yet their thoughts levelled with the Earth: you ſhall meet others of a revengeful, and malitious Spirit, whoſe rage dies not with time, and whoſe rancour infecteth others; as poiſonous as the *Scorpions* Tail, having its Venom ſublimated by age, and long durance. You ſhall hear, but let it be your care to avoid the impertinent diſcourſes of the talkative, which are often vain, and idle, and neither profitable to him that ſpeaks, or hears them. You will pleaſe your ſelf with the conceits of ſome, whoſe quicker genius comments on the actions of others, imitating in a jeſting ſcorn their words, their manners, and behaviour; but theſe Men reflect not on the looſneſs of their own Lives, nor how obnoxious they

The Iniquity of Mankind.

are

are to the cenſures of a ſcrutinous Judge; others there are fooliſhly inquiſitive, whoſe impertinent queſtions may puzzle the Anſwers of a good Reſolver. You ſhall ſee others, whoſe long diſcourſes conclude in nothing, in all things aggravating and enlarging; for though they be Men more ſhort in ſtature than one of *Navarre*, and corpulent alſo, are yet without ſubſtance. In fine, you ſhall find few men that are ſo, Brutes they may be, and Monſters of the World, having no ſubſtance but their own Fleſh and Skin, and the reſt but a meer ſhadow or apparition of Mankind.

But tell me, how is Man capable of doing ſo much miſchief, ſince Nature as ſeemingly negligent of him, hath denied him thoſe weapons with which ſhe hath armed, and defended Beaſts? He hath no claws like the Lyon, or Tyger, no Trunk like the Elephant, no Horns like the Bull, no Tusks like the Boar, no Teeth like the Dog, nor Mouth like the Wolf, how then is that unarmed Malice able to wage ſuch continual War? For this very reaſon, ſaid *Critilo*, hath provident Nature not delivered weapons into the hands of an enemy dangerous to himſelf, and the reſt of her Product; whoſe hate knows no bounds, for being let looſe, would deſtroy even Nature her ſelf, notwithſtanding all which, his malice hath found means to convert thoſe parts which Nature hath given him for neceſſary uſes into more bloudy and cruel Weapons than thoſe of Beaſts, his Tongue is more ſharp than the Lyons Claws, by which he ſhatters the Reputation of others, and wounds them in their name, and honour. His bad intentions are more perverſe, and crooked than the Bulls horns, hurt at random, and hit thoſe it never aimed at: his bowells are more poiſonous than the Vipers,

his

his breath blaſts more than the Dragons, his eyes are more envious, and dart more deadly emiſſions, than the Baſilisks, his teeth are more ſharp than the fangs of the Boar, and his noſe like the Elephants trunk, wrings and turns it ſelf into a thouſand forms, and ſhapes of deriſion; ſo that all thoſe offenſive Arms which are ſparingly delivered to other Creatures, are not given to, but uſurped by Man, and in him found as the ſtore and Magazine of them all. And that you may underſtand this the better, know that Lyons, and Tygers are capable of no other damage, than what touches their Bodies; but Man is liable to what miſery, fraud, deceit, treaſon, theft, homicide, adultery, envy, injuries, detractions, and falſities can throw on his honour, and caſt on his peace, eſtate, content, happineſs, conſcience, nay and to a malice, which would proceed to the very ruine, and deſtruction of his Soul. Believe me, there is no Wolf, nor Lyon, nor Tyger ſo unhumane, as Man; which is ſufficiently verified, if true, what is reported. That a Malefactor being condemned to die upon a legal Tryal, was by Sentence of Juſtice to be caſt into a deep Cave to be there devoured by ravenous Beaſts: it fortuned that a Stranger paſſing by, and hearing the ſighs, and groans of the condemned perſon, and yet ignorant of the puniſhment, was moved by compaſſion to relieve him out of miſery; to which end opening the Cave ſuddenly, with extraordinary nimbleneſs leaped out the Tyger, which contrary to its nature, and the expectation of the Traveller, by way of ſalute and gratefulneſs, kindly kiſſed and licked his hands; next followed the Snake, which twined about his Legs, not to wound, but to embrace them; in like manner did all the reſt moſt gratefully join to give him thanks not only for ſaving

ving their lives, but for reſcuing them from a death accompanied with the loathſome Society of a wicked Man; in recompence of which they ſeemed to adviſe him to fly and be gone, leaſt when that Miſcreant came forth, he ſhould endanger his own life, by ſaving his

Mans Cruelty.

The Paſſenger, though much amazed, yet deſired to ſee him whom he had ſo much obliged, expecting ſome acknowledgements for ſo great a benefit, inſtead of which the Malefactor coming forth, and ſuppoſing that the Traveller carried ſome Wealth and Riches with him, killed him, and deſpoiled him of all, a kind return of his Charity and Compaſſion. And now judge, which are moſt cruel, Men, or Beaſts. I am more aſtoniſhed, and amazed, ſaid *Andrenio*, to hear this, than the day I beheld the World. You cannot fully conceive their Malice, ſaid *Critilo*, and yet Women are worſe, and more dangerous. If they be worſe, what muſt they be then? In ſhort they are Divels, hereafter I will tell you more of them: but above all I conjure you, that by no means you tell, who we are, nor how I came hither, nor how you proceeded to Light, for by that means you may looſe your Liberty, and I my Life. And though I diſtruſt not your faithfulneſs, and ſecrecy, yet I am glad, that I have not finiſhed the Relation of my Misfortunes, which in this only are fortunate, that being as yet untold, are not ſubject to that diſcourſe which may ſometimes inconſiderately fall from you. Here therefore we will double down the leaf, until the next occaſion, which cannot want in ſo long a Voyage.

By this time the near approach of the Fleet made their Voices more diſtinct and audible, which they raiſed with greater acclamations with the joy conceived at their arrival: Men always grow more wanton, when their ſucceſs promiſes faireſt, and their enterprizes have the face of a happy iſſue; being come into the Road, they furled their Sails, and caſt their Anchors, and the Paſſengers began to land on the deſired Shoar: The meeting was as ſtrange to the new-come Gueſts, as to the two Inhabitants; who in the relation they gave of themſelves, declared, that having been aſleep, or negligent at the departure of the laſt Fleet, they were left behind on that Iſland, which account reconciled both their pity, and their courteſie. Having thus for ſome days entertained themſelves in Hunting, and furniſhed their Veſſels with freſh Water, and Wood, they ſet to Sea, directing their courſe to deſired *Spain*. *Critilo* and *Andrenio* embarked together on the ſame Gallion, which ſort of Veſſel is a terror to its enemies, the oppoſer of the Winds, and a yoak of ſubjection to the Ocean. The Voyage was as dangerous as long, but the Relation which *Critilo* made of the many Tragedies his life had paſſed, was a good entertainment for tedious hours, which he proſecuted in this manner.

Critilo *relates the Hiſtory of his own Life.*

I was born, (as I have already told you) amidſt of this immenſe Golfe, and of the dangers and continual motions of this turbulent Element. The reaſon was, that my Parents being both *Spaniards*, by conſent, and favour of *Philip the Great*, the moſt univerſal and mighty Monarch, embarked for the

the *Indies* with no ſmall Wealth to improve their Fortunes. My Mother at that time ſuſpecting her ſelf with Child, carried me in her Womb; and before the tedious Voyage was ended, brought me forth, whoſe untimely birth was haſtned by the terrors of that Tempeſt, in which I came to light, that ſo the raging of the Seas, might add pains to the pangs of her Travail: My being born amidſt this confuſion, was a bad omen of my future infelicities, ſo early began Fortune to play with my life, hurrying me from one part of the World to the other. At laſt we arrived at that rich and famous City of *Goa*, which is the Court of the Catholick Empire in the Eaſt, the Imperial and Auguſt Seat of its Vice-kings, and univerſal Emporium of the *Indies*, and its Richneſs. At this place lived my Father, whoſe Stock, which he brought with him, directed with Prudence, and induſtry, advanced ſuddenly both his Fame, and Fortune. But I, being educated amidſt the happineſs of a plentiful condition, and being the only Son of my Parents, was tenderly nurtured with too much care, and indulgence, whoſe fondneſs to me in my Childhood, produced the fruits of an exorbitant Youth. For being now entered into the green champions of ſpringing years, made wanton with delights, looſe and uncurbed by the reigns of Reaſon, I fell into Gaming, empairing my Eſtate, and abuſing the induſtry of my Parents, whoſe cares obtained that with trouble, which my folly ſquandred in paſtime. From this Vice I paſſed to the vain toyes of Gallantry, and Faſhions, dreſſing my Body with borrowed Feathers, whilſt I neglected the true adornments and vertues of the Soul. This vanity of mine was incited forward, by

Vicious Youth.

the evil converſation of ſome pretended Friends, Flatterers, and Braves, the vile moths of an Eſtate, Honour, and Conſcience. The Wiſdom of my Father prognoſticated the ruine of me his unfortunate Son, and Family, from whoſe rigour I appealed to the indulgent tenderneſs of my Mother, whoſe protection defended me not, but deſtroyed me.

But at that time my Father gave an end unto his days, ſeeing but little hopes to recover me from my deſperate condition, eſpecially as then being blindly entangled within the Labyrinth of love. For I had caſt my affections upon a Lady, though noble, beauteous, and as perfect as Nature could make her, yet wanting the endowments of Fortune, ſhe ſhined not in that luſtre to the World as to be adored, and courted for them: only I alone idolized her perſon, and my devotion grew more zealous by the correſpondence of her favours: and though her Parents deſired to admit me into their Family, yet mine refuſed to admit her into theirs, endeavouring by all means to wean my affections, which they ſtiled my ruine, and by propoſing another Match more fitted to their convenience, than my content, thought to diſtract, or divert my love, which was ſo firm, and blindly conſtant, that nothing could overcome: I thought, I ſpake, I dreamed of nothing but *Feliſinda* (for ſo ſhe was called) eſteeming no ſmall portion of my happineſs to conſiſt in the repetition of her name. This, and many other diſcontents were heavy troubles of my aged Father (the ordinary puniſhment of Paternal indulgence) which fate ſo heavily on him, as to deprive him of his life, and me of my protection; But yet the ignorance of my Youth knew not how to make that eſtimate of my loſs,

The Amours of Critilo.

loſs as the importance of ſo great damage ought to have affected me. My tender natured Mother bewailed, and performed the Obſequies of the dead with tears ſufficient for us both; but with that exceſs, that her own life laſted not long after, leaving me more free, and leſs ſad. The undoubted hopes of obtaining my Miſtreſs, were now by the removal of thoſe obſtacles, ſome remedy of my grief, and recompence of my loſs; but thoſe filial reſpects I owed to the memory of my dead Parents, and my deſires to comply with the cenſures of the World, made me for ſome days to retard my intentions, which ſeemed years, and ages to my longing hopes. In which interim my unconſtant Fortune ſo changed the condition of theſe preſent affairs, that the death of my Parents, which at firſt ſeemed to facilitate my deſires, was that at laſt which put the obſtacle. and reduced them to an Eſtate of almoſt impoſſible. For it fortuned, that in a ſhort time the Brother of my Miſtreſs died, a Gentleman well accompliſhed, and noble, the ſole Heir of the Family, leaving my *Feliſinda* Inheritrix of all, and Phenix in all Ornaments, whoſe Beauty now joined with Riches, made her glory to ſhine in the higheſt magnitude; her fame was greatly ſpread in one day, being become a perſon that ſuited with the moſt aſpiring ambition of that Court. This unexpected accident intervening, things had a ſtrange change, and the face of my affairs looked different, to what they formerly promiſed; only the conſtancy of *Feliſinda* was ſtable, and changed in nothing but in greater kindneſs; her Friends and Parents aſpiring now unto higher Matches, were the firſt who by cold entertainments diſcountenanced my pretenſions,

The Misfortunes of Critilo's *Loves.*

which they had formerly invited: this neglect proceeded afterwards to affronts, and endeavours to move in her a hatred of my Perſon; but ſhe adviſed me of all that might diſadvantage me, made me of a Lover to become her Councellor. Many other Rivals as powerful as numerous declared themſelves; but Lovers who were wounded more by thoſe Arrows which were ſhot from the Quiver of her Portion, than from the Bow of Love; yet of all I was timorous and ſuſpitious, love being naturally jealous, and like an effeminate Paſſion apt to be foiled with the leaſt diſappointment, but that which gave me the greateſt blow, was the pretenſions of a new Rival, who, beſides that he was comely, rich, and youthful, he was Kinſman of the Vice-king, which is there as much as to be allyed to a Deity, or to be a Branch of Divinity, whoſe Will is his Law, and whoſe intentions are as ſoon executed, as conceived: he, I ſay, began to declare himſelf a Pretender to my Miſtreſs, being as confident, as powerful; we both ſtood at open defiance, he encouraged by the ſtrength of his authority, and I enabled with the Paſſion of Love: but his own, and the reaſon of others aſſured him, that this long rooted affection of mine, compleated with time, and converſation, was not eaſily eradicated, unleſs diverted; to which effect, he promiſed his beſt aſſiſtance, and favour to the induſtry, and malice of my enemies; whoſe Plot was by Law to pretend upon my Eſtate, and thereby either to ſcare me out of the fits of Love, or at leaſt to affright the Parents of *Feliſinda* from Matching her with me, over whom hanged an apparent ruine. I ſoon perceived my ſelf entangled within two dangerous toils, of Intereſt, and Love; but Love being that which moſt prevailed, the fear of

looſing

looſing my Eſtate was not ſtrong enough to contend with the valour of my affection, which like the Palm grew more under the heavy preſſure. But what this Plot wanted to avail with me, it worked in the Parents of my Miſtreſs, who conſidering moſt the conveniencies of Intereſt, and Honour, contrived——— I know not how to proceed, it will be better to leave off: But *Andrenio*, ſtill preſſing him to proceed; Well, ſaid he, in fine, they reſolved to kill me, and to deliver that life to my Adverſary which was already conſecrated, and devoted to my Miſtreſs; but ſhe acquainted me with the deſign that night from her Balcony, and according to her cuſtom conſulted with me concerning the remedy; with which ſhe let fall ſuch a floud of tears, as kindled in my breaſt a fire, and hell of deſpair, and fury, ſo that the next day, not conſidering the inconveniencies, nor dangers of Honour or Life, but guided by the blindneſs of my Paſſion, armed with my Sword, or rather Thunderbolt, pierced through the Quiver of Love, and whetted with anger and jealouſie, I went in purſuit of my Enemy; and now remitting diſputes to works, and our tongues to our hands, we unſheathed our Swords without remorſe, and having made ſome few Paſſes each at the other, I ſoon pierced his heart, depriving him both of Love, and Life; ſo that now I lay expoſed to the Sentence of Juſtice; whoſe Miniſters, deſirous to content the Vice-king, and covetous to engroſs my Eſtate, were ready at hand to execute their Office. I was preſently ſentenced to impriſonment in a dark Dungeon, laden with Bolts, and Irons, the natural Fruit of my fooliſh raſhneſs. The ſad news ſoon came to the ears of my Rivals Parents, who melted

The Fruit of Vice.

in their ſighs and tears, and reſolving to revenge the injury, continually thundred out threats againſt me The Vice-king alſo moved with the death of his Kinſman, deſigned to proſecute Juſtice to the utmoſt extremity. The report of our Combat was ſoon bruited abroad, and as mens affections led them, they either condemned, or defended me; but all were generally ſorry, that our Reaſon guided us not better than ſo unfortunately to ruine each other. Only my Miſtreſs was ſhe alone, that triumphed in my valour, and celebrated the faithfulneſs of my affection, and conſtancy. The Charge was ſtrongly proſecuted againſt me, of which being convicted, my Eſtate became their Prey, and my Riches a ſacrifice to their revenge, venting their malice thereupon, as the angry Bull doth on the Cloak of his eſcaped Enemy. The ſole ſupport which remained unto me, were ſome Jewels, which providently I had entruſted within the ſacred Walls of a Monaſtery, the only Relique of my ſhipwracked Fortune. The violence of this Storm ſtopped not at the ruine of my Eſtate, but proceeded to a condemnation of my Life; and having loſt my Goods, I loſt alſo my Friends, which are Companions inſeparable each from the other; but all this had not yet abated my Courage, had not ſomething more unhappy augmented my Misfortunes: For the Parents of *Felifinda* diſcontented at the accidents and diſgraces lately paſt, reſolved to leave the *Indies*, and ſeek more quietneſs, and preferment in *Spain*, which they hoped to procure by the favour, and recommendations of the Vice-king. So that having converted their

At the Sports of Bulls in Spain, they avoid often the Horns of the Bull, by throwing their Cloaks away.

their Eſtate into Money, they embarked on the firſt Fleet, leaving me —— With that his ſighs interrupted his Speech, and his tears gave a full ſtop unto his diſcourſe: At laſt, ſaid he, they carried with them two Pledges of my Soul, which doubled my grief, and made it more fatal; one was *Feliſinda* herſelf, and the other was, the Burden which ſhe bore in her Womb, miſerable only for being mine. They being in this manner ſet to Sea, had their Wind increaſed by the ſtorms of my Breaſt, whom whilſt I leave engolfed in the Ocean, I was drowned in the Sea of my tears, remaining eternally condemned to darkneſs, and a Dungeon, poor and forſaken, forgotten of all, but the malice, and hatred of my Enemies.

The Ruine which Love brings.

As he who falling from a Mountain, ſcatters his ſpoils on every ſtone, here his Hat, there his Cloak, there his Eyes, and Hands, till at laſt he looſes his life, and burſts in pieces at the bottom. Even ſo, I ſliding from the dangerous Clifts of this Ivory Rock, more to be feared, becauſe delightful, rowled my ſelf from one misfortune to another, left on every ſtone teſtimonies of my Ruine, in Goods, Honour, Health, Parents, Friends, and Liberty, till I arrived at this grave, and priſon, the abiſs and pit of my Miſeries. Yet I may truly ſay, that though Wealth corrupted my happineſs, and raiſed enemies to throw troubles on me; yet Poverty reſtored me to a better condition; for here I found Wiſdom, unto which, till now, the extravagance of Youth had made me a Stranger; here I undeceived my ſelf, and gained experience and health

health both of body and Soul: and being abandoned of all living Society, I converſed with the dead, and by reading I began to underſtand, and to become rational, having only before led the ſenſitive life; ſo that having extracted ſome knowledge, my underſtanding was enlightned, and my will was obedient to the dictates of it, one being replete with Wiſdom, and the other with Virtue: and ſo I opened my eyes when there was nothing to ſee, and ſo it happens often. I ſtudied the noble Arts, and ſublime Sciences, devoting my ſelf with great affection to Moral Philoſophy, which is the Food of the Judgment, the Centre of Reaſon, and the Life of Diſcretion. I reformed my ſelf from the vain Society of my Companions; inſtead of a wanton Youth, I choſe a ſevere *Cato*, in place of a ſhallow Wit, a wiſe *Seneca*; ſometimes I peruſed *Socrates*, anon Divine *Plato*, eaſing in this manner my tedious hours, and recreating my ſelf in that grave of the living, and labyrinth of liberty. Years paſſed, and Vice-kings, but ſtill continued the rigour of my Adverſaries; for they prolonged the hearing of my Cauſe, and ſince they could arrive no higher, they reſolved to linger out my days in Priſon, and convert my Dungeon into my Grave. But at the end of ſome years miſeries, came an Order from *Spain*, obtained by the ſecret Negotiation of my Miſtreſs, that my Cauſe and Perſon ſhould be remitted thither. The new Vice-king being leſs my Enemy, and more favourable, put it in execution, and diſpatched me away in the firſt Fleet, committing me a Priſoner to the charge of the Captain of the Ship. Thus parted I from the *Indies*, the firſt from that place, poor, and neceſſitous, to whom the

the dangers of the Seas ſeemed Entertainments and Pleaſures. My affable diſpoſition ſoon gained me Friends, and thoſe, that were delighted with Truth, were attentive Auditors of my Lectures of Morality; but above all, the Captain of the Admiral-ſhip made me his Confident, a favour which I much eſteemed, and verified the truth of that common ſaying, That *Fortune often changes with the place; and that our deſigns can never be proſperous, whilſt we live under the influence of a malevolent Star.* But here ſit, and admire a prodigy of humane fraud, an extremity of malice, the ſpight, and quarrel of a contrary Fortune, and the full point and period to which the preamble of my miſeries tended; for this Captain being a Gentleman obliged in all points of honour to treat me civilly and fairly, yet puffed with ambition, and infected with the ſame rancour, and malice which the former Vice-king my enemy, and his Kinſman boar me, or rather incited with a covetous deſire to inherit the ſmall remainder of my Eſtate, which I had ſaved from the ſtorms of my late Shipwrack, was induced to put in execution the loweſt, and moſt unhumane of all unworthineſs; For ſtanding together with him one day, on the Quarter-deck, entertaining each other with diſcourſe, and with the proſpect of the Seas, he ſurprized me unawares, and threw me into the Sea: and that he might cover this Treachery, he called out too late for aſſiſtance to ſave my life; At his call came his Mariners, and my Friends, who deſirous to help me, threw out their Cables and Ropes, but all in vain; for my ſlow Arms not being able to follow the ſwift Sails of the flying Ship, I was left ſtriving with the Waves, and Death: but one

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of thoſe Planks which they threw out, as the laſt hopes, and means to preſerve me, was my ſacred anchor, and ſupport, which the compaſſionate Waves preſented to my innocence, the deſperate, yet wellcome refuge of my loſt hopes, the which I kiſſing, ſaid, On thee will I lay my ſelf, the Coffin of this Body. Having thus ſmall hopes to reach the Ship, I ſuffered my ſelf to be carried by the Waves, and my own Fortune; which not contented to reduce me unto this point of extremity, but venting the reſt of her tyranny, called all the Elements to conſpire againſt me in ſuch a Tempeſt, as if her intent was not only to deſtroy me, but firſt to exerciſe on me all the train, and ſolemnity of miſeries. The Waves ſometimes toſſed me ſo high, that I feared to be daſhed againſt the Points of the Moon, or bruiſed againſt the Heavens; anon I deſcended to the Centre of the Earth, and again raiſed to that heigth, that I feared more to be burned with the heat of Heaven, than drowned in the Waters of the Sea. But as theſe rigours, of which I have ſo much complained, have gratiouſly been converted into favours, ſo the bluſtering ſtorms have ſometimes broke up in a mild calm: for miſeries often times have ſo exceeded, and ſo over-acted, and ſtrained their part, that misfortunes themſelves have paſſed into bleſſings. I tell you this becauſe the fury of the Tempeſt, and current of the Waters ſo violently carried me, that in a few hours I came to the ſight of this little Iſle, for otherwiſe it had been impoſſible for me, before I had periſhed with cold, and hunger to have ſteered my Veſſel without Oars or Sails, or Rudder, unto this place, which is your Country, and my Heaven: but in the Bad conſiſted the Good, my courage helping

me

me more than my ſtrength, I ſheltered my ſelf in the Port of your Arms, in which I deſire a thouſand times more to be embraced, and to confirm our friendſhip to all eternity. In this manner *Critilo* gave an end to his Relation, and embracing each other, they renewed their firſt enjoyment, finding within themſelves a mutual ſimpathy of love, and contentment. They paſſed the reſt of their Voyage in profitable exerciſes, and beſides, their pleaſing diſcourſes, which were all but a continued Lecture of Inſtructions, he taught him ſome knowledge of the World, and the Rudiments of thoſe Arts which inſpire and enrich the Soul; as Hiſtory, Coſmography, the Sphere, and chiefly that which moſt becomes a Man, namely Moral Philoſophy; but that to which *Andrenio* was moſt intent, and ſtudious in, was to learn the Tongues, as Latin, that eternal Treaſury of Wiſdom, Spaniſh, as univerſal as its Empire; the courtly French, and eloquent Italian, which he made uſe of as Keyes to open that Treaſure which is incloſed in them; and ſometimes for his convenience, and uſe, to paſs over the various Countries of the World. The curioſity *Andrenio* had, was as great as his docility; ſo that he was always conferring, and asking concerning the Provinces, Republicks, Monarchies, and Cities, and of their Kings, and Governors, ſtill improved himſelf with as much delight, as novelty, deſiring to arrive at the higheſt point of Wiſdom, and Underſtanding. In this pleaſant employment they contentedly paſſed the tedioufneſs of this Voyage, who at their uſual time arrived in this part of the World. Whoſe various ſucceſſes, and events are related in the following *Criſis*.

The

The Third Chrisis.

The Entrance into this World.

NAture hath dealt ſubtly, if not fraudulently with Man, by decoying him into the World in a condition of Ignorance: for he enters in obſcurity, and blindneſs, and begins to live before he is ſenſible of his life, or knows, what it is to live; his fond childiſhneſs is huſht with every trifle, and lulled aſleep with a toy. She makes him believe, that ſhe hath led him into a Kingdom of felicities, which prove but miſeries to enſlave him, which when the eyes of mans judgment diſcovers, he finds himſelf defrauded, and engaged without remedy, placed in that dirt out of which he was formed, and can now only trample on it, and endeavor on the beſt conditions to eſcape. I am perſwaded were it not for this univerſal Policy, none would upon ſuch hard conditions adventure to tread this deceitful World, were they forewarned of thoſe difficulties they were to undergo. For who being firſt acquainted with theſe infallible inconveniencies, would raſhly precipitate himſelf into this feigned Kingdom, and true Priſon, wherein to ſuffer both multitudes, and varieties of puniſhments, as in the body, hunger, thirſt, cold, heat, nakedneſs, grief, in-

infirmities; in the mind, deceits, perſecutions, envies, contempts, diſhonours, melancholy, fear, anger, deſperation; and at the end of all to eſcape out by the paſſage of a miſerable Death, with the loſs of our goods, houſes, honours, friends, parents, nay of life it ſelf, which then flies from us, when we moſt purſue it. Nature knew well what ſhe proffered, and what evil man accepted. For he who were aware of this condition, would rather then paſs theſe miſeries, ſtep at once from his Cradle to his Urn, or from his Marriage-bed into his Grave. The tears which he drops at his Birth, are common preſages of his ſucceeding miſeries. The happieſt that are born to great Inheritance, enter but on a ſad Poſſeſſion, and the Muſick which wellcomes this King Man into the World, is compoſed of his own cries, and tears, which fore-run his troubles, and denote the future unhappineſs of his Kingdom. For what can that life be to which the groans of his Mother give a Being, and the weepings of the Child, which receives it; though he hath no knowledge to conceive his misfortunes, hath yet a Prophetick ſpirit to divine them.

We are now (ſaid the wiſe *Critio*, to the unexperienced *Andrenio*) arrived in the World, when they firſt diſembarked and ſtept on the Sands of *Spain*; I am ſorry that your Underſtanding ſo ripe enters into this Country, for thereby you muſt needs be moſt ſenſible of the diſſatisfaction, and emptineſs of things; whatſoever the ſupream Artiſt hath undertaken to perform, hath been compleated in the greateſt heighth, and meaſure of perfection; but the invention of man hath begun what he can never be capable to perfect. What God hath orderly diſpoſed, the unquietneſs of man to the far-

theſt

theſt extent of his power hath ſtrained it ſelf to trouble, and confound, and what through his inability he could not reach, his working fancy hath endeavoured to diſorder. You have ſeen hitherto the works of nature, admired and contemplated on them; now obſerve thoſe of Art, the artificalskill of Men, and comparing thoſe of Men, and God together, your own Reaſon will diſtinguiſh one from the other.

The World, Civil, and Moral.

Oh what a vaſt diſtance and difference you will find between the Civil, and the natural World, between the Humane, and the Divine; this I thought fit to adviſe you, that you may not admire whatſoever it is, you ſee, nor be diſcouraged by any accidents that befal you.

Thus being entered upon their Journey, they reaſoned themſelves into a Path plain and beaten, the firſt they met with, wherein *Andrenio* obſerved that in all the ways and paths of Men, the footſteps ſeemed to bend forward, and none backwards, a ſign that thoſe who followed them, never returned. Not far had they paſſed before there offered a ſtrange Encounter, yet very pleaſing and diverting, namely, a diſordered band of childiſh infantry, a ſquadron of Children made up of different Conditions and Nations, a *Babiloniſh* confuſion both of Faſhions, and Languages: the Governeſs, and Protectreſs of theſe was a Woman, of a courteous aſpect, chearful countenance, kind words, pious care, who diligently over-eyed, and watched her Charge, with the greateſt careſſes and love, that could be expreſſed from a moſt indulgent Mother. The Servants which ſhe had procured to be aſſiſtant to her, were of the ſame good diſpoſition, and nature like her, who ſtill attended to this helpleſs board; thoſe that could

could not go, they carried in their Arms, and ſuch as could walk they led by the hand. It was wonderful to obſerve the tender Bowels of this common Mother, whoſe ſole thoughts and deſires were to pacifie their unreaſonable complaints, which ſhe huſht with a thouſand toyes, and baubles, which ſhe had provided for them, together with Comfects, and Sweet-meats, with which no ſooner any cried, than immediately ſhe applied herſelf to pacifie it; but a more ſpecial care ſhe took of ſome of greater Finery and Bravery than the reſt, which ſeemed the Sons, and Offspring of more noble Families, which ſhe ſo indulgently contented, as in nothing to reſtrain their deſires, ſuch was the care, and embraces of this pious Mother, that the natural Parents would reſign their truſt into her Arms, in whoſe they eſteemed them more ſecure, than in their own. *Andrenio* was much pleaſed to ſee the Marches of this tender Infantry, admiring, and contemplating on the childiſh Age of Man, and taking one into his Arms, wrapped in his Mantles, ſaid to *Critilo*, is it poſſible this ſhould be a Man? who would believe it? is it likely this almoſt ſenſeleſs Creature, this unprofitable Member of the World ſhould with time put on the gravity of *Cato*, and his babling Tongue perſwade with the eloquence of a *Seneca*, or of a Count *Monterrey*? Now you may ſee, ſaid *Critilo*, what it coſts to become a Man: for to be ſo, is not the work of a moments ſpace; Brutes ſoon attain their Perfection, and with agility and ſtrength of Body live, and move; but Mans accompliſhments are of a higher value than naturally to grow upon him, or to ſurprize him at unawares. I did much admire, ſaid *Andrenio*, this fond affection of this rare Woman, and the unna-

tural bowels of Mothers in compariſon of hers: So that I who was born within the hard bowels of the Rocks, and nurtured among Beaſts, began to envy this felicity, and to wiſh a recal of my years, only to deliver my helpleſs age to the protection of her Arms; for I have been expoſed to hunger, cold, nakedneſs, and all hath ſeemed to ſtop their ears unto my cries, nothing endeavouring to pacifie my tender peeviſhneſs, or to comply with the weak ſimplicity of my humour. Do not envy, ſaid *Critilo*, that which as yet you know not, nor ſtile that a happineſs whoſe end and event is uncertain; for there are many things in the World which bear a different face to what really they are, as you will find by experience; being now come into the World to live, ſee, and obſerve: this youthful croud travelled, without ſtay, or refreſhment, traverſing the Country, but ſtill deſcending downward; it was wonderful to ſee this Pigmy band march ſo ſtoutly, and that for all the weary ſteps they fetched, none tired, nor deſired repoſe: they always gave them meat, which for being all the day, may be called but once.

At length, after they had traverſed much ground, they found themſelves in a deep Vally, fortified about with high Mountains, the higheſt of this univerſal Road; by this time it was night, and then the deep profundity of the place made the darkneſs more horrible: this deceitful Woman, the greateſt Impoſtor of humane kind, and Traytereſs to this tender Nurſery, made her Sign; upon which ruſht out from the Wood, and diſmal Dens, an Army of Lyons, Tygers, Bears, Wolves, Serpents, and Dragons, which mercileſly ſet on this unreſiſting force, and diſarmed Bands of In-

The Deſcription of Natural Inclination.

Innocents, who in a horrible Maſſacre burſt themſelves, with draughts of their Bloud, for ſome they dragged, others they toar in pieces; the Bloud of ſome they ſucked; and when their ravenous ſtomachs were ſatiated, they ſported themſelves with the Plenty of their Feaſt; there was one Monſter that ſwallowed down two at once, and not ſufficiently filled with theſe, extended his Paws to encloſe others: another Beaſt chewed one in his Teeth, whilſt his Claws were preparing another for his Palate; and the reſt ran furiouſly about this tragick Theatre, drivelling out the overflowing Bloud, and laden with two or three apiece, the reliques of their plenteous Fare, they carried to feed their Savage-whelps; great was the confuſion, and ſad, and cruel was the Spectacle of theſe Innocents. And yet ſuch was the fond ſimplicity, and humour of the Infants, that they eſteemed this deſtruction and ruine to be a paſtime, and a delight, or ſport to be devoured, with Nods to invite their cruelty, and with open Arms to meet half way the approach of Death. *Andrenio* was much aſtoniſhed at the horrid Treaſon of ſuch an unexpected Cruelty, and being by the diligence of *Critilo* retired to a ſecure place, thus ſighed, and ſaid, O traiterous, barbarous, and ſacrilegious Woman, more cruel and unhumane than the Beaſts themſelves! is this the Fruit of ſo much care, and were theſe toyles, and indulgencies for no intent, or end but this? O innocent Lambs! how ſoon were you made a victim, and ſacrifice of your Miſſortunes? how ſoon were you betrayed to an untimely Ruine? O deceitful World, is this the Fruit you bear, and do you protect thoſe who dare to attempt ſuch horrid Cruelties? My own hands ſhall revenge this ſin;

with that he furiouſly aroſe to deſtroy the Tyrant-Mother, whoſe known guilt haſtned her flight, and with the reſt of her aſſiſtants, went in purſuit of more, which ſhe had already ſold to the cruelty of thoſe deſtroyers, ſo that ſhe ſtill ſupplyed the hunger of theſe Beaſts, whoſe ſtomachs continually craved; whilſt *Andrenio* lamented this irreparable damage.

Amidſt of this horrid confuſion, and cruel Maſſacre appeared on the other ſide of the Vally, over the top of the higheſt Mountain, with the dawning of the day, another Woman of a different nature, who encompaſſed with light, and attended with a train of Servants, which winged flew to the ſpeedy deliry of theſe periſhing Infants, her countenance was chearful, though Majeſtick, and being dreſſed with rowes of Pearls, and Diamonds, ſent forth ſuch emiſſions and rays of Light, that ſhe might well ſtand in competition with, or ſupply the place, and abſence of *Aurora*: ſhe was beautiful above meaſure, and with her more glorious Light outſhone the beauty of her attending Miniſters. O fortunate accident! for at the ſame inſtant that theſe murdering Beaſts perceived her approach, they left their Prey, and betaking themſelves to their legs, with yells and cries retired to their Dens; then ſhe began with ſingular diligence to collect the ſcattered Reliques, which were few, and thoſe goared, and lanced with gaping wounds. The reſt of her Attendants, with the like care ſearched their obſcure Dens; and wreſting ſome from the very jaws and mouths of Monſters, ſaved and protected thoſe in whom they ſaw the leaſt breath, or pantings of life; but *Andrenio*

The Power of Grace and Virtue.

drenio obſerved, that theſe were thoſe of the meaneſt Rank and Condition, and moſt neglected by that curſed Mother, which the Beaſts eſteemed of a more courſe Diet, having already made their Feaſt of the more delicious diſh of her pampared care; when ſhe had collected them altogether, ſhe made no ſtop, nor delay to clear them from danger; nor did ſhe ſtay, till ſhe had conducted them to the top of the Mountain, as being moſt ſecure. From thence ſhe placed them in the view, and by the Rayes of Light ſhe had infuſed into them, making them ſenſible of their reſcued Condition, and of that danger, to which their Ignorance had betrayed them. They being thus ſecured, ſhe preſented to every one thoſe pretious Stones, which were Preſervatives againſt any danger, and which darted forth ſuch Rayes of Light, that they made the Night, Day, and were the more eſtimable, becauſe they were not obnoxious to corruption, or decay. She recommended them to the tuition of wiſe Governors, who ſhould direct, and lead them ſtill upwards, till they arrived to the grand City and Metropolis of the World; at the ſame inſtant they were again alarmed by the cries of more periſhing Infants, in the ſame fatal, and diſmal Valley; which this valiant and pious Queen no ſooner heard, but with the reſt of her *Amazons* ſhe marched to defend and ſuccour. *Andrenio* was greatly aſtoniſhed at this ſight, and wondered to ſee the variety of Fortune, and the ſucceſſive exchanges of happineſs and miſeries of this life? What two Women are theſe, ſaid he, and what ſtrange Viſions are theſe of different Apparitions. Tell me *Critilo*, who was the firſt, that I may hate, and abhor her, and who is the ſecond, that I may honour and adore her. What

do you think, ſaid *Critilo*, of this entrance into the World, is it not agreeable to thoſe many admonitions and relations I have already delivered you? Obſerve well the paſſages, and ſtate of things here, and if ſuch be the beginning, tell me what you conceive may be the progreſs and concluſion; that ſo you may always live awake, and be readily provided againſt the aſſaults of enemies. You deſire to know, who was the firſt unnatural and cruel Mother, whom you at the firſt ſight ſo much applauded; hereafter be not ſo raſh in your cenſures, but ſee the concluſion before you either undertake to commend, or diſpraiſe any; know then that this firſt Tyrant is our own bad Inclination, and Propenſity to Evil, this is ſhe, that takes advantage on the unripe underſtanding of Infancy, rages, and triumphs in the Spoils, to that degree, that the fond impertinency of the Parents, would rather ſuffer their Son to live in his folly, than to diſpleaſe his Palate with the bitter Pills and remedies of Correction; ſo that they commit him to his own Will, and rather not contradict his Humour, than that he ſhould cry or be diſpleaſed. And in this manner Vice, Choler, Gluttony, Deceit, Fraud, and Peeviſhneſs get ground upon him, and he becomes ſwelled with Ignorance, and Self-conceit. And thus the Paſſions having gained ſtrength, are ſeconded by Paternal connivance, whereby the evil of depraved Nature prevailing, allures the tender Infant into the Vally of Beaſts to be made a Prey unto Vice, and a Slave to Paſſions.

The Aurora of Life.

But when Reaſon breaks forth, which is the Queen of Light, the Mother of undeceived Judgment, with the Vertues her Companions ſhe reſcues our depraved Wills

Wills from the jaws of Vice, and heals thoſe Wounds which are almoſt incurable. She finds no ſmall reſiſtance, and oppoſition to withdraw them from the claws of their evil inclinations, and greater difficulty to direct their ſteps to the top, and ſecure habitations of Virtue; but the way being ſteep and difficult, many are diſcouraged in the journey, and return again to opprobious Vice, moſt whereof are Rich, the Sons of Monarchs and Princes, whoſe ſmiling proſperity, and plentiful fare, is the Food, and Nouriſhment for Vice: but others, who are born poor, and under the rigours of a ſevere Step-mother, do moſt uſually prevail, and like a *Hercules*, ſtrangle their ſerpent Paſſions in the very Cradle. But what was that precious Stone (demanded *Andrenio*) that ſhe hath recommended to us with ſo much earneſtneſs. Know, anſwered *Critilo*, that what ſome have fabulouſly reported of the virtue of certain Stones, is verified in theſe; for this is the true Carbuncle whoſe rayes and light ſcatter the Clouds of Ignorance, and Vice; this is the true Diamond which reſiſts the Hammer of Vice; and amidſt the fires, and heats of Paſſion, comes forth more pure, and refined. This is the Touch-ſtone to examine the Good, and Bad: This is the Load-ſtone which is always attentive to the North of Vertue. In fine, this is the Jewel of all Vertues, which the Philoſophers call the Dictate of Reaſon, the moſt faithful and true Friend in whom we may confide. Thus they went on conferring, and diſcourſing together, till they came to a croſs-way, where the Paths were divided, and the diverſities of life diſtinguiſhed, it was a notable knot of difficulty, yet not ſo much diſcernable by the Underſtanding,

The Dictate of Reaſon.

derſtanding, as by the choice and election of the Will. But here their doubt was the more encreaſed, by that common tradition of being but two Ways, one plain and ſmooth, on the left hand, with a deep Deſcent, and the other on the right hand, rugged and ſtony, of a ſteep Aſcent; but with no ſmall admiration, *Critilo* obſerved that here were three ways, which did the more confound him in his election: Heavens guide me now ſaid he, is not this the difficult *Bivium*, where *Hercules* himſelf loſt his way; he looked behind, and before, and privately demanded of himſelf, Is not this the Letter by which *Pythagoras* deſcribed, and cyphered Wiſdom, which hitherto proceeds equal, and afterwards divides it ſelf into two Branches, one broad, which is Vice, and the other narrow, which is Virtue, but the ends are differently diſtinguiſhed, one concludes in puniſhment, and the other honoured, and rewarded with a Crown. Hold, ſaid he, where are thoſe bound marks of *Epictetus*, the *Abſtine* in the way of Delight, and the *Suſtine* in the path of Vertue. Well, ſaid he, we are come to ſuch times of change, that the very Kings High-ways are altered. What is that heap of Stones, demanded *Andrenio*, which ſtops up the middle of the way? let us go thither, ſaid *Critilo*, for this is the ſign of the Gold Vial, by which he calls and directs us. This is the myſterious heap of *Mercury*, in which our wiſe Anceſtors made a Hierogliphick of Wiſdom, ſtanding with a ſtretched out hand to point us out the way, or as the clue of thread to guide us out of this Labyrinth into Heaven. But to what purpoſe, replyed *Andrenio*, is this unprofitable direction of the way, which ſerves only to confound or make

The Letter.

make the unwary traveller to ſtumble? Theſe are ſighing (anſwered *Critilo*) the Stones which Pilgrims caſt up, in tribute, and reward to the Inſtructors of Truth and Virtue; for ſuch is the envy and malice to Piety, that the very ſtones are raiſed in oppoſition againſt them. Let us go round this Pillar, and ſee if the Oracle can give us light in this difficulty. *Critilo* read the inſcription, which ſaid, in all things thers is a Mean, depart not to the Extremes. This Pillar was from the top to the bottom carved with great Artifice, and rarity, and the Ground-works and Materials not unworthily refined with that curioſity of Art. In it were engraved many ſententious Aphoriſms, and alluſive Hiſtories, which *Andrenio* admired, and *Critilo* commented on with much perſpicuity, and clearneſs. Hereon was repreſented that raſh and inconſiderate Youth, who mounted the Chariot of the Sun, and his grave Father admoniſhing him to keep the middle way in which he ſhould drive ſecure. This was, ſaid *Critilo*, a Youth who ambitiouſly entring into Government, and not obſerving that Mean of Prudence, according to the Rule, and Example his experienced Predeceſſors had inſtructed him, loſt the Reigns and Bounds of Reaſon, and by immoderate impoſition of Tributes, contracted ſuch clouds and vapours of Envy, that he conſumed all, and loſt both the World, and his Command; on the other ſide was falling the unwinged *Icarus*, paſſing from one Extreme unto another, from the Fire, into the Water, being Deaf to the cries of *Dedalus*, who admoniſhed him to keep the middle. This is another commented *Critilo*, who not contented with a convenient Knowledge,

The Golden Mediocrity, which is the firſt Rule of Life.

ledge, but endeavouring to ſoar too high in ungrounded ſubtleties, and aerious motions, his Wings failing him, tumbled down with all his Chimera's into the briniſh Sea of tears, and miſeries. This is famous *Cleobulus*, who in anſwer to three Epiſtles in which a King had demanded his Advice, in three more only wrote *Modus*, as being a moſt ſecure way and rule for his Government. Obſerve well one of thoſe ſeven Worthies of *Greece*, who is eternally Chronicled, for that one Sentence, *In all things avoid Exceſs*; as if to exceed were more dangerous, than to be deficient. Thereon alſo were engraved all the Vertues, every one with their Motto on their Targets, and Banner, and ſet in order between their too vitious Extremes; at the bottom of all ſtood Valour, who between the Extremes of deſperation, and cowardiſe, leaned on a Pillar, or Support, as a Tower, or Fortreſs to defend the reſt; at the top of all ſate Prudence, who as a Queen held a pretious Crown in her hand, with this Inſcription, *For him who knows a Mediocrity in Wealth.* There were many other Inſcriptions, which were definitions of Artifice and Wit; above all a happy, and ſerene felicity crowned this curious Work, leaning on the wiſe and famous Worthies of paſt Ages, and ſupported on each ſide with the two Extremes of Lamentation, and Laughter, whoſe Atlaſſes were *Heraclitus*, and *Democritus*, one weeping, and the other laughing. *Andrenio* took much contentment to ſee, and conſider the Epitome of Life ſo fully deſcribed, in this miraculous Oracle; but by this time were crowded together a multitude of people, who without conſulting any other Deity than their own Will, ran headlong through the Extremes, blinded with falſe ſpectacles,

Modus.

and

and delight. And firſt enters on who without informing himſelf of any thing, with inconſiderate folly paſſed through thoſe Extremes which the general eſteemed the worſt, who being the Preſumptuous, was the ſooneſt loſt: *Preſumptuous.* After him followed a vain Bluſterer, who with ſome few Courteſies, and handſome Air, and Behaviour, without asking any queſtion took the *The Vain.* higheſt way; but being hollow, and empty, was by a ſudden puff of wind, blown down, and being high, and ſo in view of all, was in his fall entertained with the common ſcorn and deriſion of the World. There was one way much over-grown with Briars, and Thorns, which whilſt *Andrenio* perſwaded himſelf none would *Revengeful.* take, he ſaw ſome paſſionately bent to follow it, ſtriving one with other who ſhould go foremoſt. The path or track of Beaſts ſeemed the moſt ſmooth and beaten, and when one was asked why he went that way? he anſwered him, becauſe he would not go alone. Next to this, was another path, but ſhort, and all that paſt it made great proviſion for their Bellies, *Gluttonous.* but they journied not far, for more died with Surfets, and Intemperance, than with Want and Hunger. Some pretended to fly through the Air, but their heads growing giddy, fell down, and theſe for the moſt part neither remained in Heaven, nor on the Earth. There were others who hurried through a pleaſant, and delitious plain, entertaining and ſporting *Covetous* themſelves with Meadows and Gardens, till their extravagant motion over-heating their Bloud, caſted them into Fevers, ſo that their

fair

fair complections became diſcoloured, and ſwarfy, and their faces bad, for having made them good. Not far off ſome complained of a dangerous paſſage, infeſted with Thieves and Robbers, who notwithſtanding ventered on, and at the end turned all to the ſame Profeſſion, one deſtroying and pillaging the other. But *Andrenio* obſerved with much admiration, and *Critilo* with pleaſure, that ſome were diligently inquiſitive to find out thoſe who could inform them which was the way of infallible ruine; one would think it had been to avoid it; but it happened out contrary, for as if there had been a neceſſity of their deſtruction, they took the very high-way that lead them to it. *Andrenio* ſeeing ſome of them to be of great condition and quality, asked them why they went that way? who anſwered, they did not go, but were carried by force; nor was leſs ridiculous that Circle that others moved in, who winding in a continual compaſs, rounding like a Wheel, never paſſed forward, but reeling in a circumference, could not arrive to the Point, and Centre of Vertue. There were others who never found the way, but as ſoon as they began to ſet forward, ſtopped, and gave over their farther progreſs. Theſe with their hands in their boſoms, ſluggiſhly moved their unnimble legs, which weary of doing nothing, being ſick with the Scurvy of Sloth, fainted before they accompliſhed their intents. Another ſaid out of love to curioſity he would tread thoſe paths which none had done before him; but being ruled by none but his capritious Humour, was ſoon ruined and loſt

Covetous.

The Idle.

Humourſome.

loſt. Do you not obſerve *Critilo*, that all follow in moſt prepoſterous ways, and run upon thoſe Extreams, which naturally they diſaffect and refuſe. The Fool becomes preſumptuous of his Parts and Knowledge, and the Wiſe, out of a diſtruſtful confidence, is reſerved and ſilent: the Coward affects Valour, and only talks of Arms and War, whilſt the Valiant diſdains them: the Comely affect a decent negligence in their Dreſs, and the ill-favoured ſet out their defects, with helps and advantages, and think they exceed the very Sun in glory and Splendor: the Prince affects a Courteous humility, and the common and ignoble ſort vaunt themſelves as if they were of more then mortal Race: the Eloquent are ſilent; and the Ignorant take on them the whole Diſcourſe: the Dexterous is diffident of his Art, and the Unskilful fills the World with the unpoliſht pieces of his rude hand. In fine, you will ſee all run through Extremities, which is the courſe of Error, and which ſtrays from the way of life. But let us paſs through the moſt ſecure way, the moſt plauſible and happy Mediocrity, happy in that it can contain it ſelf in a prudent Mean. There were few whom they could perſwade to follow them; yet as ſoon as they ſaw them enter on that Path, they felt a more than ordinary ſence of Comfort, and ſatisfaction of Conſcience which tranſported their Affections; they obſerved, that beſides thoſe pretious Jewels which adorned them, they were no leſs glorious with the rich Endowments and Abilities of Reaſon, which began to ſhine, in that degree, that every one ſeemed a gliſtering Star, forming Tongues in his rayes, crying out, this is the way of Truth, and the Truth

of

of life. On the contrary all thoſe that followed the Proſpects, and Glaſſes of their own Brain, ſoon loſt their Eyes, and Sight, that they blindly wandred, and were Eclipſed both in their Judgment and Journy. *Andrenio* always obſerving that they went upward, This, ſaid he, ſeems rather a way to bring us to Heaven then to the Earth. So it is, ſaid *Critilo*, for this is the Path that leads us to Eternity; for though we trample on the Earth, yet our thoughts are raiſed above it, and ſoar to that heighth, that they become Neighbours and Citizens with the Stars; for theſe are they which we now eye, and ſteer by, being engolfed between the Cylla, and Caribdis of the World; for ſuch is the entrance we are now upon into this great City, the *Babylon* of *Spain*, the Treaſury of Riches, the Theatre of Learning, the Sphere of Nobility, and the large compaſs of a Humane life. *Andrenio* was more aſtoniſhed to ſee the ſtrange Accidents of the World, which before he knew not, than when firſt he proceeded from his cauſe to the unknown Light: for then he beheld them only at a diſtance, and in a long view and perſpective, when to ſee only and contemplate on them was not ſo much as by Experience to try them; ſo that all ſeemed ſtrangely disfigured, and the face of things of a different complexion; but that which was moſt ſtrange, was that in a populous City, and at Mid-day no man appeared, though they with great diligence and affection ſought them. Where are the Men, ſaid *Andrenio*, is not this their Country, their beloved World, their deſired Centre, where then are they gone, or in what part, or place, do they lie concealed? they dili-

diligently ſearched in one place, but diſcovered none, until ——————— but how and where they found them is related in the following *Criſis.*

The

The Sixth Crisis.

The Eſtate and Condition of this Age.

WHoſoever hears this word, World, preſently conceives an orderly compoſure of this Univerſe, fitted in the moſt perfect, and beſt manner. For the word *Mundus*, ſignifying as much as Clean, or Neat. We ought to conſider it as ſome ſtately Palace contrived for the Divine and infinite Wiſdom, erected by Omnipotency, and by his Provident Bounty fitted for Mans conveniency, that he as King thereof may Rule, and maintain the original Agreement, and Harmony, which the Divine Creator hath ſetled and ordained. So that it is nothing but a Houſe made, and fitted for God and Man; nor is there any other definition, by which its Perfection may be more plainly declared; for the very word *Mundus* doth ſufficiently denote its Perfection, and both the beginning and ending are Teſtimonies thereof; but how Mans ill management hath diſappointed this Order, and diſgraced the Honour of this Title, was the conſideration of *Critilo*, who, together with *Andrenio*, were placed in the World, but not in the Society and Converſation of thoſe, to whoſe Words, and Actions they could not confide or truſt.

They

They were now buſied, and inquiſitive in ſearch of Men, for having trod many ſteps, and wearied travelled over much ground, they met no Man, unleſs it were one, half a Man, and half a Beaſt, an encounter welcome to *Critilo*, but ſtrange and unexpected to *Andrenio*, who ſtarting, demanded the Nature and Condition of this deformed Monſter: do not fear, ſaid *Critilo*, for it is more Man than Man himſelf; this is the Maſter and Ruler of Kings, and the King of Rulers, this is that wiſe *Quiron*, whoſe preſence is as welcome, as the occaſion; for his prudence and direction muſt guide us into this entrance to the World, and hand us in the way, through the Journey of our life; with that they went towards him, and ſaluting him, had their Salutes returned with the like civility; they acquainted him that they had been in ſearch of Men, and after a hundred turns and walks, either through ill Fortune, or ſcarcity of them, they had met none. Wonder not at it (replied the Centaure) for this is not an Age for Men; ſuch I mean whoſe noble Acts have famed the years of former times. Do you think to find now a *Don Alonſo the Valiant* in *Italy*, a Great Captain in *Spain*, a *Henry the Fourth*, in *France*, whoſe Sword hath maintained his Scepter, and the Flower-de-Luces made up the hilt and guard of it? There are now no ſuch Heroes in this World, nor memory of their paſt Acts; and ſhall there be none hereafter? replied *Andrenio*? There is no appearance of them at preſent, ſaid he, and ſhortly it will be too late for them to remedy the evils paſt. But why are they not now, demanded *Critilo*, and the Offspring of this Generation? There is much to be ſaid in this, anſwered *Quiron*: for *Quiron.*

there are ſome affect to be all, and in truth they are leſs than nothing, and better that they never had been; ſome ſay alſo that Envy cuts off many with the Sciſſars of *Tomeras*; but I ſay, that neither this nor that is the cauſe, but that whilſt Vice prevails, Virtue cannot flouriſh, by whoſe aſſiſtance Heroick Greatneſs receives its being: believe me, *Venus* benumbs and ſtupifies *Minerva* in every Joint, and Member, and in regard her chief habitation is in the ſmoak of the Forge, and in converſation of mean Mechanicks, is not to be eſteemed a fit Companion for noble *Belona*. In fine, let us not weary our ſelves in ſo vain a ſearch, for this is not an age for eminent perſons, either renowned for Arms, or Learning; but tell me, where have you ſought them? Where ſhould we, ſaid *Critilo*, but on the Earth; in this Country, and Element of their life. You are much miſtaken, ſaid the Centaure, and in this time of ſcarcity you will have good fortune to find them there, ſince their unconſtant humour deſiring change, hath with a nautious Stomach, and glut of this ordinary enjoyment altered their natural habitation. If we find them not on the Earth, ſaid *Andrenio*, we ſhall have leſs hopes to find them in Heaven, and if we find them in neither of theſe, where can we expect them, in the air? for there they have built Caſtles and Towers of Wind, in which they have fortified themſelves, not being willing to depart from their own Chimera's. But theſe feeble Bulwarks, ſaid *Critilo*, will ſoon diſſolve in confuſion; for they not being like a *Janus* of prudence, looking on all ſides, become a common deriſion, and the mark of the ſcorning Finger, whoſe diſgrace is pointed out, and are denied as Baſtard

Caſtles in the Air.

Baſtard Sons the title of their more noble Anceſtors, that what ſome have opprobiouſly derided behind their Backs, others with the ſame contempt, like dirt will ſpatter in their Faces. There are ſome, proceeded *Quiron*, who have raiſed, and exalted themſelves to the very Clouds, and in their fond fancies, though buried in the duſt, have imagined their heads advanced to the Stars; there are ſome who walk in imaginary paths, and climb up into the higheſt rooms of their own preſumption, and would yet get higher than the Moon, did not more noble Bodies poſſeſs the place. It is true, ſaid *Andrenio*, there they are, for I have ſeen them wrapped up in the Clouds, ſome ſtumbling, and others falling, all changing according to the unconſtancy of the Planet, which ſometimes ſhows one countenance, and then another; nor do they ceaſe to juſtle and ſhoulder one another, and tripping up each others heels they fall with more hurt to themſelves than they are ſenſible of. Was there ever ſuch folly, ſaid *Critilo*, is not the Earth the proper and natural Centre of Man, his Beginning and his End? Were it not more prudence to preſerve himſelf in a moderate Mean, than by too high Aſpiring, incur an imminent danger? Never was there ſuch folly. If the folly be great, ſaid *Quiron*, there is place for pity and for laughter; to behold him who yeſterday ſlept in a tottering Cottage, to day is lodged in a Palace, eſteeming it too mean a dwelling for his Greatneſs; and ſpeaks over that ſhoulder, which yeſterday boar the weight and burden on it: He that was born under the thatched Roof, now contrives his fretted Seelings, and Cedar Rafters, he contemns the Society of thoſe, who in his Poverty deſpiſed his, and to the higheſt point

ſtands on the Punctilio's of his baſe Family; he who yeſterday had not to buy Bread, his Stomach is now curious, that the greateſt delicacy becomes nautious, and runs the Line of his unknown Pedigree: Thus all pretend to riſe, and to mount above the Horns of the Moon, which are more dangerous than the Bulls; for being removed from their own Centre, muſt naturally decline, and return to their own place with exemplary Infamy.

Whilſt he was thus diſcourſing, he had led them into the High-Street, where they encountred multitudes of Beaſts, free, and unbound, dangerous to unwary Paſſengers; ſome whereof were Lyons, others Tygers, Leopards, Wolves, Bulls, Panthers, Foxes, intermixt with Serpents, Dragons, and Baſilisks. *Andrenio* at this ſight, was much troubled, and ſtarting backwards, demanded whether this were a habitation of humane Society, or a Wood of Beaſts. Do not fear (ſaid the Centaure) only be cautious. Doubtleſs Men, ſaid *Critilo*, the antient Inhabitants out of a diſtaſte to the miſcarriages of this World, are retired into the ſolitary Mountains, and left theſe Palaces deſolate, and to be Inhabited by Beaſts, who only imitate and counterfeit Citizens. It's true, replied *Quiron*, for in the Tower of the Potent, with whom there is no contending, reſides the Lyon; to the Murderer, ſucceeds the Tyger, in the Wealthy Coffers of the Covetous lies the Wolf, the Fox hides himſelf under the deceitful Covering, and Vizard of the Fraudulent, and the Viper within the Bed and Courtains of the Harlot: So that all is filled with Beaſts, and Brutes, who walk the Streets, inhabit the Dwellings, whilſt the true Men are baniſhed thence; and

Bruitiſh Citizen.

and live retired within the limits of their own Wiſdom and Moderation. Let us ſit, ſaid *Andrenio*, on the riſing of the Hill, that ſo we may with more eaſe, and ſecurity over-ſee theſe paſſages. No, replied *Quiron*, for this is not a Place nor World to take a Stand, or Seat in. Let us then, ſaid *Critilo*, repoſe us againſt ſome of theſe Pillars. No, ſaid he, for theſe will ſoon deceive us, being falſe, weak, and unſtable; it is better to be ſtill in motion, walking and paſſing from one to another. The ground was here very unlevel, and unequal, for at the doors of the Powerful and Rich, were high Heaps and Mountains, which ſhined with much Luſtre and Splendor. How much Gold is here, ſaid *Andrenio?* Obſerve, ſaid *Quiron*, that all is not Gold that gliſters; and coming nearer, they perceived that it was nothing but counterfeited Wares, and Ordure gilded over; but on the contrary at the doors of the Poor, and Feeble, was ſuch a deep, and horrid Abiſs, that ſtruck a terror to all that beheld it, ſo that all ſhunned it, and beholding it at a diſtance, would not come within a thouſand Leagues of it; whilſt certain Beaſts unweariedly travelled all the day long, ſtill caſting a continual maſs of Mud and Dirt, on thoſe large Heaps, and Hills of the Rich, adding as it were Mountain unto Mountain. What diſparity is this, ſaid *Andrenio*, were it not better to caſt theſe ſuperfluities of Earth to fill up thoſe Cavities and deep Abyſſes of the Poor, ſo as to level and make ſmooth theſe rude and uneven ways? It's true, it were better, ſaid *Quiron*, but what is there in this World which tends unto the beſt; we may here diſprove

The Rich moſt Rich.

The Poor moſt Poor.

that concluſion of the Schools, that impoſſibility in Natural Philoſophy, that there is no *vacuum*, or emptineſs; for alas! in our Moral Experiments we daily find the contrary; the World gives not to them, who have not, but to thoſe who already plentifully enjoy; and there are many who looſe the ſmall Bounty of Fortune which they have, for no other Reaſon than becauſe it is adjudged and condemned to more crowded and over-flowing Coffers. Gifts are not the Companions of Poverty, nor do Preſents follow the foot-ſteps of departed Friends. It is Gold that guilds the Plate, and one calls and invites the other; the Rich are thoſe that Inherit, and boaſt of their Lineage, whilſt they ſcarce give licenſe to the Poor to acknowledge his Parent. The Hungry ſhall ſcarce obtain Bread to ſupport Nature, and the over-burdened Stomach be a continual Gueſt to a Luxurious Table: So that he that is once Poor, ſhall be always Poor, the general rule of the Worlds inequality. Whither ſhall we go now, demanded *Andrenio?* Let us go, ſaid they, through the middle, where we ſhall paſs with leſs throng, and more ſecurity.

Datur vacuum.

I think, ſaid *Critilo*, I ſee ſome Men, or at leaſt thoſe who eſteem themſelves ſuch. Theſe are leſs than any, ſaid *Quiron*, for looking toward the corner of the Street, they perceived ſome walk with much gravity, hanging their heads downward to the ground, and their noſes grabling in the dirt, and kicking up their legs, and feet in the air, made no progreſs nor way foward, but at every ſtep ſtumbled and fell, and notwithſtanding this, they ſtill obſtinately perſiſt in this courſe of walking which was

Ambitious Folly.

was as dangerous as ridiculous. At this ſight *Andrenio* much admired, and *Critilo* laught. Suppoſe now, ſaid *Quiron*, that you dream waking: Oh! How excellent well did *Boſio* paint theſe things; for now I underſtand his fancy. Do but obſerve, and you ſhall ſee incredible Follies. Thoſe who ought to be the chief Heads and Commanders for their Prudence, are deſpiſed, and forgotten, drooping, and hanging their heads toward the Earth; on the contrary thoſe who for want of knowledge and experience in affairs, ought to be the feet are the commanding Heads, and the firſt Movers of that Wheel which turns the World, you ſhall find no thing in its right order and rule, and becauſe the World wants it ſelf both head and feet, doth in conformity thereunto commit its Government to the weakeſt Underſtanding: theſe were ſcarce out of ſight, before another, as prepoſterous a Spectacle as the former offered it ſelf, and theſe were Men who ſtill went backwards, and according to this motion all their actions tended and looked behind them. What other abſurdity is this? ſaid *Andrenio*, if the World abounds with ſuch fancies and capricho's as theſe, we may take it for a Colledge of Fools, or Aſſociated Changelings. Hath not Nature, conſidered *Critilo*, placed both our eyes, and feet, with a natural aptneſs to tend forwards, that ſo we may ſee where we go, and go where we ſee, with the moſt ſecurity, and the leaſt danger. How then do theſe blindly walk, and with ſmall advertency mind either their way or motion? Obſerve, ſaid *Quiron*, theſe are Men, who inſtead of making progreſs in Honour, Wiſdom, and Prudence, relapſe, or return backwards again, before they arrive to any Perfection of being Men; ſuch I mean as our Count of *Pegmoranda*. Conſider the folly of yonder Wo-

man, obſerve what ſhe drives at; ſhe would by no means paſs twenty years, and the other will never count above thirty; for arriving at a certain period, they fix there, as at the full ſtop or ſtage of years; for Women would never grow old, though they would as unwillingly recal the time of their firſt Childhood. See how lame age hath rivelled and furrowed the foreheads of ſome, and dragging them by their unbound Hair, hath plucked off the beſt Ornaments of Nature: See what a blow he hath given, and another that her Teeth drop out before, and Eye-brows rot with years? How hath he altered their complexions and faces, and transformed their beauty to an uncomely Vizard. Hold, ſaid *Andrenio*, do you ſpeak of Women? where are they? for I have but ſmall skill as yet in the diſtinction of Sexes, Did not you tell me *Critilo*, that Women were of a weak Nature, and Men ſtrong and couragious; that Man ſpoke ſtrongly and loud, and Women with a low ſhrillneſs; that the Habits of Men are a Cloak and Breeches, and Women are covered with looſe Garments, and Vails: but I find all this contrary, for either Men are degenerated, and become Women, or all Women are become Men, or both Sexes are confuſed: Men with their Tongues between their Teeth, ſtand quiet, and mute, and Women with their ſhrill Voice ſpeak ſo loud, that they open the Ears, and work a Miracle on the Deaf hearer; theſe rule the World, and Men are only ciphers and actors of their Commands. Thou haſt deceived me *Critilo*. It is true, ſaid *Critilo*, ſighing, for Men are now more feeble, and leſs than Women; one tear or drop from a Womans eyes, availeth more than all thoſe ſtreams of Bloud which Valour hath let forth: the

Women.

leaſt

leaſt ſmile and favour from a Woman perſwadeth more, than the ſweeteſt Tongue, and Rhetorick of the Eloquent. In fine, we can neither live with them, nor without them; never were they more eſteemed than now, and their power ſo far enlarged, that they are able to do all, and undo all. In vain hath Nature denied them the ornament of a Beard for diſtinction; and that their bluſhes and modeſty might be more apparent in their Cheeks; for neither of theſe is available againſt the impetuous violence of their Spirits. According to this, ſaid *Andrenio*, Man is not the King of the World, but the Slave and Vaſſal of the Woman. Know, ſaid *Quiron*, that naturally Man is King and Soveraign, and was ſo until he had made Woman his Companion: but that you may be better acquainted with this ſort of Creatures, you muſt know that when they have moſt need of diſcretion, and courage, it then fails them moſt; but yet there are ſome exceptions from this general Rule, which are verified in that incomparable Princeſs of *Roſana*, and that moſt excellent Lady the Marqueſs of *Valdueza*, and others. But that which cauſed moſt admiration, was one who inſtead of a Horſe rode on a Fox, which always went backwards, making continual turnings and windings at every ſtep, his whole Train alſo which followed him, and thoſe not few, imitated him in the like motion, together with an old Dog, his uſual Companion. Do you ſee this, ſaid *Quiron*, I will aſſure you, it is to ſome purpoſe and intent, he makes theſe twiſtings and Labirinths in his way. I believe it, ſaid *Critilo*, for all the World ſeems to paſs through Extremes: but who is this, pray tell us, for he is one who looks more like a Knave, than a Fool? Did you never

never hear the name of the famous *Caco*, that Engine of Policy, the confuſed *Chaos* of Reaſon of State; for in this manner all Politicians work backwards, that ſo they may not make diſcovery of their intentions by their actings: for they would by no means be traced by their footſteps; for though their eyes point one way, the path they walk leads to another; they publiſh not what they intend, and in ſaying Yes, they mean No: ſo that they act always by Contraries, and their Ciphers are moſt legible when they are read backwards, one had need of another *Hercules*, who with force, and a Sledge of Iron, might level and make plain theſe paths, and cut in ſunder their intrigues and knots of deceit.

The Polititian Caco.

Andrenio obſerved that the chiefeſt part of thoſe that ſpake, whiſpered their words not into the ears but into mouth of the Hearers, who were not diſpleaſed with the groſs abſurdity, but with the like undecency kindly received, and gaping with an open mouth, and forming their lips into ears, ravenouſly ſucked in the diſtillation of their words. Was there ever ſuch Abſurdities, ſaid he, words were made for the ears, not for the mouth; but theſe people eat them, and drink them, ſuck them in like ſugred Comfets: 'tis true that they proceed from the lips, but they die in the ears, and their tomb, and grave is formed in the Heart: but theſe ſeem to lick and chew them in their mouths, and with this aerious nouriſhment ſuſtain their vanity: it is a ſign, ſaid *Critilo*, they carry but little truth in them, ſince their taſte is ſweet, and have no reliſh of bitterneſs in the Stomach. Do you not know, ſaid *Quiron*, that the chiefeſt art is to ſpeak thoſe words which are ſavory to the Palate. Obſerve *Andrenio* how yonder

Flattery.

yonder Lord ſucks in the ſyrrop of Flattery; ſee what draughts he makes of the ſweet Liquor of adulation; believe me though he ſeems attentively to hearken, yet his ears receive not the ſound, for the words vaniſh into air. Conſider yonder Prince how he gluts himſelf with Lies, though never ſo incredible; 'tis a moſt ſtrange thing to conſider that this Man never disbelieved a Lye, though he heard never ſo many, and yet never believed Truths, though few were told him, and thoſe ſeldom. What do ye think of t'other vain Fool? what do you think he is filled with? it is nothing of ſubſtance but air and vanity. This muſt be the cauſe, conſidered *Critilo*, that thoſe whom Truths moſt neerly concern, can yet ſeldom hear them, for they are bitter, and give a bad reliſh to the Palate, ſo that either as unpleaſing they refuſe them; or elſe endeavouring to ſwallow them, the ſqueamiſh tenderneſs of their Stomachs is not able to digeſt them.

But that which ſcandalized them moſt, was the ſight of ſome vile and ſervile Slaves to themſelves, dragging their own Bolts and Chains, wherewith their Arms were mannacled, that they might not be able to extend them in acts of Liberality; or in the pious works of Honour, and Virtue, their necks wore a ſlaviſh Collar, the note and ſign of their voluntary Servitude; their feet chained and mannacled, ſuffered them not to make one ſtep in the way of Fame, or of a good Reputation, and thus laden with Irons, and lockt in their Bolts, and in a condition more of ſhame, than glory, yet with an impudent boldneſs ſtood Inthroned, and applauded, commanding Men of better Bloud, and Nobility, enſlaving the free-born ſtate and condition of thoſe who willingly ſubmitted to their rod, and bowed their ſhoulders to receive the weight of their vile Burden.

den. At this ſight *Andrenio*, as being not able to hold longer, cryed out, who will dare to approach near theſe, and conteſt with the abuſe of Fortune? How I could kick down theſe miſemployed Seats, and change the condition of the others, into what their own Vertue and Merits have deſerved. Do not ſpeak ſo loud, ſaid *Quiron*, for you undo us. It is no matter if this be permitted, though all run to ruine and deſtruction. Do you not ſee that theſe are the powerful Rulers; thoſe who, *&c.*—— are theſe? If theſe Slaves of their own Appetites, Servants to Delight; theſe *Tiberius's*, *Nero's*, *Caligula's*, *Heliogabulus's*, and *Sardanapalus's* are ſuch as are idolized and adored, and the true Commanders, and Lords of themſelves, free, and in ſubjection to none, are Slaves and Vaſſals of Servitude. Why then let the ſound Health, and incorrupted Body, be ſtretched, and laid out for its Grave, and the ſick and dead Corps walk the Streets: let the freſh, and lively colour faint and droop, let thoſe whoſe ſick and ill Conſciences have made their looks pale, recover courage and ſtrength, let the ſound Entrails be unſufficient to maintain life, and the corrupted Lungs breath the ſtrongeſt blaſt: let thoſe whoſe weak Stomachs the ſmell of Nouriſhment offends, grow fat; and let the Dropſical and the Lame be ſupported with ſound Feet and active Hands; For thus, ſaid *Andrenio*, all things walk contrary in this World, the Good creep and crawl humbly on the Earth, and the baſe vileneſs of the bad is exalted.

Slaves Command.

But that which was pleaſing and new, cauſed much laughter, was to ſee a Blind man, with eyes more dim and dark than his own Vileneſs, more

more thick and miſty than an *April* Cloud; with as much preſumption as blindneſs undertook to conduct, and guide thoſe of more quick eyes and ſight than himſelf, leading the Van whilſt they ſilently followed, without any doubt, or fear of the way, This is a brave daring Blindneſs, ſaid *Andrenio.* But diſhoneſt and baſe, ſaid *Critilo*, that the Blind ſhould lead the Blind, though there be folly enough in the thing, yet it hath been ſeen and known with the fall of both into the ſame Pit of Ruine, and Deſtruction; but that the Blind ſhould guide thoſe that ſee, is an unheard of folly, and a prepoſterous madneſs. I (ſaid *Critilo*) do not wonder that the Blind ſhould pretend to direct others that See. becauſe he may believe that all are as blind as himſelf, but that thoſe who ſee, and obſerve the danger before their eyes, into which their blind guides would precipitate them, ſhould accept of their ſervice, and tumble with them, and yet go forward till they fall into the ſame deep Pit, and Abyſs of Infelicities, is a moſt incredible Folly, and a monſtroſity of madneſs. Know, ſaid *Quiron*, that though this be a moſt tranſcendent piece of raſhneſs, yet it is a folly that each day repreſents us with, and more often is it acted in our prepoſterous times than formerly; for thoſe who know leaſt, pretend as great Doctors to inſtruct others; the Intemperate and Luxurious undertake to read Lectures of Sobriety, and to ſit in the Chair to expound, and comment on Leſſons of Morality. Our own experience can teſtifie how one blind with Affections of a Woman, as ill favoured as infamous, hath ſeduced infinite to follow him, and thrown them down the Precipice of eternal Miſery: This is not the eighth Miracle, but

The Blind Guide.

but the eighth Prodigy. For the firſt ſtep of Ignorance, is a Preſumption of Knowledge, and many would know more, did they not already think they knew too much.

They had no ſooner let paſs theſe Sights, but they heard a confuſed noiſe and combuſtion, amidſt a Croud, and Throng, in a corner of the Market-place, as if a quarrel or conteſt had ariſen amongſt the people: for it happened that a Woman, (the uſual cauſe and author of diſturbance) ill favoured and deformed, but ſet out, and adorned to the beſt advantage; for the whole World had beſtowed the beſt ornaments ſhe could find to dreſs, and deck her with; but ſhe ſcolded and raved, and railed at another Woman, which was of much better Temper, and wholly contrary to her diſpoſition; for ſhe was a Woman amiable and fair, her Cloathing courſe, but clean, and becoming, yet ſcarce ſufficient to cover her Nakedneſs, which ſome attributed to the Poverty of her Condition, others ſaid, ſhe did it to ſhew her comely ſtature, and the due proportiod of her parts. At theſe revilings and ſcorns which were caſt vpon her, ſhe was ſilent, for the prevailing force of her enemies, who were the chifeſt and moſt numerous of the World, overawed her in her Speech, ſo that ſhe durſt not reply to thoſe many affronts, but received all with ſilence. In fine, all ſided againſt her, paſſing from jeſt to earneſt, from words to blows, and as it were ſtifled in the Crowd of Adverſaries, none durſt to oppoſe ſo ſtrong an Enemy, or like the Champion take up the Buckler in defence of the oppreſſed; but *Andrenio*, naturally compaſſionate, was inclinable to take her part, had

Truth in its Simplicity.

had not *Quiron* prevented him, by ſaying, do you know whoſe Cauſe you patronize, and againſt whom you declare, know you not that it is againſt plauſible falſity, which is as much as to take part againſt the whole world. However the ſimplicity of Children would have taken the part of Truth, and have riſen in her defence; but alas! their childiſh ſtrength, and policy was unable to prevail againſt inveterate and old Malice, ſo they were content only to praiſe Truth, and ſpeak it. Thus was beautiful Truth ſtript, and forſaken, and by degrees ſo puſhed and ſhouldred, that at length ſhe was juſtled into thoſe remote parts, from whence we can have no news or tidings of her abode or reſidence.

Plauſible Falſehood.

It is well, ſaid *Andrenio*, I ſee now there is no Juſtice in this World, and yet it is true, that there are Miniſters of it. There is Juſtice, ſaid *Quiron*, and that not far off, ſince Falſity ſtands ſo near. With this there appeared a Man, as ſevere, as *Cato*, his aſpect and countenance rigid, accompanied with others of the ſame profeſſion; at his firſt appearance Falſity went towards him, and with many of thoſe few Reaſons which ſhe had in ſtore, ſhe informed him the condition of her preſent ſtate; he anſwered, that he would preſently give Sentence in her favour, and that by his authority ſhe ſhould be licenſed to wear Feathers; with that ſhe inſtantly clapped in his hand winged-feet, with which ſwiftly flying, he firmed the baniſhment of Liberty his mortal enemy. Who is that (demanded *Andrenio*) who truſts the ſtay of his body to the feeble ſupport of a weak Rod? That is, anſwered *Quiron*, a Juſtice, who is ſo called, becauſe he ſells it, he is one, who feels firſt, that he may hear the better afterwards. What means

Corrupt Judges.

means that Sword, ſaid he, they carry drawn before him, and to what purpoſe is it? This, ſaid *Quiron*, is the Enſign and Badge of his Dignity, and the inſtrument of Puniſhment, and Juſtice; and that which lops and cuts the over-grown Branches, and Weeds of Vice; it were more available, replyed *Critilo*, to tear them from the root, than only to pare the luxuriant Branches, by which they gather more ſtrength daily. So it ought to be, anſwered *Quiron*, but theſe Men prune the Roots of Vice, that they may yield more Fruit, and a conſtant Harveſt, whereby the ſins of the people may be their Livelihood and Maintenance. This Judge ſuddenly, and without more appeal condemned to death a poor Fly, for no other reaſon then becauſe it was entangled within the web and net of the Law: but an Elephant who had trampled, and trod down all, without ſparing or reſpecting, either Humane or Divine Juſtice, was ſo far from being chaſtiſed for it, that with much reverence the Judge treated him in his paſſage, and let him paſs undiſturbed, though loaden with prohibited Weapons, as Granado's, Daggers, Pick-locks, and Wild-fire, and in complement demanded of him if he would permit him leave to croud in amongſt the reſt of his Attendants, and to accompany him to the entrance of his Den. Nor did his Injuſtice ſtop here, but catching another poor Fellow by the ſhoulder, who durſt not cry out, without farther matter condemned him to be whipped, and ſome asking the reaſon of his puniſhment, it was anſwered again, that he had no back to ſupport a Burden, which if he had had, he ſhould like others have been charged with load upon load. This Judge was no ſooner out of ſight, but appeared another, who as ſome valiant General was introduced with the applauſes, and acclamations

mations of the people, and might be compared to *Don Paula de Parada*, he was armed with Back and Breaſt, and fitted for all numbers, times, and perſons: his Arms were two Piſtols, but dormant in their Holſters; he was mounted on a cropt Horſe, but had not loſt his ears for his own faults; he had a thing gilded for a Sword, which for many good reſpects was never drawn; he was more than a man in his words, but leſs than a Woman in his fears; he had a Cap of Feathers, a very Pye of Gallantry, but a Hen in Valour. Who is this, demanded *Andrenio*, a Man, or a Monſter? The queſtion is very apt, ſaid *Quiron*, for ſome Nations unuſed to this ſight, have at firſt view, imagined the Horſe, and Man both one. This is a Soldier, who were he ſuch in his Manners, he would not be ſo ragged in his Conſcience. Of what uſe are theſe in the World, ſaid *Andrenio?* Theſe are, replyed he, the Chaſtiſers of our Enemies, but a worſe ſcourge and plague to our Friends; theſe are thoſe who defend us, but may Divine Providence defend us from them. Theſe fight, deſtroy, and kill, and are the terror and devourers of our Adverſaries. How can this be, ſaid *Andrenio?* for they ſay that theſe very Men make, and raiſe enemies themſelves. Hold, ſaid *Quiron*, I ſpeak what their office doth enjoin and oblige them unto; but now is the World ſo corrupted, that the remedies of evils, are the cauſes of them, and the medicine to cure our ſickneſs is the deſtruction of our health. Theſe that ought to end War, and cloſe the Breaches, are thoſe that husband, and prolong them; for they knowing that their own Fortunes are ſmall, and their Income not ſufficient to

D. Pablo de Parada.

Soldiers of Fortune.

ſuſtain their lives, piece out their Fortunes with the employment of War: for were it ended, they would remain without office, and without benefit: wherefore then ſhould they kill the Centinels of the Marquis of *Peſcara*, ſince they live by the Enemy? This is a Policy which to the very Drummer and meaneſt Officers is known ſo well, that the breach which Prudence and ſincere Conſcience might make up in one years ſpace, is continued ſeven, nay double, and would remain for ages, or to eternity, had not Valour and Succeſs been now united in the Marquis of *Mortara*. The ſame cenſure did they paſs on another, who being likewiſe on Horſe back, as bold and confident as a Mountebank, pretended Knight Errant like to eaſe the afflicted, and with his art to cure languiſhing Nature: but he was but a Charlatan, for all his drugs operated ſo ill, that the Sound were empaired by them in health, and the Sick by his means were gven over by the Phyſitian. He was one who declared War againſt Life and Death, the open enemy of them both, neither a Friend to the Dead, nor to thoſe who were perfectly Living, but ran in a Medium (the only bad one) between both. That himſelf might eat, he brings his Patients to ſhort allowance, and beguiling them of their meat grows fat himſelf: whilſt they lie under the mercy of his hands, his care forbids them Meat, and if their health admits them to quit his Cure, which ſeldom happens, the Patient will ſoon perceive the policy the Phiſitian uſed to reſtrain the danger of his future exceſs; ſo that theſe live, and feed on the ſpoil, with more cruelty than the Excutioner: for as he ſtudies

Marquis of Mortara.

Mountebanks.

ſtudies with the nimbleſt art, to end the pain of the Malefactor, theſe are the tormentors of life, eſteeming it the beſt part of their skill, to linger out life to the laſt gaſp; and to ſuſtain a continued courſe of ſickneſs, a better art than to recover health, theſe are as an infected air of ſickneſs, and where are moſt Phyſitians, are moſt Diſeaſes; This is the common calumny that the Vulgar hath caſt upon them; but for my own part, I think none can either ſpeak good, or bad of the Phyſitian; for he on whom his Art hath not been exerciſed, rails at his Cruelty, would be cenſured as paſſionate without Reaſon: and he who hath already fallen into his hands, hath neither Tongue, nor Breath to make his complaint; but miſtake me not, for here I ſpeak not of the natural Phiſitian, but the Moral, into whoſe hands is committed the diſtempered condition of the Republick, who inſtead of eaſing, and remedying indiſpoſed affairs, foment and diſtract them; and where is required a ſudden recovery, the unskilfulneſs of theſe Phiſitians reduce the Fever to a lingring Conſumption. How comes it to paſs, ſaid *Andrenio*, that we can meet no man of honeſty paſſing this way? Theſe, ſaid *Quiron*, are not in motion, but are permanent Pillars, and durable, whoſe immortal Fame never dies, and their number ſo ſmall, that they are enroulled and liſted in Letters of Gold: who are named in the ſame ſcarcity, as the Unicorn in *Arabia*, or the *Phœnix* in the Eaſt; however if you will feign ſee one, look for Cardinal *Sandoval* in *Toledo*, the Count *de Lemos*, Governor in *Aragon*, the Arch-Duke *Leopold* in *Flanders*; and if you will find Integrity, Juſtice, Truth, and all Vertue concerned in one, behold *D. Luis d' Haro* in that Centre, which he enjoys and deſerves.

They being now wearied with theſe prodigious Spectacles, deſired to retire ſome time for repoſe; but *Andrenio* ſtretched out his Arms, lifting his Eyes to Heaven, fetched moſt deep ſighs, as if he would make the Stars take notice of his complaints. How is this, ſaid he, have I my ſelf loſt my Reaſon, or with the Society of the Frantick, hath my own Brain been made giddy? Methinks all is blaſted with the Worlds contagion, nay the Heaven ſeems confuſed, and time to have changed his courſe, and as recalled to move backward: Is it day, demanded he, or night? but let us have a care that we fall not into gueſſes, or conjectures, for that will ſerve more to perplex, and confound us than we were before. Hold, ſaid *Quiron*, for the Worlds Mis-rule is not to be attributed to the influence of Heaven, but to the Earths own diſorderly motion; for things have not moved contrary to their natural courſe only as to place, but are confuſed alſo as to times, and ſeaſons, for ſome make the day night, and the night day. One riſes hot from his Bed, when another as weary with his Labour, inclines to repoſe: ſome go then from home with the light only of *Venus* Star, and return to their reſt, with the Beams and dawning of the morning; and theſe who are thus ſingular in their lives, are thoſe of the moſt famous Families, the illuſtrious Nobility, who yet deſerve that Sentence, which one paſſed on them, *That he who by night lives and wanders like a Beaſt, by day muſt live more like a Brute then a Man.* This is the courſe of the World, ſaid *Critilo*, but let us retire to our Beds, leaſt we incur the ſame cenſure; nor am I willing to deſiſt now, ſince it is night, and little

The Day Night.

little to be ſeen. Why, ſaid *Andrenio*, do they call the World *Mundus*, the very name ſeems to belie it, being not worthy of ſo honourable a Title, its nature being better expreſſed by ſomething that denotes Uncleanneſs, and corruption of it? There was a day, replyed *Quiron*, when this word was but a true deſcription of its Nature, when firſt this uncomely Fabrick proceeded from the unpolluted hands of the Divine Creator: but whence comes this diſorder then? demanded *Andrenio*, or who hath ſubverted, and overthrown its Foundation, or with an unskilful pencil defaced the lines of this equal proportion? There is much to be ſaid in this, replyed *Quiron*, this ſubject have the Learned already treated on, and theſe defects are ſufficiently bewailed in the Philoſophers Meditations. Some attribute this diſorder to the blindneſs, and Folly of Fortune, who each day changeth her motion, and neither leaves place, nor ſeaſons unaltered. Others ſay that when *Lucifer* of the morning fell, he gave ſo hard a blow on the Earth, that he ſtroak the World from off the hinges, turning it from one ſide unto the other. Others lay the fault on the Woman, ſtiling her the Univerſal diſturber, and the ſole cauſe of all Couſuſions: But I ſay we need not ſeek any other ſubject, on whom more juſtly to caſt the guilt, and accuſation hereof, than on Man himſelf, the unquietneſs of whoſe Spirit is ſufficient to diſtract a thouſand Worlds, and that there are not more Worlds for him to diſturb, is the ſorrow, and complaint of the principal Inquieter if the Divine Providence had not fixed the *Primum Mobile*, or firſt Mover into that Sphere, to which his Malice, and Fury hath not poſſibility to climb, the Sun had before now

Mundus *ſignifies* Clean.

changed his courſe, and made the Weſt the place of his ariſe, and terminated his ſtage in the confins of the Eaſt: ſo had *Spain* become one of the extreme Poles of the World, and ſo made unhabitable by any. It is a thing worth obſervation, that Man, who is a Creature endued with Reaſon, ſhould in the firſt act and operation of it, commit it to the ſubjection and obedience of his Appetite, from whence, as from the fountain and original of all are derived thoſe contradictions which ſucceed; nor can it be otherwiſe ſince they are but conſequences of the firſt Capital diſorder. Hence it is that Vertue is perſecuted, and Vice applauded, Truth ſilenced, and falſity endued with a three-fold Tongue to vent its deceits, the Knowing are robbed of their Libraries, and the Ignorant confounded in the multitude of their Leaves, the Doctor is without his Books, and the Books without the Doctor; the Diſcretion of the Poor is eſteemed Folly, and the extravagant Diſcourſe of the Rich a Treaſury of Knowledge, thoſe who undertake to recover life, deſtroy it, Youth withers and decays, and the decrepit years of the Aged grow green, and flouriſh; In fine, Man is arrived to that pitch, and heighth of Madneſs, that he hath forgot almoſt to know his right hand, for miſtaking it, he placeth the way to happineſs on the left. Thus doth he caſt the greateſt matter of importance behind his back, treads Vertue underfoot, and inſtead of going forward, turns again.

If things go thus, ſaid *Andrenio*, why then didſt thou *Critilo* draw, and ſeduce me from my own World, wherein I was free in my own Solitarineſs? Let me return again to that Cave of my nothing,

to that high Precipice of my Rock, and retire from this ſink, and confuſion of the World. It is now too late, replied *Critilo*, O how many would return now back again if they could; but this hath Nature denied, being that Policy whereby the World is preſerved and peopled. Obſerve how we ſtill move up this ladder of life, and how we leave the ſteps of our days behind us, which we no ſooner paſs, but they vaniſh, leaving us no means, and remedy of deſcent. How is it poſſible (ſaid *Andrenio*, ſtill conteſting, and tormenting himſelf) that we ſhould live and ſuffer this prepoſterous humour of the World; muſt I be mute, and ſee the enormities of the World in ſilence, can my patience bear this, and yet not burſt with Choler? Alas! ſaid *Quiron*, if you were left to your own humour but for four days only, you would accommodate your ſelf to the age you live in, nor would you be ſo ſevere in your cenſures of other Men. Who, ſaid he, am I, one of thoſe diſtempered Brains, or one of thoſe vulgar and mean Spirits? Do you hear, ſaid *Critilo*, thou art not able to paſs, and imitate the wiſe Sages of paſt times, though it were only * in ſwallowing your own Spittle. The World is the ſame now as then, the ſame which they found it, the ſame they left it. The wiſe Count of *Caſtrillo* lives now, and yet he is not outragious as you are. Likewiſe the Marquis of *Caretto* paſſes with patience. What courſe then, replied *Andrenio*, did they take being ſo prudent? Why, ſaid *Critilo*, they did only ſee, hear, and were ſilent. But is there none that endeavors now to correct things? Yes, Fools. Why Fools? Becauſe 'tis as impoſſible, as to unite the two *Caſtiles*, or to diſcompoſe *Arragon*; for who can hinder that

* *A* Spaniſh *expreſſion of Silence.*

Cardinals ſhould not adopt Nephews, and others entertain private Favourites, that the *French* ſhould not be Tyrants, that the *Engliſh* ſhould not be as deformed in their Souls, as they are comely in their Bodies, that the *Spaniards* ſhould not be Proud, and the *Genoueſes*, &c. Well then, ſaid *Andrenio*, I will return to my antient Grave, to my former Society of Beaſts, ſince I ſee no remedy to eaſe theſe Miſeries. Hold, ſaid *Quiron*, I will give you as eaſie, as true a Leſſon, if you will hearken to me in this following *Criſis*.

The

The Seventh CRISIS.

The Original of Errors, and Deceits.

THe whole Army of Paſſions banded themſelves againſt Man, as their common Enemy, and declared the quarrel on no other grounds, than his favouring Reaſon. The Battel being now ranged, and both ſides ready to give the aſſault, Diſcord entred the Field, coming neither from Hell, nor as ſome report, from the Tents of War, but from the Houſe and Habitation of hypocritical Ambition. Her buſineſs was to move a competition amongſt them, who ſhould lead the Front and Van of the Battel, each Vice pretending to it, with ſuch boaſtings of its ſtrength, and valour, as made the queſtion more hardly to be decided. Riot pretended the principal places, becauſe ſhe was the firſt Paſſion that encountred Man, and had gained on him the firſt Victory in his Cradle. Laſciviouſneſs alledged the ſucceſs of her valour, and that her Merits might deſerve a greater Command, ſince her Victorious ſucceſſes had ſo often gained the Lawrel, and made ſuch Spoils on Youth the ſtrength of Man. Covetouſneſs pleaded to be the root of evils, Pride vaunted its noble deſcents, and family, as a ſeed and branch of Heaven, and was the only Vice peculiar

to

to Man, and the reſt in a lower degree common to Beaſts. Anger took theſe boaſtings much in diſguſt, and in a furious rage began the fight, the ſucceſs as yet being doubtful, the end concluded in a general confuſion. Malice deſirous to make up the difference in a grave Oration, repreſented the danger of this civil War, and that their ſtrength united would be more available, where the power of one would be aſſiſtant to the other; and as to the preſent diſpute, told them, that this command from whence the preſent diſcord aroſe, was always adjudged due to her eldeſt Daughter Falſity: for ſhe is the Author of Evil, the fountain and ſource of Vice, the Mother of Sin, the infectious *Harpy*, the many-headed *Hydra*, the various ſhaped *Proteus*, the *Centimanus* of War, the *Caco* of Policy, and the fruitful Womb always pregnant with Errors, and Deceits. It was Fraud that aſſaulting Credulity, and Malice taking advantage on Ignorance, which entrapt the World, and delivered it into the immenſe graſp of the Worlds Monarch; It is Falſity and Deceit which inveſt the eaſie Nature of Man, and take advantage on his Childhood, and Youth, whereby he is diſabled to reſiſt their Stratagems, Treaſons, Frauds, Deluſions, Fallacies, and the whole train and method of *Italian* devices, ſo that either ſooner or later he yields his Judgment a trophy to Deceit.

The Devil.

The Truth of this Philoſophy hath been confirmed by the ſucceſs of *Critilo* and *Andrenio*, who having but lately quitted the Society of cautious *Quiron*, who by his Induſtry, and Council, had exempted them from the confuſion of *Babel*, the Worlds Regiſter; and having placed them in the direct Road, returned

returned again as guide to direct others. *Andrenio* was now well armed againſt theſe dangers, with the various Lectures he had received from him, but eſpecially by the aſſiſtance of a Glaſs, which changed the common proſpect of the World, and made all things appear with their natural defects, though diſguiſed with the Mask which Fraud had put on them: for ſo ought every one to behold this World with an eye different from the vulgar view, and to underſtand things in the ſame Notion, that the wiſe Count *d' Oniate* apprehended them. When you ſee a preſumptuous Opiniator, believe him a Fool, the Rich ſuppoſe Poor, in reſpect of thoſe true Riches of Felicity: He who commands all, is the common Slave; the Man that is biggeſt, is in bulk not much a Man, the groſs and fat have but little of ſubſtance; he that would ſeem to be deaf, hears more than he would, and the Acute-ſighted is Blind, or will be ſo. He that ſmells out much, leaves a bad ſavour of himſelf in the Noſtrils of all; the Talkative ſpeaks nothing; he who Laughs, raves with fury; who excuſeth, condemns himſelf; who Eats moſt, Eats leaſt; who diſcommends the Merchandize, deſires it moſt; who acts the Fools part, is the wittieſt *Comedian*; who wants nothing, wants himſelf; the Covetous enjoys equally that which he hath not, as what he hath; the greateſt Clerk is ſeldom the wiſeſt Man; who deſires a good Life, deſires a good Death; and he who loves life moſt, moſt abhors it; who invites his Friend to a plentiful Table, is he that cauſes him to faſt; Folly is often ſeen in good Conjectures; the moſt ſtraight, is crooked; he that goes the neareſt way home, goes the fartheſt about; who would not loſe one mouthful, loſeth a hundred; the beſt which coſt moſt, is beſt cheap; he

who

who makes thee weep, is thy beſt Friend. In fine, that which one affects moſt, and eſteems the greateſt, is the moſt unworthy, and of the ſmalleſt value. With this diſcourſe they eaſed their tedious ſteps, which inſenſibly paſſed away, till the encounter of another Monſter interrupted them, which now did not, as formerly, aſtoniſh nor diſtract their thoughts, for they had learned that they muſt in this World expect to meet diverſities of Prodigies one after another. For now came towards them a Coach, which was not uſual in ſo bad a Road; but being made ſo artificially, and with ſuch nimble Joints, it paſſed through all rubs, ſtreights, and difficulties; the Beaſts that drew it were two flea-bitten Jades, like Serpents, and the Coach-man a Fox; *Critilo* asked if it were not a *Venetian* Chariot; to which the Coach-man replyed in a manner far from the purpoſe, as if he underſtood not, what he demanded; within rode a Monſter, or rather many, for ſo often changed he his colour, and ſhape, ſometimes black, anon white, then young, anon old, ſometimes Great, ſometimes little, then a Man, a Woman, a Beaſt, that *Critilo* ſoon diſcovered him to be the famous *Proteus*. As ſoon as he came near them, he alighted from his Seat, and with more bows and cringes then a young French Monſieur, which are the Prologues to deceit, and then with more Complements then an *Aragoneſa*, welcomed them in behalf of his great Maſter, offering them the convenience of his Palace, where they might eaſe, and refreſh their Bodies already wearied with ſo long a Journey. They both having returned their thanks, for ſo unexpected a favour, demanded who was his Lord, who in ſo ſmall knowledge of them, and their deſerts, had ſo courteouſly

Proteus.

teouſly obliged them. He is, ſays he, a mighty Prince, whoſe Territories, though they extend over the compaſs of the World, yet keeps the famous Metropolis of his Court, in this firſt entrance of the Earth and Life. He is a Monarch more great than any, in that Kings are his Feudataries and Vaſſals, and few there are who unſubdued by his power pay him not Tribute; for beſides the flouriſhing eſtate of his Kingdom in Peace, and Plenty, it is the Academy of Arms, and Learning, and rewards the moſt forward Proficients herein; let him who would underſtand the root of Policy, Artifice, and Cunning, apply himſelf to this Court, where he ſhall learn to thrive, and paſs in the World, to inſinuate into the affections and favours of advantagious Acquaintance, and both win Friends, and preſerve them, and eſpecially to cloak and diſguiſe things with fictitious colours, which is the Maſterpiece, and moſt uſeful Leſſon of Art, and Knowledge. This Report was perſwaſion enough for *Andrenio*, to viſit his Greatneſs, and to be educated in a Court, or School rather of ſo much Policy; and being overcome with his Civilities, ſtept into the Coach, reaching out his hand to draw in *Critilo*; but he being more cautious and experienced than the other, turned again to demand the Titles and Name of this mighty Prince, who being ſo great as Fame had reported, could not but be adorned with Titles and Honours equivalent to his Dominions. His Titles, anſwered this Officer, are many, ſumming up a Catalogue of Names, and Surnames, run over multitudes of Appellations, and told him that every part of his Territories, and ſucceſſes of his noble Atchievements, had inſerted

Outward Appearances.

new

Titles into the Liſt of his Honours: but his moſt natural, and original name is not vulgarly received, being his Majeſty and Greatneſs admits few to ſee him, much leſs to know him: he is a King of much Authority, not to be reckoned amongſt the petty number of Provincial Princes, but one of great State, whoſe retirement and difficulty of acceſs renders his perſon more awful and reverenced. At the end of Luſtrums, or ſome period of years, his Courteſie admits the longing curioſity of ſome to his preſence, which is a bleſſing of their Fortune, and exceſs of his favour; with this diſcourſe he had inſenſibly drawn them out of the way, into another Path more intricate and crooked, which when *Critilo* obſerved, he was deſirous to return from whence he had erred, before it was too late; but what with the windings and turnings of the Road, and with the perſwaſion of the Guide, who confidently aſſured them of his knowledge of the way, and the multitude of the Paſſengers that they ſaw travelling therein, he had much ado to retreat back. Howſoever *Critilo* made a ſtop here, and coming to a way with three Paths, was doubtful which way to take, and therefore warned *Andrenio* to be now careful of himſelf, and more watchful and cautious then ever before. For being now come to the Fountain of Thirſt, ſo named from the longing thirſt of thoſe travellers, that were enamoured with its Fame; for its curious invention exceeded the Works of *Juanelo*, and the continual current of its Waters was the celebrated Theme by heroick Poeſie. Though the head aroſe and bubled in the greenneſs of an open Plain, yet ſuch was the concourſe, and croud that preſſed to obtain a draught

The Fountain of Thirſt.

draught of this ſtream, that the wide and large Champion round about ſeemed too narrow to receive the multitude of Viſitants; for ſuch was the number that encircled this Fountain, and ſwelled with the exceſs of the ſweet Waters, that one would think the whole world were in this confluence met together, and indeed few there wanted who ſucked not at the ſpouts of this renowned Fountain. The water ſprang from ſeven Pipes, though not of Gold but Iron, a circumſtance well obſerv'd by *Critilo*, and alſo that the Spouts were not formed in the faſhion of Lions, and Griffins, but of Serpents, and Dogs; and though the water flowed in much abundance, yet with ſuch thirſt did every one receive it, that there was not one drop ſpilt, nor was there need of a Pond or a Ciſtern to receive the over-flowing Waters; for all praiſed the ſweetneſs of their taſte, and being weary, and heated with their Journey, ſucked them in exceſſively, until they had filled their Bodies with hydropical Humours. The Nobles, and thoſe of higher quality, as more eſteemed, were ſerved with Cups of Gold, which a pritty Nimph, the Vintereſs of this *Babylon*, filled with much Courteſie, and Compliments, and to entertain her Gueſts danced like a Courteſan before the ſtreams. Here *Andrenio* both moved with Thirſt, and with the preſent entertainment, unadviſedly approached to the head of the Waters: But the cautious *Critilo* drew him back. Hold, ſaid he, conſider well firſt, ſee if this be Water. What can it be elſe, replied he? It may be Poiſon, and if not, yet it is always good, eſpecially on the terms we now ſtand to ſuſpect, and fear all things, if my eyes deceive me not, ſaid *Andrenio*, it is Water clear and Criſtaline. This, replied *Critilo*, is a ſign which I like the worſt,

worſt, the clearneſs makes me ſuſpect it moſt; for as with a pleaſant colour it often ſmiles, ſo adulterated Liquors, and beauteons out-ſides, ſerve commonly for a gloſs to ſet forth an inward corruption. See but how the deceitful Water ſometimes ſmiles, and anon murmures, and acts the part of flattering Courtſhip. Let me alone, replied *Andrenio*, let me ſatiate my ſelf with this Water, and refreſh my parching heat, for if I dye with Thirſt, may I not (if it be dangerous to drink) waſh away this duſt, bathe my eyes, and limbs, and refreſh my Body fevoured with our Travels? Nor this neither, replied *Critilo*, for believe me, remit it to experience, behold others, and read my Leſſon in their deſtruction. Obſerve the effect, and operation it hath on theſe, who now come; conſider what their humour was before they went, and how different they are now at their return. With that paſſed by a great crowd of Paſſengers, more lead with a thirſty Deſire, than Reaſon, plunged themſelves into the Waters, and began to bathe and dabble, and to waſh their eyes, that they might ſee clearer: but it is well worth our obſervation, that theſe who at firſt, were clear, and their skins fair, and of a natural pale, were with the firſt touch of the Waters, died like a Glaſs into ſeveral colours. Some were blew, that whatſoever they ſaw, appeared like a Sky, and their Raptures ſo tranſporting as if they had been catched into a Heaven, and there enthroned. Theſe were Fools who contented themſelves in their own Senſleſs Paradice; ſome turned white like Milk, that whatſoever they ſaw appeared good, and acceptable, without ſuſpition of evil, thus all deceived them, eſpecially if recommended by

Senſeleſs Contents.

by the Flatteries of their Friends, with leſs caution than a *Polander* they were ready to receive them. On the contrary others there were, who turned as yellow, as Choler, their eyes malitious, always made a pauſe, as fearing Treaſon, they interpreted the beſt kindneſs amiſs, abhorred Society, unleſs with circumſpection, and theſe were Men who had more of Malice, then of Judgment; ſome turned green, fancying all of the ſame colour, which being a badge, and ſignification of Hope, gave encouragement to their humorous Ambition: ſome turning gray, and of watriſh eyes, grew ſtark blind: but it is ſtrange, that theſe Waters did perfectly clear ſome mens eyes, and yet though they ſaw well, they beheld ill, and theſe were envious; ſome had the natural force of ſight, ſo empaired, not ſo much in the quality, as the quantity of the Object; that Mole-hills, as in a Magnifying-glaſs, appeared as Mountains, and ordinary Toyes, applauded by a *Caſtilian*, for but being his own, with praiſes as might befit the ultimate of all Perfection, and others on the contrary became of a murmuring querulous Spirit, never contented with the preſent Government, repining at the greateſt careſſes, and embraces of Fortune. There was one whoſe eyes read beſt at diſtance, he beheld all in a large proſpect, eſpecially the dangers of Death, and this was an unwary Perſon. Another was of a Humour, that he thought he had all ready at hand, and with that Confidence aſſured himſelf to conquer difficulties, that impoſſibilities were eſteemed eaſie, and the Prey ſure before it was taken; there were ma-

Malitious.

Ambitious.

Envious.

Unwary.

The Confident.

ny of a merry humour, that every Object they ſaw ſeemed to ſmile upon them, that every one careſſed, and made much of them, and theſe were in a condition of childiſh Folly. There was one obſerved to be extremely contented, as in a Fools Paradice, he ſuppoſed to ſee always a Viſion of Angels, and there was nothing, that he ſaw, but he picked out ſome Beauty whereof to be enamoured; and this they ſay was a *Portugez*, or the Nephew of *Macias*. There was another who ſpoke of nothing but himſelf; this was the Theme both to begin, and conclude his diſcourſe; one had his eyes ſo dazled, that he ſuppoſed to ſee that which he never beheld; this was a Man of a perverſe Will, and crooked Intention; he had eyes for his friends, and eyes for his enemies much different; there were ſome Maternal, and tender eyes that looked on a Dunghill Worm, like an oriental Pearl; and ſome eyes cruel, like a Step-mothers, which frowned with an evil aſpect on all: In fine, ſome eyes were of a *Spaniſh* Black, and others of a *French Azure*. Such were the monſtruous effects of this venemous Liquor, on the Bodies of thoſe who bathed in it; that ſome who only waſht their Mouth and Throat, became a more ſtrange Metamorphoſis than the reſt; for their tongues, which were of ſolid, and ſubſtantial fleſh, turned into a fire, that the whole World was in danger of its Flames; others into Wind, which ſeemed to breathe a ſpirit of falſity, and like Bellows puffed Mens Brains full of the Air of lies, and flattery.

Some that had Tongues of Silk, were turned into Bayes, thoſe of Velvet into Sattin; others were transformed into Tongues of Burleſque, conſiſting of

of Scum and Froth, without ſubſtance; but the moſt of theſe had an impediment in their Speech, and were tongue-ty'd in modeſt and decent diſcourſe; ſome Women had their tongues eradicated, but in anger talked the more, for having no tongue to rule, ſpoke at random. One began to ſpeak earneſtly loud. This, ſaid *Andrenio*, is a *Spaniard*; but *Critilo*, ſaid not, but ſome preſumptuous or confident boaſter, for he who ſpeaks moſt deliberately, and ſoberly, is moſt commonly beſt heard, and underſtood. Indeed, ſo it is, ſaid another, which he whiſtled out with an effeminate Voice, like a *French* Man; but he was not ſo, but one affected, and fooliſhly nice. To meet him went forth another, who ſpake as if he had a Plum in his Mouth, that all ſuppoſed him a *German*; but he anſwered he was not, but one who to ſpeak fine and elegantly did not regard whether his matter were to the purpoſe or not. Another ſpake through the Teeth with ſuch a liſping pronunciation, that all believed him an *Andaluzian*, but others, who could better diſtinguiſh Languages, judged him of a malevolent Tongue, who Serpent-like hiſt out his Malice. Another in a buſtle diſturbed all, and with an unquiet ſpirit, without knowing the reaſon why, endeavoured to diſcompoſe the whole World, having no other excuſe, but that it was his natural infirmity, ſo that he was ſuppoſed to be an Iſlander of *Majorca*; but he was not of that Country, but a barbarous hot-brain'd *Furioſo*; another ſpake, and none underſtood him, that they took him to be a *Biſcayner*, but was not ſuch, but one who was always making Petitions and Requeſts; another ſpake not at all, but endeavoured to be underſtood by ſigns, whom all derided and ſcorned; This certainly is one, ſaid

Manners of Speech.

Critilo, who deſires to ſpeak the truth, but either cannot, or dare not; others ſpake hoarſe and low, theſe, ſaid he, muſt certainly be Parliament-men; but they were not ſo, but Men who were Counſellors to none but themſelves; others ſnuffed words in their noſe, which ſome underſtood, and ſtammering anſwered them in the ſame Dialect, but neither appoſitely, nor to the purpoſe, and ſome biting their tongues, ſpake inwardly, and anſwered them as if the queſtions propounded to them were troubleſome; ſome pronounced words hollow, as from an inward ſound and cavity in their Breaſts, which was both as unpleaſing to the Auditors, as troubleſome to themſelves. And ſo it was that none remained with his own Voice either good or true, no man ſpake clear, equal, or without artifice. So all loſt the natural accent of their Tongues, but feigned, deceived, lied, blaſphemed, and injured; whence it ſeems, that the *French* eſpecially, as good fellows in this meeting, drinking in the freeſt plenty to pledge the *Italians*, neither ſpeak as they write, nor perform as they ſay, that a man had need of good ears and good learning to underſtand their Words, and Letters, but to apprehend them rightly, you may interpret all to a contrary ſence. But the moſt peſtilential effect of this Liquor, was ſhown in thoſe that drank it, that like a Vomit it moved the Stomach, as ſoon as taken in, to ſpue it forth again with all the true ſubſtance, and ſound nouriſhment they had before, leaving room for wind and air, for lies and deceits, with which they ſwell'd as with a Tympany. Their Hearts turned to cork void both of Valour and Courteſie, their Entrails were metamorphoſed into Stone, their Brains to Cotton, dry and without Judgment, their Bloud hydropical and

and watriſh, without colour or heat; their Breaſts, which ſhould be of Steel, were turned into Wax, their nerves grew flaccid, as if the ſpring of their motion, were compoſed of Wool, their feet as clogged with Lead, moved with a ſlow pace toward good, but like a *Mercury* winged to purſue the flight of evil; their hands turned to pitch, which graſped, and retained all they touched; their tongues blurrers of fame, their eyes paper; in fine, here was the original of the Worlds Metamorphoſis, the cheat of vanity, and the beſt Maſter-piece of the Worlds deceiver. The operation it had on poor *Andrenio*, was, that the ſtrength of one drop, he but ſupped in, did ſo intoxicate his Brain, that ever after he grew giddy, and reeled in the way of Vertue. What do you think now, ſaid *Critilo*, of this conſtant ſpring and ſtream of Fraud of this tottering Manſion of the Worlds falſities? If you had drank with the ſame liberty that others have done, how had your Joints been diſſolved with its ſtrength? how had your Reaſon abated, and your feet tript at every rubb? Can you poſſibly eſteem ſo little an eye clear of bloud, or beams, a tongue clean and true, a Man of verity and ſubſtance, ſuch as a Duke of *Oſſuna*, or a Prince of *Conde*? believe me he that is ſo, is as ſtrange and unuſual as a *Phœnix*. Would one think, ſaid *Andrenio*, there ſhould be ſo much evil in ſo ſmooth a water? The more dangerous is it, replied *Critilo*, for thoſe ſmiles and gentleneſs are ſymptoms of its danger, how is this Fountain called? demanded *Andrenio*, which he asked of one and the other, but none could inform him. At laſt *Proteus* anſwered him, that it had

Men of this Age.

Duke of Oſſuna *Prince of* Conde.

no name, for in being unknown, conſiſted the efficacy, and ſucceſs of its operation. Why then, ſaid *Critilo*, it may be called the Fountain of Deceits, of which who once drinks is by the Vertue, and ſtrength thereof metamorphos'd into another ſhape.

Critilo was now deſirous to turn back, but *Andrenio* could not, nor would conſent, and *Proteus* preſſing them forward, would needs perſwade them that it was better to be a Fool for company, then ſingular and wiſe alone. Thus he led them aſtray, rather then guided them, in by and croſs ways, through delightful Fields and Meadows, where Youth ſtood ſporting in the pleaſant Greens, under the freſh ſhades of leafy Boughs; but the Trees wanting heart, and ſap, were barren, and unfruitful. By this time being come in view of the City, they obſerved it to be covered with a Cloud of ſmoak, a certain ſign, that it was inhabited by Mankind. The Proſpect was compoſed of a pleaſing variety, and ſeemed beſt at the fartheſt diſtance; ſuch was the general concourſe of all Provinces to this common place of reſort, that the Road was crowded with Travellers, which raiſed ſuch a cloud of duſt, that nothing in the way thither could be ſeen or obſerved; but in their nearer approach, they eaſily perceived that that which at a farther diſtance appeared beauteous, and comely, was within a confuſed maſs and heap, no Street, direct, or ſtrait, but like a Labyrinth or Den of Minotaures. *Andrenio* was about raſhly to enter in, but *Critilo* pulling him by the Sleeve, ſaid, Hold open firſt your eyes, thoſe inward Faculties, I ſay of the Soul. Whereupon he bended down to the Earth, and looking narrowly, he eſpied traps and ſlips covered

A Fool for Company.

in the duſt, made with Golden threads, and fair hair, to catch, and enſnare ſilly and unwary Innocents. Obſerve well, ſaid he, where and how you enter, let not your feet tread without an aſſay firſt, and certainty of a ſecure, and firm foundation; do not move one foot from my ſide, unleſs you will wilfully precipitate your ſelf to an evident deſtruction; believe nothing, though urged with Oaths, and Proteſtations; grant nothing, though petitioned with the moſt ſubmiſſive humility; do nothing what they command, and ſo armed with the Vertue of this Leſſon, which is to ſee, and hear, and be ſilent; let us venture up this Street. All the Street was rowed with the Shops of Handicrafts-men, no Forraign Labourer appeared there, whoſe ſimplicity was unpractiſed in the art of fraudulent Dealings; through theſe Streets croſt flocks of Crows, which bred under the Eves of the Houſes, and maintained a ſociable familiarity with their Landlords, which *Andrenio* judged for an ill omen, that preſaged ſom future diſaſter. But *Proteus* informed him, and bid him not to wonder at this, for that theſe had not been the antient Inhabitants of the City, which *Pythagoras* in honour of his fooliſh opinion, ſuppoſed to be the Souls of evil livers, whom God for a juſt puniſhment, had tranſmigrated into the Bodies of theſe irrational Creatures, making their being now the ſame with theirs, ſince their death, whoſe actions they ſo fully imitated in their life; the ſcarlet Souls of cruel Tyrants he transfued into Tygers, the Proud into the Lions Skin, and the Souls of the diſhoneſt to animate the Boar; but Souls of Artiſans, eſpecially thoſe that make our Cloaths, were covered

Rules to Live.

Mechanicks.

with Crows feathers, for they having always uſed to ſay to their Cuſtomers, to morrow it ſhall be done, to morrow without fail, hath aptly in puniſhment thereof, put the ſame term into their Mouths, that continual *Cras*, *Cras*, a time which eternity it ſelf ſhall never overtake.

Cras ſignifies to morrow.

But having paſſed the Suburbs into the heart, and middle of the City they ſaw moſt ſtately Palaces, magnificent Buildings, the firſt of which, they ſaid, was *Solomon*'s Seraglio, (before any asked the queſtion) for there he lay ſlumbering amidſt of his Three hundred Concubines, making Hell, with theſe Sports, and Paſtimes equivocate a Paradiſe; in one Houſe, which ſeemed a Fortreſs, but was no other then a tottering Cottage, founded on an unſtabled Sand, ſate *Hercules*, made effeminate, ſpinning with his Omphale, the ſhirt or winding-ſheet of his dying Fame; at the ſame Window peeped out *Sardanapalus*, dreſſed in Womans habit, and attire; and *Marc Anthony* not far from him, unhappy Man, whoſe Fortune was both told and made by a Gipſie. In another ruinous Caſtle, did not live, but died the *Goth Roderigo*, ſince whoſe time the Nobles have been fatal to *Spain*. Another Palace there was half Gold, half Dirt, cemented with Humane Bloud, this was the Houſe of extravagant *Nero*, whoſe Reign began with the mild calm of a prodigious Clemency, but ended with a ſtorm of bloudy Cruelty; within the next room ſate *Pedro the Cruel*, mad and enraged, grating his Teeth, and crackling Bones with anger. There were other Edifices erecting in all haſte, but none could tell as yet for whom they were, though diverſly reported by the World, certain it is, not for the enjoyment of thoſe

whoſe

whoſe pains and coſt raiſed the Structure, but for the poſſeſſion of others, who perhaps as yet unborn, will reap the fruits of anothers labour; but one in a green Coat ſtanding by, told them, that in this part of the World live the deceived, and in the other the deceivers; theſe laugh at the others, and the others at them again, but at the end of the year they ballanced Accounts, one having no more cauſe to laugh than the other. *Andrenio* being weary of the company of the deceived, deſired to ſee all, and to divert his humour, would needs paſs to the quarters of the deceivers, ſo that proceeding forward, they found none but Merchants ſhops, and thoſe dark, having no other but Falſe, which they called Shop-lights, to ſet off their counterfeit Ware; others ſold falſe Teeth, and Peruwigs, and all ſorts of Habits and diſguiſes for *Comedians*. There was one Shop full of nothing but Foxes skins, which the cunning Citizen ſwore, that they were more in demand, and in eſteem than the beſt Sables, which they eaſily believed, when they perceived the Shop ſo well cuſtomed by the famous *Themiſtocles*, and other modern Heroes of our time. It was really the only Fur in faſhion here, for want of the Lions skin, which was grown a ſcarce Commodity, becauſe it was not in demand; and it is ſaid that the ſubtleſt and greateſt Polititians uſed to line their Garments therewith, inſtead of Ermines. In another Shop, they ſold Spectacles by the Wholeſale to blind Men, ſo as neither to ſee, nor to be ſeen, and theſe were all Grandees, who bought them, for to blind their Porters, which carried them on their Shoulders, that they might be the more tractable and quiet, as they do Horſes to make them

The Deceivers deceived.

them ſtand ſtill. The married Wives bought them up a pace to blind their Husbands with, and to make them believe they loved them more than they did; ſome were like multiplying Glaſſes, which were of all ſorts, and ſizes for Young and Old, Men and Women; and theſe were the deareſt, becauſe moſt in demand; another Shop was full of Cork heels to raiſe men in their Stature, and make them ſeem more Perſonable than they are. But that which moſt pleaſed *Andrenio* was to ſee Gloves, an unknown invention, and a novelty to him. What means this, ſaid he, theſe ſeem to be an uſeful contrivance for all occaſions, againſt the Heat, and Cold, the Sun, and Air, nay they are very convenient for thoſe, who have nothing elſe to do, were it only to put them off and on. Above all, ſaid *Critilo*, they take moſt excellently a Perfume, and is the cheapeſt way to conſerve rich ſmells. How well you underſtand it, replied the Glover, if you had ſaid they ſerve to mask the Fingers, that they ſhould not behold the hands, you had hit the difficulty; for there are thoſe who catch at their Prey with Gloves on. How can that be ſaid *Critilo*, for that is againſt the Proverb? The Proverb, ſaid he, alas! Sir, all Proverbs now either lie, or are belied, for there are Gameſters now adays that hunt in Gloves, and though the Proverb ſays, the mouſing Cat preys not with Mittens, it here meets an exception; and let me tell you, that more is given now for Gloves than formerly for Cloaths. Reach me one, ſaid *Critilo*, that I may try it.

Having thus paſt the Streets of Hypocriſie, Oſtentation, and Artifice, they came at laſt to the Market-place, on which was erected a famous Palace, overtopping all the reſt, and ſituated in the Heart and Centre

Centre of the City, it was ſpacious, but not uniform, nor of equal proportion, but all angles and confuſion, had no proſpect nor equality, many Gates it had, but all falſe, and thoſe ſhut, and more Towers and Pinnacles than *Babilon* it ſelf. The Windows were green, a grateful colour to the ſight, promiſing fair, and deceiving moſt. Here lived, or rather lay undiſcovered that hidden Monarch of the World, who one day appeared in publick to honour certain Feaſts which he had dedicated to the deceived Vulgar, to whom it was not permitted to argue, or ask queſtions. His ſacred Majeſty ſate retired under the cautious covert of his Jealouſie, or Latices, and this day more eſpecially he deſired to ſit cloſe, intending to entertain the People with the Subtleties, and Legerdemains of a cunning Jugler. The People, for the more common view of all, had made a Ring to ſee theſe Exploits, and ſwarming like Flies, ſetled themſelves on the filth of evil Cuſtoms, till they ſwelled with the ordure and filth which they had ſucked from Moral Wounds. At the Vulgar applauſes mounted an eloquent Impoſtor, on a ſtage above the people, and with more Impudence than good Manners, after an affected Prologue, began to act ſuch rare Subtleties, and Frauds, that an innumerable number of people ſtood aſtoniſht at his devices. Amongſt the reſt of his tricks, he perſwaded ſome to open their Mouths, promiſing to fill them with ſome rare Julip or Comfects, which they ſwallowing down, it gave them immediately ſuch a Vomit, that they ſpeued forth moſt vile Corruption, and beaſtly Ordure, ungrateful to themſelves, and ridiculous to the Beholders. This pratling Charlatan made them believe he had ſwallowed Cotton, and opening

ing his Mouth, there iſſued out a thick ſmoak, and flame of Fire greater than his Art could quench. Sometimes he ſwallowed down Paper, anon he drew out Ribons from his throat, but it was all a Cheat, and a meer deception of the eye. *Andrenio* was much pleaſed to ſee this entertainment, and began to praiſe his Art. It is well, ſaid *Critilo*, he hath deceived you amongſt the reſt, who notwithſtanding our Lectures of Morality, cannot yet diſtinguiſh Truth from Appearance. Who do you think this confident Gipſie is? it is the falſe Polititian, the cunning *Machiavil*, who gives Potions of his falſe Aphoriſms, to the greedy Throat, and vitiated Palate of the Ignorant, which being plauſible, appear true to them; but being well examined, are no other than painted Corruption, and the gilded Pills of Sin, and Vice, not ſo much the Plots of State, as devices fit for the Stalls of Beaſts: he ſeems indeed to carry a mildneſs in his lips, and ſuavity in his tongue, and yet breaths infernal Flames, conſumes good Manners and Cuſtoms, and burns up the flouriſhing condition of Republiques; that which ſeems Ribons, are ſuch Politick Laws as tye and bind up the hands of Vertue, and looſe the ravenous claws of Vice; the Paper he ſwallowed is the Book and Pandects of Falſity, and that which in the form of Truth invites ſo many Fools and Knaves to receive pernitious Maxims. Believe me all here is deceit, it would be better to diſengage our ſelves quickly and retreat back; But *Andrenio* taken with theſe paſtimes, deſired another days recreation here, having received much ſatisfaction with that which was paſt. Scarce was it day (though there, ſeldom more than a dim twilight appears) before the impatient

The cuning Fugler.

tient Vulgar weary of their Beds, returned again to the ſame Stage deſirous of the ſecond days Feſtival; the repreſentation was a Maſque of various Apparitions, and Scenes, acted on the grand Theater of the Univerſe. *Andrenio* was not backward to be one of the firſt Spectators, induced thither by his own fancy, and *Critilo* aſſented thereunto that he might advance his knowledge, and encreaſe his experience. Here now, inſtead of Muſick, which is the raviſhment of our Sences, and uſual Prologue to a Comedy, were the harſh and untunable clatterings of Tongs, and Kettles, and inſtead of tuned Inſtruments, and the raviſhing Quavers of a Voice, the doleful ſobs of deceived Wretches grated their Ears, and in the concluſion, or laſt Act, entered a Man, or one rather newly ſtript out of his childiſh years, known by his Habit and Faſhion to be a Stranger, though ragged and naked, had no ſooner (being one whoſe Laments kept Conſort with the Muſick) wiped off the tears from his eyes, but inſtantly ſtept out one to meet him as complemental as a Courtier, giving him the welcome, and deſiring his Commands wherein to ſerve him: He made large profers to him, in what his Abilities could reach, or he deſire in a ſtrange Country, and all with ſuch an affluencey of Complement, that the credulous Stranger turned that to Deeds, which he only promiſed in words. At firſt he invited him to his Houſe, a place as full of Inventions, as void of Realities, where he freely preſented him with Gifts, and ſtripping off his Rags ſeemed as if he would perform the act of charity in cloathing the naked; but yet with ſo ſlight an art, that what his right hand ſeemed compaſſionately to beſtow, his left hand with as much cunning

cunning Jugled away: upon his Head he put a Hat with a Band of Diamonds, but that on a ſudden it was hooked away, without knowing how, nor where, which he excuſed with a multitude of Complements; then he gave him a rich Jewel, which with as much dexterity as the former, went the ſame way, placing in the room a counterfeit Stone, anon he attired him with a coſtly Robe, which in the twinkling of an eye, was converted to a Winding-ſheet, a ſad Spectacle, and at length being left in cuerpo, was laughed at by all there preſent, who took no ſmall delight to ſee the ſimplicity of the Forraigner ſo wittily deceived. But whilſt they were attentive on him, they obſerved not how the art was operating on themſelves, who inſenſibly had their Pockets picked, loſt their Cloaks, and looking one on the other, it was ſome comfort to them to have Companions in the ſame misfortune; at length every one ſlunk away, more troubled for their loſs then aſhamed of the Cheat. This was no ſooner gone, but entered another Wheedler, who promiſed more civility then the former, and like an *Epicure*, treated of nothing but Senſualities, and to ſatisfie the enormous Luſts of his own Appetite, in order to which he prepared a plentiful Table, with all Varieties of Sallets, and quelquechoſes, and ſet out Chairs for the Gueſts, one whereof without farther ceremony taking the chief Seat, had it ſlipt from under him, and ſo fell with the common ſhout of the whole Theater; but ſuddenly a compaſſionate Woman applied her aſſiſtance to recover him, and giving him her hand helped him up to be partaker in the remaining Banquet, but the Meat was all imaginary and fantaſtick, the Pye was empty, and hollow, the Gammon was dried to nothing, and the

Birds,

Birds, had only the names of Partridges crude and without ſubſtance, and the Salt falling with him was a token of ill luck, and the occaſion that the Meat was without taſte or ſavour; the Bread which ſeemed of the pureſt Flower, was gritty and full of Sand, neither Bran, nor any courſneſs ſifted from it; the third courſe was of the Fruit of *Sodom*, dry, and choaky, and the Cup they drank out of, full of leaks, and holes, that they ſucked more of Air, then Wine; their Muſick was but drunken Acclamations; at the midſt of the Banquet, one already ſatisfied glutted after his eager greedineſs, and ſleepy with a full Stomach, repoſed his Body on a falſe ſupport, which wanting force for the weight he laid on it, gave way, and ſo falling, counted every ſtep backwards, till at laſt he came to the Earth, where he was ſtifled in the ill Air of Mire and Filthineſs. Of all the preſent Spectators of his Fall there was not one ſo much as to aſſiſt him, untill looking on all ſides to ſee if any would compaſſionate his caſe, he ſpied an old Man, whoſe age he thought was paſt the wagery of Youth, to him he reached his hand, and deſired his help, which he readily gave, and not only aſſiſted him with his hand, but lifted him on his ſhoulders, but but he being lame with age, and no leſs falſe then the reſt, in a few paces, ſtrumbled on his Crutches, and fell into a ſecret ſnare of Flowers, and greeneſs of effeminacy, where he ſlited him off, catching at his flying Coat, let his Body drop where it was no more ſeen, nor heard of; at which the Mechanick Theater ſhouted with acclamations, and thereby performed the Obſequies of his dying Memory. Every one, even *Andrenio* himſelf, clapt their hands applauding the

Our Life a Tragedy.

the Jeſt, and Trick of the one, and the ridiculous Folly of the other. *Andrenio* turning himſelf to *Critilo* perceived he did not only laugh as the reſt, but ſighed to ſee the madneſs of this age. What is the matter, ſaid he, is it poſſible that you with ſo much affected ſingularity ſhould go in oppoſition to the common humour, when ſome laugh, you Weep, and in their rejoicings you lament? It is true, ſaid *Critilo*, for this hath been rather a torment, and ſpectacle to exerciſe my Patience, then a paſtime for my pleaſure; and if your experience and judgment knew how to interpret theſe paſſages, you would ſide with me, and be partaker in the ſame reſentment. Why, who is this, replied *Andrenio*, but a credulous Forraigner, whoſe folly is his deſtruction, and his ears being open to all Stories, is ſubject to all Frauds, and is paid with that gullery, which his indiſcreet facility hath deſerved; ſuch an one I would rather deride, then pity, and in this caſe be rather a *Democritus*, then an *Heraclitus*. Tell me, replied *Critilo*, if you were in his condition, whom you thus deſpiſe, What would you ſay? Who I, ſaid he, in his condition, how is it poſſible, that I who am alive, healthful, and perhaps more in my Wits than he, ſhould ſo far outrun them as to arrive at this pitch of madneſs? This is the error, replied *Critilo*, know then that this unfortunate Stranger, is a Man as we all are, who enters Weeping on this Tragick Theater, is encountred with the Songs, and Enchantments of Falſity, as a remedy of his Melancholy: naked he comes in, and as empty goes out; which is all the treatment he receives from ruinous Maſters; his entrance is encountred by the firſt Deceiver, which is the

World,

World, who proffers and complies in nothing, gives and enriches him with the ſpoils of another, which he ſuddenly returns to challenge again, and to draw away with one hand, what the other offered, that all thoſe Gifts, and Careſſes of Fortune, at laſt like Smoak vaniſhed in nothing. The other, which invited his Appetite to the Feaſts of Senſualities, was a Deceiver, who importunately vext this Gueſt, till he was fallen into the Sins of Luſt, and after as much tormented him, with the pangs of Conſcience; the Meat was without ſubſtance and nouriſhment, the Drink a poiſonous Potion, or at the beſt but a falſified Liquor, which fumed and intoxicated the Brain, that caſt him down, and his fall received with the Songs of Sorrow, and the Acclamations of Miſery, the vile Rabble of Fortune. Laſtly, that old Hypocrite the worſt of all, inveterate with Malice, was *Time*, which tript up his heels, and caſt him into the Grave, where he left him dead, ſolitary, naked, and forgotten: So that if we obſerve well, all take advantage on miſerable Man. The World deceives him, Life flatters him, Fortune derides him, Health forſakes him, his Youth paſſes, Felicity withdraws, Years fly away, and Contented ones come not, Time runs, his Life ends, Death catches him, the Grave devours him, the Earth covers him, Putrifaction diſſolves him, Oblivion ſwallows him, and he who yeſterday was a Man, to day is Duſt, and to morrow nothing. But how long ſhall we looſe pretious Time, let us return to our former Road, our ſtreight and direct way; for here is nothing that we can expect more, unleſs to entangle our ſelves in a Labyrinth of Errors; but *Andrenio*, bewitched with this Vanity, and having found gratious reception in the Palace, became an

Idolator of this Kings Greatneſs, which was fantaſtick, without reality or ſubſtance: The many favours he had received there, and the good eye with which he was looked on by the greateſt Miniſters, made him promiſe himſelf no ſmall Preferment; he made often means and friends to be admitted to the preſence of his Majeſty, and to kiſs his Feet, though he wanted thoſe Parts, being an imperfect piece of Nature. *Critilo* returned again to him, deſiring and perſwading with what Arguments he could, his departure; and being at length wearied with his importunity, and requeſts, at laſt conſented to his demands: But being come to the Gates of the City, with an intention to leave it. O unhappy Fortune! they were ſtopped by the Guards, who ſuffered all to come in, and none to go forth, ſo that they were forced to return again, and to lament the miſery of this Snare, into which they were fallen. *Andrenio* returned again to the former folly of his antient pretentions, who was yet entertained with large promiſes, but no performance. Which *Critilo* objected as an argument to wean his affections. But which way their eſcape was effected is related in the following *Criſis*, together with the Acts of the famed *Artemia*.

The 15th May 1671

The

The Eighth Crisis.

The Miracles of Artemia.

A Reſolute Courage is a good remedy againſt an unconſtant Fortune, an humble Nature will bear patiently the ſeverity of Laws; Art, and Science overcomes the unpoliſhed rudeneſs of Nature, and a diſcreet Judgment is a ſecure protection in all difficulties. For Art perfects Nature, is a ſecond Being, endeavors to adorn the firſt, and pretends to exceed the rude lines of her work with a better Air, and neater Curioſity. Well may ſhe glory to have created another World, and reformed its rudeneſs, that what blots and errors Nature hath committed and blurred, Art hath expunged, and been an aſſiſtant to her feeble Operations. This without doubt was the employment of Man in Paradiſe, when God inveſted him with a Power of Predominancy over the World, to rule and make up the diſcompoſed Breaches, which was but to poliſh Nature, and to teach rude clownery a more artificial Behaviour. So that art is a trimming of Nature, the mount of this level Simplicity, and miraculous in her Works; ſo that if a deſart by the Gardners hand may be turned to a Paradiſe; Why ſhould it not take the ſame

effect in the Soul, and cultivate the over-grown Soil of Mans Reaſon. Let then our *Roman* Youth try theſe Myſteries, view the effects on *Andrenio*, who now though clouded, and captivated in the confuſions of this Court, is yet ranſomed with Felicity, and by *Critilo's* importunities obtained his Liberty.

There was a Queen, whoſe prodigious Miracles and Actions had celebrated her praiſes in the farthest World; her Territories bordered on the Confines of this King, ſo that ſuch potent Neighbors, differently diſpoſed, muſt neceſſarily contract hatreds and diſtaſtes, which breaking out into Wars, often ended in a bloudy concluſion. This Lady was called (for never did ſhe belie her name, or actions) the wiſe, and diſcreet *Artemia*, famed in all Ages, and her Actions chronicled to all Poſterity. Every one ſpake honourably of her, and with that variety of adoration worſhipped her, as the diſtinction of Religions, directed their Devotions, and though the Wiſe, and Prudent were only thoſe (and amongſt them the Duke *del Infantado*) who had procured a true and right notion of her Worth; yet the Vulgar report ſpake her to be a famous *Medea*, an Enchantreſs whoſe Art worked not like the Charms of *Circe*, which metamorphos'd Men into Beaſts, but rather diſinchanted, and regenerated the bewitched eſtate of Man into original Reaſon. Some ſay they have ſeen enter into her Houſe, ſomething without ſhape, a Brute, or Beaſt, which in a few days, ſhe turned to ſo different a Nature, that he became a polite Work, and piece of Rationality; ſhe made the blind Mole more acute in Sight then the ſpotted Linx; Crows ſhe hath turned into the mild innocency of candid Doves, the timorous Hare hath received a Lions courage, and the

the ignoble Kite become as long Winged, and generous as the Eagle: a Horſe committed to her Charge, proceeded as an effect of her School, eloquent in Speech, ſo that they generally reported, ſhe taught Beaſts to ſpeak, but of greater honour it was, that in convenient occaſions ſhe taught them ſilence. She inſpired life into Statues, and gave breath to appearing Shadows. Out of lumps of Clay ſhe produced Fleſh; into giddy Fancies ſhe infuſed Gravity; the Dwarf ſhe hath raiſed to a Giants Stature, and turned apiſh Poſtures to a compoſed Countenance; of a ſcoffing Jeſter ſhe hath made a ſevere *Cato*, and by the ſtrength of nouriſhment, ſhe hath nurtured a Pigmy Infant to a lofty *Tipheus*, ſuch as were Men only in Title, and Name; ſhe hath really and ſubſtantially made them ſo; to the Blind ſhe hath given Sight, and fixed the Lights of Reaſon like *Argus*'s Eyes; ſhe hath quitted the prejudice of the blind intereſted, and againſt their own advantage obliged them to profeſs Verity. Men but of Straw and Clouts, ſhe hath turned into true and unfeigned Figures; from the Viper ſhe hath pluckt his Sting, and not only cleanſed its Venom, but made it an Antidote againſt other Poiſons; her Art hath been moſt extolled, in the greateſt difficulties, and her skill then moſt renowned, when it worked on the bad Materials of uncapable Subjects; for into dull Wits, ſhe hath inſtilled Wiſdom; ſhe hath not only endued the proſperous with Memory, but the unhappy with Judgment and Diſcretion; a meer Fool ſhe hath made a *Seneca*; an ignorant Citizen a high Politician, and an unskilful Soldier ſhe advanced to a knowing Commander. Of ſome deformed Monſters ſhe hath made Angels, a Miracle that the Feminine Sex ought to

eſteem and gratefully to acknowledge. Of a ruinous Deſart ſhe had oft compoſed a delitious Garden, and gave ſo much vertue to the Soil, that Trees began there to radicate where but lately a Shrub wanted moiſture. A Court, and City ſhe had formed, and rendred as polite and neat as *Florence* it ſelf; nor was it impoſſible that her exploits ſhould erect a triumphant *Rome*. In this manner did every one diſcourſe of her Actions, not as if ſhe had produced them by Miracle, but as plauſible and honeſt effects of her own Power.

Critilo had ſoon intelligence of this Lady, for his troubles obliging him to ſeek a remedy, he was the more inquiſitive to receive an exact information concerning *Artemia*; and in regard that all the Arguments and Perſwaſions which Friendſhip ſuggeſted were little available to the deaf Ears of *Andrenio*, he reſolved to depart, and to force his way againſt all difficulties, which he found not ſo environed with obſtacles, but that he, who was reſolute to eſcape, might find a door; from whence I ſay reſolving to depart, he found an eaſier paſſage then was expected, and remained as happy as contented, and being freed from any detentions, followed the Road that directed to the deſired Court of *Artemia*, to conſult about a remedy which might uncaptivate his beloved Friend, whom ſo much the more he entertained in his Thoughts, by how much the farther the diſtance of the way had ſeparated him from his ſociety. Many Paſſengers he encountred in the way, who journied thither, ſome for curioſity, others for their advantage and profit; the wiſeſt and moſt obſerving, paſſed their Journey with Stories of her Actions, how ſhe had made Lions to couch at her feet,

and

and transformed them into humane Souls, and with muttering ſome few words diſinchanted Serpents, and raiſed their crawling Bowels from the duſt, and erected their Heads towards Heaven: how ſhe had ſucked out the Venom from the Baſilisks eyes, that an Infant might behold them without danger of emiſſions, or infections, which dart into youthful tenderneſs; all which were things as rare as profitable. All this is nothing, ſaid another, her power can charm the *Syrens* Songs, tranſform their laſcivious Tongues into chaſt Matrons, make the ravenous Wolf become a mild Turtle, and the higheſt that poſſibly can be imagined a ſenſual *Venus*, take the Vow of a Veſtal Virgin. All agreed that this was very admirable and rare. The Artificial Palace of this Queen, was ſituated on an eminent riſing, where ſhe commanded the Waters to aſcend in Streams in token of their obedience to her powerful Art, in imitation of which that famous * Artiſt invented thoſe Chriſtal Fountains, that ariſe like dews from the running *Tagus*; her Garden was crowned with Flowers, ſurrounded with Beds of Pinks, Prodigies of fragrancy and odours; for the Brambles produced Roſes, which faded not like other Flowers, but continued their lively bluſh, and ſweet ſmells, as rarities in all ſeaſons of the year, the very Elms produced Pears, and the Thorns Grapes, the choaky *Aragon* Pear changed its Nature, and turned Mellow, and became more delitious then the Bergamot, and the dry Cork-Tree ſweated forth drops of *Nectar*; in the Pools were heard the continual harmony of melodious Swans, which was an unknown

Chaſt Matrons

* *The Invention of* Juanneto *in the Water Works of* Toledo.

unknown Note to *Critilo*; for though the vulgar Speech report them to ſing their own Funeral Obſequies, yet ſo rare is one Song from them, that none can ſay he hath been an Auditor of their ſadneſs; for they being of a candid, and undeceiving Nature, if they ſing, it muſt be in the Satyrick Meteor of unſavory Truth, which ſo grates the ears of the generality, that they think it more convenient to be ſilent, till either their Agony, and Pangs of Conſcience force them to breathe out Truth, or that then in their laſt farewell they fear not to pronounce boldly their own Sence, fearing neither puniſhment, nor loſs of Eſtate; hence it is ſaid, that ſuch a Preacher, or that Miniſter ſpake clearly, that ſuch a Secretary of State confeſt and publiſhed Secrets, and that this Councellor diſcloſed the moſt inward Thoughts of his Breaſt, and breathed out Truth together with his life. At the Gate ſtood a Lion, a gentle Porter, whoſe fierceneſs had been lately turned to the Manſitude of a Lamb, and a Tiger to a Sheeps innocency; at the Balconies appeared pratling Birds, who yet worked, and diſcourſed together with the prating Parrot, who held the Diſtaff? The Cats and Domeſtick Animals of that Houſe, were not ravenous, nor given to prey, but Loyally acknowledged their mighty Empreſs, and each day proſtrating at her feet, renewed profeſſions of obedience. At her door attended multitudes of modeſt Virgins, well faſhioned, and comely, though Mechanicks, and of mean Degree. The more Noble and ingenuous Ladies, all Attendants of the diſcreet *Artemia*, were advanced to ſuch Forms, as ſome vertuous Heroes thought fit to advance them, repartting unto every one their peculiar Leſſons and Places

of

of Preferment; in judging of which, and of every ones particular Abilities, the chief Arbiter employed was *Don Vincentio de Laſtanoſa.* Her Mouth was little and modeſt, her Eyes full, and piercing, her Speech though grave yet pleaſing, and above all, her hands were of Soveraign Quality, that they gave life to thoſe on whom ſhe laid them, and worked a Miracle on benumbed Souls; her behaviour was with a good air, and faſhion, her body handſomely proportioned; In fine, all ſhe did, became her, and all her actions were full of Art and Vertue. *Critilo* being arrived, had Audience of her, with the greateſt Civilities and Courteſie, that could be expreſſed, for ſhe quickly diſcovered his conſtancy and inclinations to Vertue, and judged of his good Nature and Affability from the ingenuity of his Countenance, which is the Index and Character of the Soul. Whilſt *Critilo* approached near to kiſs her hands, ſhe retired with ſome wonder backward, to ſee one ſuch a Maſter in Vertue, to enter the School, and one ſo wiſe to walk unaccompanied, in regard that Society is affected by the Wiſe, and carries with it much of the comelineſs of the Graces, which are at leaſt three in number; but he preſſing forward, let fall a floud of tears, and anſwering, ſaid, I was not wont to walk thus ſolitarily alone, for I had once another Companion, whom I now give over for loſt, by means of an ill Conductor, and a trateirous Guide, who in this Country ſometimes directed us, and at laſt deſtroyed us; in his behalf, I apply my ſelf to you, Thou ſole Remedy of Misfortunes, petitioning your favour to reſcue my other ſelf, who remains a diſtreſſed Captive, and the more unfortunate, becauſe I know not where, nor how, nor with whom, I loſt him,

him. If you know not, replied ſhe, where you left him, or with whom, how ſhall we know where to find him? This I commit to the skill of your myſterious Art, ſaid he, for he remains in the Court of a famous King (whence I durſt ſwear, he could never be recovered) an Emperor univerſally powerful, and only ſingular in being unknown. Hold, ſaid ſhe, I underſtand you now, without doubt he remains in the great *Babylon* (but no Court) of my great enemy *Falismund*, in whoſe Territories the whole World runs to confuſion, and all haſten their end there, becauſe they know not, nor conſider it. However take good Courage in a bad Fortune, and our Policy ſhall not be wanting to countermine his deceit, and ſo calling one of her chiefeſt Miniſters, and greateſt Confidents, who attended with great readineſs, and being a perſon of much Reſolution, and Illuſtrious for his Integrity, and clear Dealing, ſhe committed to him the charge of this buſineſs. *Critilo* having informed him concerning the particulars of all paſſages, *Artemia* gave him directions, and therewith a Glaſs of pure Criſtal, the famous Workmanſhip of one of the ſeven Greeks, and having acquainted him of the efficacy and vertue of it, and how to make uſe of it, ſhe referred the reſt to his own management. Before he departed he cloathed himſelf after the faſhion of that Country, in the Livery of *Falimund*, which was made up of many Folds, Linings, Furrs, Counter-Furrs, covered with Coats, and Caſſocks, and over all a Cloak to hide Frauds; and in this manner he departed to comply with his Commands and Confidence repoſed in him.

Critilo

Critilo was as much contented as favoured in the Court of *Artemia*, entertaining himſelf with improving his knowledge, and every day obſerving Miraculous operations; for there he ſaw (what ſeemed impoſſible) a rugged Clown transformed to a refined Courtier, a Mountanier to become a Gentleman, and Principal in his Art; nor was it leſs wonderful, that a *Biſcayner* ſhould be made an Eloquent Secretary. There were Cloaks of Baze, transformed into Velvet, the Scholars rags of Poverty to eminent Purple, and the Novitiates Bonnet to an Epiſcopal Mitre. Thoſe who commanded in one part, ſhe hath given Commiſſion for another: the poor Shepherd of a thin Flock, ſhe hath made an univerſal Paſtor: Beſides, her power knows no limits, but works moſt intenſe at the fartheſt diſtance, for ſome have ſeen a Poſt-Boy promoted to *Bethlem Gabor*, and a Lacquay, to a Lord of *Tenza*; and there are Witneſſes how in former times the Goad hath grown into a Scepter, and a Scrivener become a *Cæſar*; the ſhadows of one night over-paſt ſhe hath ſo changed and altered the Faces of ſome, that their intimate Friends have ſcarce taken acquaintance of their altered countenances; their Judgments, Opinions, and Wills, have been changed, and their Affections reformed. Men of wild, and and unconſtant Brains have been made grave and ſevere; and others of vain and empty Carriage have been confirmed in ſolidity, and ſubſtance. In like manner ſhe hath ſupplied all the defects and infirmities of the Body, for on ſome ſhe hath beſtowed ſhoulders, feet, hands; to others ſhe hath given eyes, teeth, and hair; but above all ſhe hath cured the rotten Ulcers, and gangrings in the heart; all which are not leſs than Miracles of her admired Art.

Art. But what *Critilo* moſt admired was to ſee her ſhave, and hew an unfaſhioned Log, a Trunk, an unformed Lump, till ſhe brought it both to the Form and Rationality of a Man, which could ſpeak, diſcourſe and reaſon in a manner as was worth the attention; but let us leave him here a while entertained, and follow the diſcourſe of this prudent Miniſter, who is now on his journey, and purſuit of *Andrenio*, remaining as yet in the Court of the famous *Faliſmund*.

Still did the drunken Surfet of the Bacchanalian Feaſts go forward, the Streets were filled with Sports and Maſcarades, walked with more licentiouſneſs then in *Barcelona* it ſelf, both Men and Women ſported in diſguiſed Habits, faſhioned not only in the mode and cloak of Sin, but in the white attire of Sanctity and Vertue, whereby the credulous ſimplicity of ſome was deluded, though the Wiſe clear-ſighted Men, knowing them well, adviſed them to unmask themſelves. It is a thing very obſervable, how deſirous all were to cloath themſelves in forraign Habits, and ſome contrary or different to their Natures; for the Fox put on the skin of the Lamb, the Serpent the feathers of the Dove, the Uſurer deſired to paint his Avarice with the Twins of Charity, the Adulterer to be ſtiled the familiar Friend of the Husband, the Wolf ambitious to be eſteemed Abſtemious, the Lion to be accounted as gentle and mild as the Sheep, the Cat affected with a *Roman* Beard, would hear of nothing but *Rome*'s Cuſtoms, the Aſſe would imitate the Lion, whilſt he is ſilent, and the angry Dog that ſnarls, affected to ſhew his Teeth in ſmiles and laughter. This faithful Offi-

Feigned Men.

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cer travelled in queſt of *Andrenio*, through croſs-ways, and by-paths, and though he was skilful, and wary enough to avoid errors, yet ſo was he changed, that he knew not *Critilo* himſelf, for his Eyes were now clouded with a miſt, not fully open, as formerly, but dimmed, and a little obſcured; for the Officers of *Faliſmund* do chiefly deſign at firſt to vitiate or debilitate the Sight of Strangers; for that beſides his Voice began here to fail him and to change both pronounciation, and accent, his Ears grew deaf, and the reſt of his Sences diſturbed and diſtempered, that if man each hour hath his Changes, and in the evening is altered from his mornings Strength; what can we expect but a Change in thoſe who deſcend from Vertues more different Climate, to the Centre of Error and Falſity. But yet breaking through all difficulties, with much induſtry and diligent enquiry he came at laſt to hear of *Andrenio*, and one day found him employed in what he uſually loſt his hours, in beholding others ſport away their Wealth, and make an end both of their Eſtate and Conſcience: for there he ſtood gazing at a Match at Tennis, the moſt natural and faſhionable Entertainment of the World, which was performed in the high Street by Parties of different Natures and Conditions: the one ſide was black, and the other white, one tall, the other low, theſe rich, and the other poor, and all dexterous Gameſters, and accuſtomed to the ſport, in which they eternally conſumed their time, and thoughts. The Balls were puft with wind, in faſhion like Mens heads, which the Ball-maker had filled with blaſts, at the eyes, and ears, making them as hollow as empty; thus one giving the word, warned them to play with attention. All, ſaid he, is but ſport and madneſs.

madneſs, and with that gave the Ball ſo hard a ſtroak, that it flew through the Air, by the vertue of that violence which the blow had impreſſed on it, which another taking at the rebound, returned it again without ſuffering it to reſt from its motion. Thus all endeavoured to kick, and foot away this common Ball, for in that conſiſted their dexterity and Victory. Sometimes it was toſſed ſo high, that it was out of ſight, anon ſo low, that it bounded and trilled on the ground, ſo as to bemire it ſelf with the filth and ordure of the Earth; ſome kicked it with their feet, others ſtroak with their hands, but the moſt with Rackets in the form of tongues, that ſometimes it mounted through the air, and again deſcending quarrelled with the ground, ſuffering great varieties and changes of Fortune; one cried out he won Fifteen, and ſo he did, for at thoſe years Men gain Vice, and looſe the Treaſures of Vertue; another ſaid he had won Thirty, and gave the game for his own; but theſe years do conclude the Set. In this manner they ſported with the Ball, till at laſt it fell down and burſt, and then every one trampled on it. Thus concluded the Game, ſome winning at their own coſt, whilſt others were entertained with the view of this paſtime. Theſe, ſaid *Andrenio*, turning himſelf toward him, that ſought for him, ſeem to be the Heads of Men. And ſo they are, ſaid he, and one of them is yours. Men I mean who have loſt their Brains, and filled their Sculls with Air, and Wind, with Dregs, and Cobwebs, and fantaſtick Apparitions. The World throws up her Balls of Vanity, which the elevated and happy Souls, catch and hurl down again to their contrary oppoſites Trouble and Calamity: whilſt

The Game at Tennis.

whilſt miſerable Man ſtanding in the middle way, ſometimes depreſſed, then exalted, and ſubject to the ſtroaks of both, till at laſt he tumbles burſt into the mire, and filth of his Sepulcher. What art thou, ſaid *Andrenio*, that ſeeſt ſo much? And, what art thou, replied he, that ſeeſt ſo little? Thus in diſcourſe he began to inſinuate himſelf into his favour, and firſt to gain the Fort of his Will, the better to command and over-awe his Underſtanding; ſo that *Andrenio* diſcovered unto him his Breaſt, declaring his hopes, and thoſe great promiſes were made of obtaining his pretenſions. But this cunning Artiſt ſeeing his time and ſeaſon, informed him, that the courſe he took was vain, and would never gain him admittance to ſee this King, much leſs introduce him to a private Audience; for to ſee him is to be effected by your own Will, and the ſole being of this Prince is to be unknown: the way his Miniſters take to give a view, and proſpect of him, is to blind you firſt: Conſider but awhile how blind you are: What will you give me if this night, I ſhew him to you? You do but jeſt, ſaid *Andrenio*. No, for I am moſt uſually ſerious. All I ſhall deſire is, that when I diſcover him, you would view him well, obſerve, and eye his humour. This, ſaid *Andrenio*, is to deſire me what I have ſo earneſtly entreated. So having appointed the hour, both punctually complied with their promiſe, one as deſirous of this Novelty, and the other as zealous of the others deliverance. But whilſt *Andrenio* believed he ſhould be firſt introduced into the favour of ſome intimate Miniſters, he on the contrary perceived himſelf lead another way, and carried always to a diſtance from the Court, which made him give

Our Life again.

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a ſtop; willing to return backward, ſuſpecting a greater Fraud, and Abuſe in this then in thoſe former Snares to which his Errors had betrayed him. But this diſcreet Officer ſtill detained him, Obſerve, ſaid he, and view through this Glaſs, what is denied us at a nearer Proſpect; for aſcending up this Hill, a little raiſed from the ordinary level of the Earth, we ſhall I know diſcover moſt hidden Secrets; with that he perſwaded him to aſcend a little up, and place himſelf juſt oppoſite to the Windows of *Faliſmund.* I think, ſaid *Andrenio*, I ſee more then I did before, which much encouraged his Inſtructor, who knew that to ſee, and underſtand, was the only remedy, and cure for his ſickneſs. *Andrenio* turned his eyes, and looked toward the Palace, to ſee if he could eſpy any glimpſe or appearance of that hidden Majeſty; but he perceived that it was all in vain, for the Windows were ſhut, the Latices obſtructed, and the Glaſs ſo thick as no ſight could penetrate it. This is not the way, ſaid this grave Inſtructor, to behold, and take a proſpect on the World; but turning his back upon it, adviſed him to conſider all in a different nature, from what they appear, the inward and moſt natural Affections having another force, then the outward Viſions: with that he drew out his Lookingglaſs, and uncaſing it of its Silken-cover, put it before his eyes, in that manner, that the reflections of the Palace, whoſe view deceived the eyes of common beholders, gave here a perfect deſcription of all its infirmities. Look now, ſaid he, contemplate on it, and glut your longing deſire with a full enjoyment. With which *Andrenio* was ſo aſtoniſhed, and amazed, that every Joint began to tremble. What is the matter now, quoth the old Man? What is it affrights, and diſmays you?

you ? I ſee, ſaid he, what I never deſired, nor ever believed ; I ſee a Monſter, the moſt horrible my life hath ſeen, one that hath neither feet nor head, a moſt diſproportionate piece of Nature, one part not correſponding with the other, a prodigious ſhape of Monſtroſity ; his hands cruel and bruitiſh, a counterfeit compoſition of all kinds, and yet of none in reality ; his mouth like a Wolf, where never Truth hath had a habitation, and is ſo prodigious in all reſpects, that a Chimera is an Aſs in compariſon hereof ; take me, take me away, leſt I faint with theſe affrighting Apparitions ; but his prudent Companion told him, and bid him obſerve well his Mouth, which at the firſt glance repreſented the lively features of a Man, but in reality was a Foxes Snout, his Middle a Serpent, his Body was ſo crooked, and his Bowels ſo twiſted, that he ſeemed as if he would vomit them up. His back was riſing like a Camels Bunch, his Noſtrils ſtuft with knobs, his upper parts like the *Syrens* countenance, and his lower Supporters of no nobler ſubſtance then the reſt of his compoſure. Do you not ſee with what pain, and trouble he walks forward, how he turns his neck, how a Bunch on his Back, depreſſeth his ſteps, how ill inclined he bends, his Hands lame, his Feet ſplaed, his ſight a-ſquint, his Speech ſtammering, and ſcarce Intelligible. In fine, all is bad, to conſummate the full Catalogue of all imperfections. It is ſufficient, ſaid *Andrenio*, that theſe deformities are ſo contrary to my Nature, that I ſtart in beholding them. And it is ſufficient, ſaid his Inſtructor, that it is with you, as it is with others, who having once ſeen theſe things, they have enough, and never deſire to ſee them more. But who is this crowned Monſter, demanded *Andrenio* ?

Deceit.

drenio? Who is this horrid Spectacle of a King? This is one, replied he, as famous, as unknown, this is one to whom the whole World yields obedience, the general diſcourſe and ſpeech of all, whom all would rather viſit in their Neighbors houſe, than entertain in their own. This is that grand Hunter, who entraps the whole World in his univerſal toil. This is that Lord who commands the half of the firſt year, and afterwards poſſeſſes himſelf of the other half. This is the powerful Commander of weaker Heads, the Judge who condemns all thoſe who make their appeal to his Sentence. This is that univerſal Prince of all, not only of Men, but of Birds, of Fiſh, of Brutes. In fine, this is that famous, that renowned, and that common Deceit. Let us not then ſtay longer here, ſaid *Andrenio*, for methinks my affections are more eſtranged from him at this diſtance, then when I was nearer to him. Hold, ſaid his Tutor, this is not enough, but I would have you know and view his whole Kindred, and Family, and ſo having laid aſide the Glaſs, on a ſudden appeared a Fiend more mad, and furious then *Orlando*, an old Hag more fraudulent and crafty then the Wife of *Sempronio*; Who is this *Meguera*, demanded *Andrenio?* This is the Princes Mother, ſaid ſhe, who commands, and governs all, which is Lie, and Falſity, Old, and Decrepid, and almoſt as antient as the World, being not long produced after its Creation. It ſeems, ſaid *Andrenio*, then that ſhe is very antient. O! the monſtrous deformity of this Creature; when ſhe diſcovers her ſelf, ſhe halts ſo, that the ſloweſt pace of thoſe that follow, may overtake her. What great attendance is that which accompanies her. Theſe are, ſaid he, the whole World, her two Dwarfs

Dwarfs are Yea, and No, which waited on her in her Promiſes, Offers, Excuſes, Complements, Favors, and Flatteries. With that turning the Glaſs on the other ſide, they perceived an honourable Train, if Antiquity, and antient Bloud may more ennoble a Family then Honeſty; for there was Ignorance the Grand-mother, Malice the Spouſe, Folly the Siſter, Calamities, Troubles, Diſcontents, Shame, Repentance, Perdition, Confuſion, Contempt, and the reſt of the Brood, and ſpurious Off-ſpring of ſo vile a Parentage. Thoſe who ſtand Attendants at her ſide, are the Brethren, and Kindred of her nearſt Bloud, and Cheats, Wheedles, and Intrigues, are her Grand-children, born in this preſent Age. Art thou now content *Andrenio*, demanded his Inſtructor? Content, No, but yet I am glad, I am thus undeceived: Let us depart therefore from hence, for every minute ſeems to me an age, and every thing produces to me a double torment. Firſt by an importunate deſire to enjoy it, and after enjoyment to hate and abhor it. So they went forth by the Gate of Light, from that *Babel* of Fraud. Howſoever *Andrenio* was not yet fully ſatisfied, nor could he ſay that he was perfectly recovered, complaining, that though he had found half of himſelf, yet the other half was loſt, that is, his Friend, or rather Brother, or his own ſelf, for ſuch is a Friend, whoſe real ſincerity knows no Falſhood. If you have loſt a Friend, ſaid his Inſtructor, you have reaſon to lament your loſs: But tell me, was he diſcreet? Yes. Why then, fear not to recover him. He told me, ſaid *Andrenio*, he went to the Court of a wiſe Queen, called *Artemia*. If he were wiſe, replied he, he muſt needs reſide there, and let this baniſh all farther care from your thoughts,

Friends.

thoughts, for whether can he go, who hath drawn you from the confines of Deceit, but by the path of Wiſdom to the Court of that diſcerning Queen? Who is this famous Woman, this Lady ſo renowned in all parts of the World, demanded *Andrenio?* With Reaſon you ſtile her Queen, ſaid his Inſtructor; for there is no power without diſcretion, and who hath that, hath a ſufficient ability to command the World. But thoſe who deduce her Pedigree from the firſt original of her long deſcended Anceſtors, account her riſe from Heaven it ſelf, as being a ray and glimpſe of that Glory which deſcends from the immenſe Wiſdom of the eternal Creator. Some call her Daughter of Time, and Obſervation, the Siſter of Experience, though others maintain her to be the only Child of Neceſſity, Baſtardiſing her Nobility with baſe Bloud, whom I know to be the Legitimate product of the Underſtanding. She is one who lived in antient days, no Child, nor Infant in age, but one who hath found the greateſt favour in the Courts of the Mightieſt Monarchs, her Original was in *Aſſyria*, from thence ſhe travelled into *Egypt*, and *Caldea*, much reſpected; ſhe hath been in *Athens*, that great Theatre of *Greece*, in *Corinth*, and *Lacedemonia*; and after ſhe was Crowned in *Rome*, where in a competition with Valour, ſhe had the Lawrel judged, as due to her Deſerts. The *Goths*, a barbarous and uncultivated People, were contemners of her Sacred name, baniſhing not only her, but her devoted Worſhippers from the extent of their Dominions, with which barbarous Moriſm, not yet fully ſatisfied, pretended to give a full Period to her being, had ſhe not retired to the protection, and ſanctuary of the famous Tetrarchy of *Charles the Great*, where ſhe ſat inſtalled in as much Glory

Glory, and Luſtre, as ever ſhe had ſhined in the moſt Potent Empires. But now at the fame of this powerful and dilated Empire of *Spain*, which poſſeſſeth both the Worlds, ſhe hath changed her Seat to this ample Centre of her Eſtimation. But why, ſaid *Andrenio*, doth ſhe not rather chooſe the famous Court, for her Habitation, to whoſe Altar the various Nations of her univerſal Dominions might reſort, and the polite Courtiers adore her in the neareſt Devotion; then to fix her Tent here amidſt the converſe of ruſtick Clownery, to enjoy only the Scrapes of the clouted Shooe, and the homely reſpect of Country behaviour? It is, replied his Inſtructor, becauſe ſhe would have experience of all, having found of late, but bad entertainment in Courts, cauſed by the countenance which is there given to Vice, which hath often times attempted to throw her from her Seat; nor is it long ſince ſhe lived amongſt Courtiers, where ſhe found to her own damage, Perſecutions, Misfortunes, and Malice, much want of Truth, and exceſs of Fraud, for there is moſt Folly, where there is moſt Preſumption; and I my ſelf have heard her ſay, that if there be moſt Courtſhip there, here is moſt reality, if there moſt paſtimes, here is moſt leiſure; there things paſs away, here we enjoy them, and this is to live, and that to die. Notwithſtanding, replied *Andrenio*, I would rather live with Knaves, then Fools, for though both be bad, yet Folly is an intollerable plague (I mean) to Underſtanding Men, this I ſpeak with reverence, and ſubmiſſion to wiſe *Artemia*. Her Palace began by this time to appear, and ſhine with ſuch a Splendor, that it repreſented Heaven, engraven

The Court.

An Italian *Proverb, La corte e morte.*

with Inscriptions, and crowned with Lawrels of her Conquests, where being now arrived, they were both received with many Wellcomes, but *Andrenio* especially with Embraces; only security was required for his constant perseverance in that profession, which is so severe, that it indulges no permissions contrary to that Duty it imposes. Here to honour her two Guests, *Artemia* worked many famous Miracles not only on others, but on them, themselves, and more on *Andrenio*, being one who most wanted her Art: In a short time he became a person well armed against other Encounters, that if one Lesson of her Councel, is able to make our Life happy, what then must the effect be in him, of so many repeated Instructions, both of his Life and Fortune, wherein she sprinkled some Lessons of a superiour and spiritual Knowledge. Many times she questioned *Andrenio* of his Life, and made him repeat the Story of his strange Condition, when he first entered into the World; what effects the Novelty of this universal Theatre produced in him; but one thing she told *Andrenio*, that she was most desirous to know, in what manner he first beheld this admirable Creation, and how he admired these strange Prodigies, and who was he, who gave the greatest satisfaction to his Reason. But what *Andrenio* answered is related in the following *Crisis*.

The 16th May 1870
The 22d Febr, 1586

The

The Ninth CRISIS.

The Moral Anatomy of Man.

THe antient Miniſters of *Delphos* had engraved on the Temple Walls, in Letters of Gold, and the wiſe Philoſophers had imprinted in larger Characters in their Hearts, That recorded Sentence of *Bias*, *Cognoſce teipſum*, Know thy ſelf. For none of all created Natures, errs in that way he ſhould run, or miſſeth that mark the race of his life ſhould tend to, but Man only whoſe diſtemper is chiefly cauſed by that noble Faculty of Free-Will, nor can the knowledge of other things avail, whilſt Ignorance dwells at home, and miſapprehends the operations of it ſelf. So often doth he degenerate to the vile Servitude of a Slave as often as he renders himſelf a Captive unto Vice. There is no Robber pillages ſo much, nor oppreſſes the unwary Traveller, as the Ignorance of a Mans ſelf betrays him to be preyed on by others, which in many is ſuch a height of Stupidity, that they are neither ſenſible, how inſenſible they are, nor do they obſerve how little they obſerve or conſider. Yet *Andrenio* ſeems worthy to be exempted from this common Folly, when he thus ſatisfied the curioſity of *Artemia*.

Of all theſe wonders I ſaw, and varieties of ſatisfaction I that day enjoyed, there was none which more affected my thoughts,(I ſpeak it with ſome aſtoniſhment, but yet with Truth) then my ſelf,which the more I revolved, and conſidered in my Underſtanding, the more I found it a ſubject to admire. This is that, ſaid *Artemia*, which I have longed to hear you relate, and was a Theme, that the greateſt Wit of our times hath ſo much applauded, calling Man, above all other Created Wonders, the greateſt Prodigy, and effect of Omnipotency. The ſame concluſion we may make from the general Maxim of the principal Philoſopher, *Propter quod unumquodq; eſt tale, illud eſt magis Tale*, That always is more, for whoſe ſake another is ſuch. So that if for the ſake of Man, Stones were created with ſo much Vertue, Flowers with ſo much Beauty, and the Stars twinkling with ſo illuſtrious a Glory, in what ſphere of Beauty muſt Man ſhine above all theſe, to whoſe uſe and ſervice they were deſigned, and deſtinated, he is the Creature of all moſt Noble, the Monarch of this great Palace of the World, inveſted in poſſeſſion of the Earth, having a Commiſſion delivered to him as Governor, and Deputy to rule for the beſt advantage both of himſelf and his Maker. At firſt, proceeded *Andrenio*, I had only ſome rude Notions and Conceptions of my ſelf, till light of the day illuminated my thoughts, and the Criſtals of a Fountain was the only Glaſs wherein to contemplate and view the delineation of my parts, whereby I perceived my proportion different from what my imagination fancied, which cauſed in me ſo much admiration and delight, that I cannot expreſs, with how much content,

The greateſt Prodigy.

tent, and pleaſure I was deceived. I reflected again on my ſelf, and methought I was not yet ſo fooliſhly ignorant as I was contemplative. The firſt thing I obſerved was this compoſition of my whole Body, which is ſtraight, and direct, not inclining to one ſide, nor to the other. Man, ſaid *Artemia*, was created as a Servant of Heaven, and ſo he ought to have his Mind and Body incline thither; for the material rectitude of the body often ſimpathizeth and correſpondeth with the Soul, that where accidents and miſhaps have made a deformity in the Members, the Mind hath often been miſhapen with them, and both have become crooked and humourſome in their Actions. It is true, ſaid *Critilo*, for in a crooked compoſition doth ſeldom dwell a plain, and direct intention, in the nooks and bendings of a Body, we may fear ſome folds and doublings in the Soul. The eyes which are dull and miſty, are accuſtomed to grow dim with Paſſion, whom we do not compaſſionate as we do Blind-men, but rather fear them, as thoſe who may kill with the Squints of an indirect glance; the Lame often ſtumble in the Road of Vertue, and their Will halting between their Affections, makes theſe maimed Cripples, uncapable to walk with equal ſteps; but Reaſon and Underſtanding in better Judgments, hath prevented the Prognoſticks of ſuch ſiniſter infirmities.

The Crooked.

Squint Eyes.

The head, ſaid *Andrenio*, I know not whether I ſpeak improperly, I call the Caſtle, and Fortreſs of the Soul, the Court of her Powers and Faculties. You have reaſon, ſaid *Artemia*; for as God is aſſiſtant, and preſent in all parts, yet the Glory of his Court, is moſt apparent in the Celeſtial *Jeruſalem*;

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ſo the Soul manifeſts it ſelf moſt in her ſuperiour Stations, which is a lively reſemblance of the heavenly Orbs. Who believes not this, let him look into the Soul through the Windows of the Eyes, hear its Voice through the Mouth, and ſpeak to it through the Crevices of the Ears, the upper, and moſt eminent place doth beſt become the Authority of the Head, that its Office may be beſt executed in its command and rule over other parts; and here I have obſerved, ſaid *Critilo*, with much attention, that though the parts of this Republique are ſo numerous, that to every day of the year may be allotted a Bone, yet this variety is with ſo much harmony, that there is no number that may not be applied to it; for the Sences are five, the Humours four, the Powers three, and the Eyes two, all which come to reduce themſelves, and terminate in one common Unity, and Centre of the Head, reſembling the firſt and Divine Mover, in whom the whole Series and Degrees of Creatures come to end by an univerſal dependance. The Underſtanding, ſaid *Artemia*, poſſeſſeth the moſt ſublime and pureſt ſpirituality of the Soul, and hath no ſmall intereſt in the Government of the material Faculties, but as King, and Lord of the Actions of Life, ſoars aloft, penetrates, ſubtiliſeth, diſcourſes, underſtands, and hath fixt its Throne in a candid and flexible diſpoſition, the true Eſſence of the Soul, baniſhing all obſcurity and darkneſs from Conceptions, all prejudice from Affections, and as a good natured Creature, encourages the gifts of docility, with moderation, and prudence. The Memory looks on what is paſſed, and eyes that behind, as the Underſtanding doth that before; ſo that what we paſs, we ſtill ſee, and becauſe we caſt that commonly behind

which

which moſt concerns us, every Wiſe man becomes a *Janus*, and ſees as well behind as before. The hair ſeems to me, ſaid *Andrenio*, a Gift beſtowed on Man, more for his adornment, than neceſſity. They are roots, replied *Artemia*, of this humane Tree, which radicate him in Heaven, and by one hair he is drawn thither, there ought his cares to be, and there he ought to receive his ſubſtantial nouriſhment. They are the Index and Almanack of our Age, and change their colour, as we our affections; the Forehead is the heaven and ſky of the Mind, which is ſometimes clouded, anon ſerene, and clear, the Seat of the Sences, where a ſhame of our Crimes diſcovers it ſelf, and is the place where Paſſions ſport, and delight; Anger in the ſtretched Forehead, Sadneſs in the fallen Countenance, Fear in the Pale, Modeſty in the Sanguine, Deceit in the wrinkled Brow, Good nature in the Smooth, Immodeſty in the Bald, and a good Capacity in the ſpatious Forehead. But that which I moſt admired, ſaid *Andrenio*, in this artificial Fabrick of Man was his Eyes. Do you know, ſaid *Critilo*, with what name that great Reſtorer of Health ſtiles them, *Galen* that retainer of flying Life, and ſearcher into Nature, he calls them Divine parts, who in this ſpake well; for if we obſerve, they are inveſted with a kind of Divinity; which infuſeth Veneration: they work with a certain Univerſality, that they reſemble Omnipotency, producing the Images, and Species of external Objects in the intimate and inward rooms of the Soul: they ſeem to be indued with a kind of Infinity, being preſent and aſſiſtant in all places, and commanding at one inſtant the whole ſpace, and circumference of the Hemiſphere. At one

The Eyes have ſomething Divine.

one thing, ſaid *Andrenio*, I have been much amuſed, that though the Eyes ſee all, yet they ſee not themſelves, nor thoſe Beams that uſually obſtruct them, a Condition and Paradiſe of Fools, who are acute Spies of diſorders in their Neighbors houſe, and Bats of Blindneſs in their own: It were no ſmall conveniency if Man could retort his own Eyes upon himſelf that he might ſtart at his own deformity, moderate his paſſions, and compoſe himſelf again into the beauty of that form, he hath deſtroyed with the loſs of his original Perfection. It were of much advantage, ſaid *Artemia*, if the Cholerick could come to ſee the lowring Frowns of his own Brow, and his own fury affright himſelf; if the finical and amorous Lover could come to the ſight of his effeminate Geſtures, and the reſt of vain Fools to ſee their own Follies. But wary Nature hath omitted theſe ſmall advantages, to prevent more dangerous inconveniencies; for could the Vain reflect and retort his Eyes, he would be enamoured of himſelf, court and adore his own ſhadow, which how deformed and monſtrous ſoever, yet his fond affection would ſtill limit, and confine, to the ſole proſpect of himſelf, it is ſufficient he can behold his own hands before another, or view his Life, and attend to his Actions, which may be as many, as perfect, that he can ſee his own Feet, and know where to direct them, that he knows where to fix his footſteps, on a ſecure, and firm Foundation, this is the chiefeſt uſe to employ our Eyes. It is true, replied *Andrenio*, but yet two Eyes ſeem to me too ſmall a Light for ſo ſpatious a Proſpect, and this animate and lively Palace could not have been better adorned then with ranks of this precious Furniture, which ſince they are but two, their order might have been better diſpoſed, one fixed before,

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to ſee that which comes, and the other behind, to conſider what we have paſt. Some, ſaid *Critilo*, have reproached Nature, and accuſed her of this abſurd overſight, and faigning a Man more agreeable to their ſenſe, fixed his Eyes both behind and before, which ſerved only to make him a Man of a double Countenance, and more double in his Actions, then in his Sight. Were I to correct the faults of Nature, I would place theſe Lights of the Soul on each ſide, and over the Port-holes of his Ears, which ſhould neither by day, nor night cloſe their Lids to the ſoftneſs of Sleep, that ſo they might ſee with whom they aſſociate and link their ſides in a friendly familiarity, ſo would not many be eaſily ſubject to the deadly Pluriſie, a Diſeaſe, as Epidemical, as Mortal: ſo might Man, ſee with whom he ſpeaks, know with whom he ſides, Rules moſt important for the Government of Life, it being better to be deſerted, and left to our own heads, then to be ſubjected to the whiſpers of bad advice; but know, that two eyes well employed are ſufficient for our neceſſities, which looking forward, ſpye the coming of bolder dangers, and with a retorted glance ſee the timorous aſſault of backward Treaſons. One wink in an attentive beholder is ſufficient to make diſcovery in the moſt hidden Secrets; and therefore the eyes were made in the form of Spheres, the moſt proper figure, and fitteſt for ſight, they being of a ſquare have no corners to dim any part or vertue of their light; their ſituation is proper alſo, both to look upwards, and before them, for if beſides our proper Eyes others were ſet in the hinder parts of the head, whilſt ſome looked upwards towards Heaven, others might look to the Earth and breed a ſchiſm, and diſſention in our Affections: But another Wonder I have obſerved of them,

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ſaid *Andrenio*, that in a fooliſh tenderneſs, and good Nature they diſſolve in tears, for what remedy is it to Weep, or can the ſhowres of our Eyes prevent, and drown our misfortunes? let us not ſigh, but laugh at the World, and where our Policy cannot avail us, let our contempt, and ſcorn deſpiſe its Malice. Alas! (ſaid *Artemia*) the Eyes are the firſt Meſſengers of our bad news, who having the firſt notice, are the firſt lamenters; who is not ſenſible of troubles, is dead in a Stoick ſtupidity, and who heaps up Wiſdom, heaps up Sorrow; common Laughter is moſt proper for the fooliſh Mouth, and that which offends moſt often. The Eyes are the faithful doors to let in Verity, in diſpoſing of which Nature was ſo ſcrupulous and cautious, that ſhe hath not only fixed them in the ſame order, but united them in exerciſe of the ſame act, ſhe ſuffers not one to ſee alone, but makes one a Witneſs for the other, that they may conſent in the ſame operation; one cannot ſee white, and the other black, but are ſuch twins both in colour, and bigneſs, that one equivocates the other, and their agreement diſſembles an Unity. In fine, ſaid *Critilo*, the Eyes are in the Body, as thoſe grand Luminaries are in Heaven, and the Underſtanding in the Soul, they ſupply the defects of other Senſes, but all are not able to make up the infirmities and imperfections of them. They do not only ſee, but hear, ſpeak, demand, anſwer, contend, affright, embrace, attract, conſider, and perform the acts and offices of all, and what is moſt conſiderable, their vigor never abates by ſeeing, as neither do the indefatigable pains of State Miniſters, who are the Eyes, and ſight of the publick Welfare. Methodically hath provident Nature, proceeded ſaid *Andrenio*, in reparting to every Sence, their

Proverbs.

their rank and order, as befits the Dignity and Honour of their ſeveral Excellencies. Some it hath diſpoſed in the moſt honourable Seats, and fixed the ſublime operations of life in the publick view, and eye of the World, and contrarily ſeated the homely and mean Works of neceſſity in more occult places, the better with Modeſty to conceal their uncomelineſs. In this, ſaid *Critilo*, ſhe hath reconciled Honeſty with Decency, and particularly in that convenient diſpoſure of the Mothers Breaſts, by which with much decency ſhe tenders nouriſhment to the unweaned Infant. In the next place to the Eyes, ſaid *Andrenio*, the Ears challenge their degree, which are well diſpoſed in a rank ſo high, but their being placed on each ſide, ſeems, I muſt confeſs inconvenient to me, it being a means to lay them open, and facilitate an entrance to introduce Deceit: for as Truth always meets us face to face, ſo Fraud, Traytor-like, crouds to one ſide, and inſinuates entertainment in to unwary Ears. Would not, the Ears, be better and more ſecurely ſeated under the Eyes? by which means they might firſt examine treacherous Spies, and call them to a Parly, before they admit them into the Bowels of the City? How well you underſtand it, ſaid *Artemia*, were the Eyes in that place you ſpeak of, that ſmall remainder of Truth would be baniſhed out of the World, together with the reſt; let them rather be ſeparated ten Fingers breadths from the Sight, or placed in the hinder parts, for that's not Truth is flattered to our Faces, but what proceeds from Sincerity, and is without Paſſion, ſpoken behind our backs. How well do you think Juſtice would proceed, ſhould ſhe ſee that decency, which excuſes her, the riches that defend her, the nobility which pleads her

The Hearing.

her cauſe, the authority which intercedes, and the abilities of other Miniſters whoſe Rhetorick charms her Adverſaries? It is better, that ſhe is blind, and moſt convenient for her own, and others advantage: Our Ears ſtand well in this Mean, not before, leſt they ſhould hear too ſoon, nor behind, leſt they ſhould hear too late. Another thing, replied *Andrenio*, hath buſied and troubled my thoughts to reſolve, which is, that being the Eyes have the conveniency of thoſe fringed Curtains, to bar out the importunate entrance of unwelcome Spectacles, and to cloſe themſelves againſt the view of diſpleaſing Objects: Why ſhould not alſo the Ears have the ſame priviledge, and ſhut a door againſt the ribaldry of vain diſcourſe, become Serpents, and deaf to Charms, and ſo excuſe impertinent Follies, and intercept at the entrance relations of bad news, and ſorrow, the chief deſtroyer and ruine of our Lives. I cannot, I muſt confeſs, but condemn Natures Error in this, eſpecially when I ſee the Tongues raſhneſs curbed within the Wall of Reaſon, and as an unruly Beaſt unpriſoned within the Grates of Teeth, and Doors of the Lips. Why then ſhould the Eyes and Mouth have this advantage, above the Hearing, which ſeems more needful of it, as being moſt ſubject to the danger of Errors? Upon no terms, ſaid *Artemia*, will Nature conſent to ſhut the free and open paſſage of the Ears, which ſhould always be ready to admit an entertainment to the welcome acceſs and entrance of Inſtruction. So that Wiſe nature is not only content to unhinge theſe Doors, and unlock the Bars which interrupt the paſſage, but hath made them the only immoveable parts of Man, as eſteeming the leaſt diverſion from their proper office, but time miſpent, and leiſure prejudicial to Mans condition. Theſe watch,

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and every hour give audience, that when the other Sences weariedly retire to their repoſe, and reſt, theſe careful Centinels of the Soul, attend their guards, and give alarum at the approach of danger; the Soul might ſleep in an eternal lethargy, were not this watchful Sence an early Waker at the mornings approach. There is this difference between Sight, and Hearing, that the Eyes ſeek the Species of diſtinct Objects, how and when they will, but Sounds and Voices move firſt, and are received without choice into the Organs of the Ears. The Objects of Sight are permanent, and durable, and though at preſent we ſee them not, yet they vaniſh not away, and may be viſible at a ſecond review; but Sound flies like time, and who meets not the Fore-lock in its approaching ſteps, ſhall like bald Occaſion, too late ſeek detention in his paſt progreſs; its proper the Tongue ſhould have a double fence, and lined Walls to encloſe it, and the Ears two paſſages of free entrance; for we ought in prudence to hear twice more then our Tongues ſhould utter. I am not ignorant, that the half of what our Ears are Auditors is impertinent, and fruitleſs, for which wiſe Men have a ſingular remedy, and that is by making themſelves deaf, or compoſing wiſe Mens Ears, which is a rare invention and of great advantage; for there are ſome ſhrill ſounds of unprofitable reaſoning without Reaſon, that ſo thin a covering as an Eye-lid would not be ſufficient proof againſt its penetrating violence, and then we have need to ſtop our Hearing with both our hands, whoſe actions as they often expreſs our Minds, and open the Ears of others, ſo alſo are they helpful to ſtop our own: Let the Serpent teach us Subtlety in this, who ſtops one ear by laying

Poſt eſt occaſio calva.

ing it cloſe to the other, and the other with his Tail denying entrance to bewitching Charms. You cannot deny, urged *Andrenio*, that were there a guard or ſtoppage in the ear, there would not be ſo free a paſſage for dangerous Enemies, for the hiſſings of venemous Serpents, for Songs of deceitful Syrens, for flattering Schiſms, Diſcords, and Diſſentions, and other Monſters, who croud to get admiſſion at this entrance. You have reaſon, ſaid *Artemia*, and therefore hath Nature formed the Ears like a Colender, or Strainer of Words, making them almoſt rational and able to judge of Verity; and if you obſerve, ſhe hath before hand prevented this inconvenience, and formed the organ of this Sence with ſo many turnes, and twines of Labyrinth, that they ſeem the Portcullis and Trenches of a Fortreſs, in which words are ſo drained and examined, that there is time and opportunity ſufficient to bring them to the touch-ſtone and teſt of Reaſon. There is alſo within a Bell, which beaten on by the Hammer of Words, gives a certain ſound of their Truth, or Falſity: Haſt thou never obſerved the bitterneſs of that Cholerick humour which purgeth forth at theſe parts; and can you agree with the Vulgar Errors, that it only ſweats forth as Birdlime to dam up an entrance from Flies, and blinder Animals? Know that Nature had thoughts of higher preventions then theſe, and intentions by this to detain the gentle words of *Circes*, and the ſmiling breath of the deceiving Flatterer, whoſe Palates being diſpleaſed with this wholeſome bitterneſs, which is tempered with the unſavoury reliſh of diſcretion, are here ſtopped, and retained: and therefore, conſidered *Critilo*, that Surfet which many take with a glut of ſugred words, is only curable by this antidote of bitterneſs. In fine,

fine, there are two Ears, that ſo a wiſe man may keep one unviolated, though the other be affected with Falſity; for there is a firſt and a ſecond information, that if one Ear be prepoſſeſſed by a too forward and raſh reception, the other may be yet conſerved for Truth, which is commonly manifeſted by the latter Relation. The ſmell, ſaid *Andrenio*, ſeems to me a Sence more delightful then profitable, and more requiſite to feaſt and indulge our Genius, then to ſerve our neceſſities, and therefore it ſhould not advance its ſelf to the third degree, and diſplace others of more importance. O yes! replied *Artemia*, for this is a Sence of greateſt acuteneſs, and is the reaſon why the Noſtrils our whole life long are in continual growth, and that through the ſame Organ of our Noſtrils are breathed the reſpirations of life, which makes our Smell as neceſſary as to live. This diſtinguiſheth perfumed Odours, from the diſpleaſing ſtenches of Corruption, and comforts the Soul with the chearful fragancy of a good Fame, which is the nouriſhment of it; a corrupted Air infuſeth a peſtilentious noiſomneſs, and infection to the Bowels, which a ſagacious and acute Noſe diſcerns, and knows the comfortable refreſhments of a ſweet Savour, and the danger of poiſonous Sents, and Camerines of Cuſtoms, which uſe to envenome, and infect the Soul; it is the Guide of the Blind, and tells him what Meat is tainted, and what is wholeſome, and is our Taſter before we eat; it is that Sence which only enjoys the fragrant reſpirations of Flowers, and refreſheth the Brain with the odoriferous Smells of thoſe Perfumes, which Vertues, Glory, and Fame ſend out from their natural ſweetneſs. We may know the principal Worthies of our

Acute Sent.

time, in whom the Bloud of true Nobility reſides, not by their Perfumed Skins, and Ambar Ointments, but by their Parts and Excellency of their Abilities, which caſt out a fragrancy of Odours from them, unlike the clowniſh blaſts of Garlick, which the Plebeian breaths. With much reaſon, ſaid *Andrenio*, hath provident Nature endued each Faculty with a double power, beſtowing ſeveral Offices on one, not to multiply Agents: So that not only the Noſtrils ſerve for their principal uſe, but in a more ſervile condition, are the channel to convey away the Brains ſuperfluities. This is true, ſaid *Critilo*, in Children, but in Men of riper years, they rather ſerve for a channel to convey the paſſions, and the ſwelling ventoſities of Vanity, which belch through them, and that Impoſtume of the Head, which uſually cauſeth a Giddineſs, and Meagrum, vents and diſcharges it ſelf by this way. Through theſe alſo are eaſed the oppreſſions of the Heart, and ſteams evaporate from the Stomach. The Noſe is a Feature that much adorns the proportion of the Face, and is the Pin of the Souls Dial, which points at the temperature of its Nature; a Lions Noſe denotes Valour, an Eagles Beak Generoſity, a Long one Gentleneſs, the Sharp Ingenuity, and the Thick Folly.

The Noſe.

Having already treated of Sight, Hearing, and Smelling, the next, conſidered *Andrenio*, is Speech. The Mouth ſeems to me the principal Gate, and Door of the Soul; for as through the paſſage of the Sences, Objects enter, ſo this is reſerved only with reſpect, for the Mind to go forth, and to manifeſt her ſelf by

The Mouth.

by the help of her expreſſions. *It is true*, ſaid *Artemia*, for in this artificial compoſure of Mans countenance, the Mouth is the Gate of its Royal Perſon, and the Teeth the Guards, all ſet and compoſed in a decent rank, and order; in this reſides the beſt and worſt part of Man, which is his Tongue, having its root radicated in the Heart. There is one thing, ſaid *Andrenio*, I have beaten my Brains to underſtand, What was the intent of wiſe Nature in making our Speech and Eating to have one and the ſame inſtrument for both operations; that our words, which are moſt peculiar and proper to Man, ſhould dwell in the ſame office, wherein is acted and framed the vile occupation, and exerciſe of Brutes; were it only thoſe inconveniences that proceed from hence, it were enough to perſwade us of Natures overſight; were it only that change of the Tongues accent, which ſometimes ſpeaks ſmooth, and gentle, and anon with bitterneſs, and choler breathes out rage, and varies with the reliſh of material Food; this makes the Tongue trip and ſtammer, equivocate and talk at large, that it were better this nobler Member were ſet apart, and conſecrated as a Temple of the Souls Oracle. Hold, ſaid *Critilo*, the Argument you urge well, and a little more difficulty would puzzle my Reaſon to reſolve; but howſoever, I appeal to the Providence of Heaven, which governs, and directs the Function of Nature; and therefore I may boldly affirm the conveniency which Speech enjoys, by joining Houſes, and Manſions, with their taſte, that ſo the reliſh may examine and tell us the nature of our words, before we pronounce them, inform us how ſweet or bitter they are, chew and prove them, whether they be ſub-

ſtantial, and accordingly ſweeten thoſe which may embitter, and dreſs, and comfect them for the Stomach of the receivers; beſides the Tongue is employed in the taſte and eating; for Speech well moderated, ought not to be ſo long, but that the inſtrument of it may afford time for other Duties.

Actions ought to follow, or accompany our words, and our hands readily to execute that which our mouth promiſeth. Is it, ſaid *Andrenio*, that the Hands are called *Manus*, from *Maneo*, denoting by an antiphraſis their duty of continual employment. They are called ſo, replied *Critilo*, not from their continual employment, and unwearied motion, but from that conſtant permanency they ought to retain in their travels, or becauſe they are the Fountain from whence * ſpring our works of Piety, and they like branches from the Hearts roots, which are laden with Fruit of famous, and immortal Actions: by their Palms are obtained victorious Lawrels, and they are the Source from whence diſtil the precious ſweat of heroick Labours, and the Ink which memorizeth their Actions to all Poſterity. Doſt thou not conſider, and admire their artificial, and commodious compoſure, which are as Slaves and Servants to the other Members, and are fitted to ſerve all our neceſſities? they help us to hear, aſſiſt our Tongue, and give a life, and vigour to our Actions; they adminiſter Meat to our Mouths, Flowers to our Smell; they are proſpectives to ſtrengthen our ſight in a large view, and help ſome ſo to diſcourſe and reaſon, as if their Genius and Wit were more lodged in their Hands, then in their

Diligent Hands.

* Manare, *to flow.*

their brain. So that they are the officious Miniſters to all our Neceſſities, they defend us, clean us, cloath us, cure, and protect us, and ſometimes rub, and eaſe our itching: All which offices, ſaid *Artemia*, becauſe they agree with Reaſon, Nature hath ordained them in number, weight, and meaſure; In the ten Fingers of the Hand conſiſts the begining and principals on which numbers are founded; So that all Nations count till they arrive to Ten, afterwards proceed in Multiplication. Weight it ſelf is judged by waving with the hand, and gueſſing at its quantity. This punctuality is neceſſary for information of Man who operates in number, weight, and meaſure; and to raiſe our thoughts yet higher, the Tables of the Law were included in Ten Precepts, that Men might not only carry them in their Heart, but that ſo ſmall a bulk might be likewiſe portable in the Hand. Theſe put in execution, the intent of the Soul, which are not imprinted on thoſe common lines which divide the Palmes, but ſignified and made manifeſt by their own Works. Theſe are they which form our Letters, and with ſilence ſpeak in Writings, the three principal Fingers concurring with an admirable dexterity in the ſeveral Offices, the firſt fortifies the Motion, the Thumb teaches, and the Middle as correſponding with the Heart, rules and directs; that our Writing may record the Teſtimonies of Valour, Subtlety and Truth; ſince then that the hands put the Seal and Stamp on Vertue, it is no wonder if other Members of the body ſhould in Courteſie, and Eſtimation, ſeal them to their Lips, and give th em a *Beſolus Manos*, in gratitude for their Works of Vertue. And becauſe we now anatomatize Man, and contemplate from head to foot his Myſte-

rious being; it would not be from our purpoſe to caſt our Eyes on his Feet, and conſider his ſteps and progreſs as he moves; the Feet are the Pillars and Foundation on which the Body is eſtabliſhed, they tread the Earth, and trample on it in contempt; they make it ſerviceable to the Bodies burden, and meaſure out the paces of their ſtage, that they may tread on a plain, and ſecure foundation. I obſerve, ſaid *Andrenio*, and admire too the firmneſs with which Nature hath planted the Body, for leſt it ſhould fall forward, it hath placed the Feet before, nor ſtagger on either ſide, it hath underpropt it with equal ſupports; but yet you cannot deny, but ſhe hath negligently overſeen the dangerous Precipice of a backward relapſe, where the hands cannot with their uſual diligence apply themſelves to their help; which inconveniency might be eaſily remedied by enlarging the ſame proportion of the Feet as much behind, as before. This is but a fond conceit, replied *Artemia*, for this would give Men occaſion to retreat backward from the path of Vertue, whoſe unconſtant humour being apt to retire, would give a fuller turn, had they found in Nature encouragements for this motion.

The firmneſs of the Feet.

Such is the outward proportion of Man, and viſible Anatomy, whoſe harmony of powers, proportion of Vertues, agreement of affections, and paſſions, is a more interiour inſpection, and muſt be referred to Philoſophical concluſions. Yet above all, I would have you know, and admire that principal part of Man, the Original of all the reſt, the Fountain and Spring of Life, which is the Heart. The Heart, replied *Andrenio*, What is that?

that? and where is it placed? It is, anſwered *Artemia*, the King of other Members, and therefore is placed in the Centre of his Dominions, greatly and inwardly conſerved, and is ſometimes in Latin called *Cura*, or *Care*; for that which rules and governs, is always placed in the Centre.

The Heart.

Cor.

It hath alſo Offices, the one is to be the Fountain of Life, infuſing ſtrength and courage, by its Spirit, into other parts, and the other, which is the principal, to be the cauſe of Affection, and in which are blown into a Flame the ſmalleſt ſparks, and warmth of Love; and therefore, conſidered *Critilo*, it is always ſcorched like the Phenix; and its place, proceeded *Artemia*, is fixed in the middle, denoting how much our Affections ought to be moderated, and not to exceed the bounds of Reaſon. Its form is with a point downwards, as if an Indiviſibility were enough to touch the Earth, but upwards is of a ſpacious breadth, enlarging it ſelf to receive the bounty of Heaven, and greedy to ſuck thoſe dews, which can only content, and ſatisfie the Soul; it hath the *Syſtole*, and the *Diaſtole*, Wings not only to fan or cool its boyling heat, but alſo to raiſe it higher, and make it ſoar to the upper Region; its colour is ruddy and ſanguine, the Emblem of Charity, and from hence ſprings the beſt Bloud, to ſhow that noble Perſons ſhould be qualified with beſt Hearts. It was never ſo unworthy as to betray, though ſo indiſcreet as to erre, by being more careful to prevent misfortunes, then cautious againſt the ſurprize of Felicity; but what we ought moſt to eſteem, is its cleanneſs, not engendring Excrements, like the crude digeſtion of other parts, it having an obligation on it of Purity, eſpecially

eſpecially in the formality of Life, which makes it breathe and pant after the moſt ſublime perfection. In this manner let us leave the wiſe *Artemia* in Philoſophical diſcourſes, applauded by the Acclamations of her Scholars, whilſt we conſider the inventions, and policy of deceiving *Faliſmund*.

Who being vext, for the eſcape of *Andrenio*, and ſome others, as blind as he, from the toyles of his Labyrinth, both out of ſence of ſcandal to his Reputation, and alſo of that ill conſequence it might bring by its example, made him treat of the fulleſt extremity, and exceſs of revenge. To which purpoſe he dealt firſt with Envy, the aſſaſſinate and deſtroyer of the Good, a ſubject fit to be made Actor of the moſt horrid Villanies, and to her he communicated the ground of his diſtaſtes, and entruſted to her Art the ſowing of the Weeds of Malice, and planting this Root of Anger amongſt the rabble and ſcum of Vice. This was not a Work very difficult to ſo skilful an Artiſt, being aſſiſted alſo by that acquaintance and familiarity which Malice had obtained amongſt the Vulgar, by a long habitation in their homely Cottages, ever ſince which time, bad Intention, the Mother of the two Siſters, Flattery and Malice, drew out their brood from the neſt of their nothing, to advance them with as much Ambition as the moſt aſpiring Vice: So Flattery fled to the Court, not the direct way, but yet at laſt arrived there, where ſhe was introduced with the welcome entertainment of all, that in few hours ſhe became intimate and privy to all Conſults; but Malice had not ſo good encouragement, or hopes to Preferment, being neither well ſpoken of nor courteouſly looked on, an affront ſufficient to burſt with Choler her

her haughty Stomach, and her Speech and Liberty being reſtrained, and uncivilly treated, ſhe took a reſolution of voluntary Baniſhment, and changed her ſtation to inhabit with the rural Clowns, where ſhe was received with a dull kindneſs, and adored with a devotion of fond ſimplicity. There ſhe might triumph, becauſe ſpeak, diſcourſe at large, and in rude appellations vent the rancour of Malice, which ſhe calls the plain dialect of evident Truth; with this Policy ſhe inſinuated ſo much into the eſteem of the people, that they reſolved to reſerve her, from any that might raviſh her from them; and therefore, have buried her within their own Bowels, where thoſe are ſure to find her, who leaſt deſire her. In this opportune conjuncture came Envy, who began to ſow her Seeds, and to affect people with a ſence of anger againſt *Artemia*. She called her another *Circes*, or one worſe, and that ſhe would appear moſt deformed, were that cloak of Pretenſions ſtript from her nakedneſs. That ſhe had deſtroyed Nature, robbed her of her true Solidity, and plain Simplicity, and by a fond affectation, defaced her original Comelineſs; taxed her of Ambitious Covetouſneſs, in depreſſing Nature, and uſurping the Birthright of a Legitimate Heir. Know that ſince the Government of this feigned Queen hath been introduced in the World, all is adulterated and corrupted; ſo that every thing bears another Face, her whole proceedings being effects of Fraud and Falſity: hence it is that Men are not what they were wont, nor worthy to be accounted the Race of former Ages; for Antiquity, as it is venerable, ſo it is beſt, and Men with time grow worſe, having loſt the candid ſimplicity of Infants, are alſo ſtript of that Livery, and

and Badge of Innocency. Farewel that noble Offſpring of antient Worthies, thoſe defenders of Truth, and Solidity, whoſe Yea, was Yea, and No, no: but now contrarily Men are become malitious, and revengeful, all is Deceit, and Policy, which they ſtile with the honourable Title of Artifice; ſo that he who is moſt dextrous in this, hath the greateſt advantage in all exerciſes, he is renowned both in Arms, and Science, and to this pitch and heigth hath Sin proceeded, that Malice is now more predominant in a Child of ſeven years, then formerly in a Man of Seventy. Women from top to toe, are a continued tale and blot of Falſity, as ſpruce and pert they are as Daws, full of Policy and alluring Fraud; this feigned Queen ſubverts Republiques, deſtroys Families, exhauſts the moſt immenſe Treaſures, gives encouragement to the vanity of Modes, and Faſhions, and conſumes more in the adorning of one Woman, then formerly was required to cover and cloath a Nation, with the honeſt and ſimple Garments of Neceſſity. In our Diet ſhe hath taught us to vitiate our Palates with luxurious Diſhes, of which formerly our ſimplicity was ignorant, and knew no more then to ſatisfie Nature, and not by adulterated Meats to provoke Appetite to be overcharged in Gluttony: ſhe boaſts that Men are not Men but by her poliſhment, who only makes them vitious and diſſolute, blinding their Eyes with falſe Apparitions, giving no occaſion for their Judgement to interpoſe it ſelf, as a Sun to ſcatter theſe Clouds of Falſity. With theſe ſcandalous reproaches, ſhe ſo incited the revenge of her vile Multitude, that all with an unanimous conſent conſpired to ruinate her Palace, exclaiming, and crying, Let the Witch die. And ſcarce could Mode-

Moderation prevail to keep off theſe Flames, which threatned its Aſhes. With this the Wiſe Queen perceived the Vulgar to be her enemies, and though the preſence of daring Champions were then wanting, her own Policy ſupplied the defect. But the manner of her Conqueſt, and the Stratagems by which ſhe triumphed, and was delivered from the dangers of the baſe and rude Rabble, is delivered in the following *Criſis*.

The

The Tenth CRISIS.

The dangerous paſſage for Robberies.

IT is the vulgar Error of prepoſterous Man to make Ends of the Means, and Means of the End; for that Country which ſhould only ſerve for a paſſage to him, he takes up for his Habitation, and makes that his Inn, which ſhould only be the way of his Pilgrimage: Men often begin where they ſhould end, and end where they ſhould begin. Wiſe and provident Nature introduced delights for diverſion, whereby the operations of life might be eaſed, and aleviated, and we enabled to run the tedious courſe of this World without faintneſs, or diſcouragement; but here it is, where Man doth moſt confound, and diſhonour himſelf, becomes more Brute than the Beaſts, degenerates from himſelf, in making an epicurial pleaſure the ultimate term, and his life ſubſervient to a beſtial appetite: he eats not now that he may live, but he lives that he may eat; he reſts not to recover new ſtrength for next days labour, but labours not that he may be inſenſibly ſurprized with drowſineſs; his Luſt provokes him not to an intention of propagating his own Species, but of indulging his Luxury; he ſtudies

dies not to know, but to forget, and be acquainted with himſelf; he makes not uſe of his Tongue for neceſſity, but to pleaſe himſelf with the vanity of his own talk, ſo that he makes not Recreations a means to continue life, but his life a means to continue pleaſure; hence it is, that all Vices have made Delight their General; this is the Defender of the Appetite, the Captain of the Paſſions, which violently drags Men to accompany Sin, and lays a force on their yielding Affections; let then the wiſe Reader obſerve, and learn to reform this common abſurdity, and that he may be admoniſhed by the misfortunes of another, let him obſerve thoſe accidents which happened to the diſcreet *Critilo*, and unwary *Andrenio*.

How long, ſaid angry *Artemia*, (then moſt conſtant, when moſt diſturbed) ſhall the neglect of this incult Vulgar, deſpiſe, and contemn my Lectures? How long ſhall inhumane barbarity reproach and ſcorn my Wiſdom? How long will it be before your own ignorant audacity ſhall confound it ſelf? By Heaven I ſwear, that ſince your boldneſs hath proceeded to this uncivil Language, as to ſtile me with the name of Enchantreſs, and *Circes*; this very night in chaſtiſement of your Folly, I will raiſe ſo powerful a Conſpiracy, that the very Sun ſhall revenge my Quarrel, who withdrawing the comfort of his bright rayes, ſhall commit you to the puniſhment of thick darkneſs, which is the blindneſs of your own Vulgarity. Thus did ſhe treat them as their Folly deſerved; for knowing that in baſe Spirits ſeverity prevails more then courteſie, ſhe ſtroak in them a terror of her power, and

The puniſhment of Fools.

and ſo amazed them with the perſwaſion that her Fame was obtained only by Magick Enchantments; that they grew cold and faint in their purpoſes, and changed the reſolution of aſſaulting her Palace. Their Courage began then to fail them, when they ſaw the Sun really to withdraw his Light, and by Points to eclipſe himſelf in their Hemiſphere, fearing an Earthquake might follow, as uſually the Elements conſpire to perfect the deſtruction of a falling Adverſary; thus all diſcouraged fled, as is ordinary in all commotions of the people, whoſe ſudden Inſurrections raiſed with heat, and fury, as ſoon vaniſh with a panick terror, ſo they ſtumbled in the dark, and not diſtinguiſhing their Foes, converted their Swords one againſt another, and ſo ended the War in a miſerable ſlaughter. By this Victory *Artemia* found opportunity with the reſt of her inſtructed Family to eſcape from the midſt of theſe barbarous Incendiaries, and to deliver the Treaſures of curious obſervation, and Jewels inveloped in the eternal and memorable Writings of unperiſhable Philoſophers, and other eſteemed leaves from the rapacious hands of envious Ignorance. And ſo went they forth, aſſiſting with Inſtructions our two Travellers *Critilo*, and *Andrenio*; the latter of which amazed at ſo ſtrange a Miracle, believed her Magick extended ſo far as to influence the Stars, and that the Sun it ſelf was obedient to her Charms, which made him the more reverence and adore her, and even to over act his part in the praiſes he gave her. But *Critilo* undeceived him, telling him, that this Eclipſe of the Sun was but an effect of the Celeſtial motion, which *Artemia* foreſeeing by her Aſtronomical knowledge, took advantage of this occaſion, calling that the power of her Art, which was only the effect and courſe of Natnre.

Ar-

Artemia conſulted much with her learned Diſciples, in what part of the World to fix her reſidence, all agreeing in an unanimous reſolution no more to enter into Country Villages, and therefore propounded divers places for their ſecure and convenient habitation: many times ſhe propounded *Lisbon*, not only for being the moſt populous place of *Spain*, but one alſo of the three Empires of *Europe*; for if other Cities have ſome appellations from their chiefeſt excellencies, in this may be united, and meet the Glories of all as in a common Centre, and bear the name of faithful, rich, healthful, and aboundant; for never was a *Portugues* a Fool, whoſe firſt Founder was the wiſe *Ulyſſes*; nor was the fantaſtical humour of the Nation ſo much an obſtacle to her entrance, as was the confuſion there, which is contrary to the quietneſs which Speculation requires. Again, ſhe caſt her thoughts upon the Royal *Madrid*, the Centre of Monarchy, where Perfections concur to the hieght and chiefeſt eminencies, but yet ſhe could not fix her choice on that which her Stomach nauſeated, not ſo much loathing the filthineſs of the Streets, as the mire of corrupted Hearts; for beſides the prejudice ſhe boar to it, for being a Village, ſhe was no leſs diſpleaſed with it, for being the *Babylon* of Nations of different Intereſts. *Sevill* was no ſooner nominated, but it diſpleaſed her, Covetouſneſs and Lucre being enemies, with whom ſhe admits no Treaty *, and that indigeſted Stomach of her Plate was highly diſpleaſing; her Inhabitants are neither black nor white, but as the twilight of Nature ſtand as Neu-

Lisbon.

Madrid *a Village, and not a City.*

The Fleet formerly came up to Sevill.

ters to Truth and Falſity; they ſpeak much, and perform but little, which is the common diſeaſe of *Andaluzia.* Upon *Granada* ſhe made her Croſs, and *Cordova* ſhe called *Caluary.* *Salamanca* reads the Pandects of the Laws, and makes Men rather Learned then Wiſe, teaching Men to plead at the Bar, and in what manner to form a Battery againſt Riches. She once reſolved to pitch her Reſidence in the plentiful *Zaragoza*, the Metropolis of *Aragon*, the Mother of a famous Line of Kings, the Supporter of the great Pillar, and the Baſis of Faith, famous for Convents, and Indowments of the Church, beautiful in magnificent Edifices, and populated with the Religious Inhabitants of undeceiving *Aragon*; but the haughtineſs of their Spirits was a fault outweighing her other Perfections, and that kind of original Folly which mixed with all her actions, were no leſs diſpleaſing and ungrateful. The chearful, noble, and flouriſhing *Valentia* abounding with all, that is not ſubſtance, was the next propounded to her election, but here ſhe feared that with the ſame eaſineſs wherewith to day they received her, to morrow they would eject her. *Barcelona*, though Rich, and when it ſhall ſo pleaſe Heaven, the ladder to ſcale the *Italian* Fortreſſes, the ſtop of Golds continual currant and motion, the ſanctuary of the Judicious amidſt Barbarity, was not yet eſteemed a ſecure retirement, being a place where we muſt always walk with our Beard turned over our Shoulders. *Leon* and *Burgos* were ſituations too near the

Granada,

Cordova,

Salamanca.

Zaragoza.

Valentia.

Barcelona.

Leon, *and* Burgos.

the Mountains, having more in them of Miſery then Poverty. *Santiago* diſpleaſed her in nothing, but being in *Galitia*. *Valladolid* ſeemed a place not inconvenient for her dweſling, and therefore determined to journy thither, ſuppoſing Truth could not but inhabit with plain ſimplicity; but the prejudice ſhe conceived againſt the Court, diverted her from hence, (having been formerly the Court of *Spain*) and ſtill retaining too freſh a memory and ſavour of her paſt condition. Of *Pamplona* was made little mention, being a place like to *Navarre*, conſiſting of nothing but Points and Punctilio's. In fine, by the Election of this Catholick Queen, was preferred the Imperical *Toledo*, confeſſing ſhe was never ſo paſſionately affectionate to any Seat as to this. For this is the Forge where Men are faſhioned, this is the School of Rhetorick, all Court, and City, and more ſince the ſponge of *Madrid*, hath ſucked out the dregs from thence: Corruptions may chance to enter here, but not remain. In other parts many have their Wits in their Hands, but here in their Foreheads. And though the cenſure of ſome is, that *Toledo* never produced any of a profound and deep Judgment, howſoever *Artemia* kept ſtill conſtant to her reſolution and choice, extolling its Wiſdom and Learning, ſaying, That one Woman there hath ſpoke more pith and ſubſtance in a Sentence, then a grave Philoſopher of *Athens*, in whole Volumes of his Writings. Let us, ſaid ſhe, haſten thither to the Centre of *Spain*, not for its ſituation, but for the real confluence and concourſe of all Vertues. Thus travelled ſhe on with her diſcreet Attendants, amongſt whom were

Valladolid.

Pamplona.

Toledo.

Critilo and *Andrenio*, who with no ſmall advantage and improvement to their Judgments, kept them company until they came to that way which leads to *Madrid*, and there taking their leave with many acknowledgments and expreſſions of gratitude, acquainted her what important occaſions called them to the Court in ſearch of *Feliſinda*; ſhe therefore giving them her Benediction, armed them againſt all Aſſaults, with neceſſary Inſtructions, telling them withal, that ſince they were reſolved to go thither, they would be careful not to miſtake their way, becauſe there are many Paths which lead thither. By this means, replied *Andrenio*, we cannot Err, ſince all Paths direct the ſame courſe. This is the great danger, ſaid *Artemia*, for amongſt ſo many Roads is the moſt difficult choice of a ſecure paſſage; for many have been loſt in the Royal High-way. Go not therefore by the way of curioſity in ſeeing, for that is the Road of Fools, nor yet by that of pretention, for that way is long, and tedious, and few there are which obtain the end: nor by the way of Sutes, or Contentions in Law, for it is always chargeable and the journy long: the way of Ambition is unknown, and thoſe who follow it are diſreſpected, and that of Intereſt is an unbeaten Path, trod by none but ignorant Forraigners; that of Neceſſity is dangerous, being environed by multitudes of Hawks and Birds of Prey; that of Delight and Senſuality is ſo foul and dirty, that from our Knees we ſtep up to the Ears, and thus bemired we are plunged and ſtopt in our progreſs, the way of living is but ſhort, and you ſhall ſoon arrive at the end; that of Servitude is Death, that of Eating hath no end, and that of Vertue is unknown:

Entrances to the Court.

known, and in this ambiguity you have no way but to abide there as little as you can; for believe me, in *Madrid* a Man can neither live well, nor die well. Obſerve above all, where you enter, for many come in by *Santa Barbara*, and ſome by the Street of *Toledo*: ſome of refined Spirits paſs the Bridge, and others come in by the *Puerta del Sol*, and ſtop in *Anton Martin*, ſome come in by *Lava Pies*, but more by *Unta manos*, but the moſt ordinary paſſage is not by the Gates, which are few, and thoſe ſhut. With this parted the wiſe *Artemia* to the Throne of her Eſtimation, and our two Travellers to the Labyrinth of the Court.

And ſo travelled they together, eaſing their journy with diſcourſes they made of the admirable Excellencies of *Artemia*, whoſe ſtrange Miracles and Prodigies made them glory in her Power, and in the happineſs and advantage they had obtained by her profitable Society. To theſe thoughts they were ſo intent, that unſenſibly they fell into one of the moſt dangerous Snares, and Adventures of Life; for on a ſudden they ſaw a numerous multitude both of Men and Women, bound and mannacled, whilſt Thieves robbed and ranſacked their Coffers. We are undone, ſaid *Critilo*, for we have now run our ſelves unawares into the hands of Robbers, who uſually ſwarm in this Road: here they are now pillaging and were they ſatisfied with the Spoils alone, it were well, but are ſo cruel, that they Rob and Murder, and afterwards deface the countenance of the Slain with Wounds and Scars, that they are not to be known who they are. *Andrenio* was ſo terrified at this, that fear had already deprived him of his courage, and colour, but recovering

The Univerſal Robbery.

himſelf a little; What ſhall we do, ſaid he? Shall we fly, or hide our ſelves from their ſight? You Phrygian, or inconſiderate like, replied *Critilo*, propound late Remedies, their Eyes have already diſcovered us, and their Voice commands us under their power; wherefore we muſt now go forward, and be contented to ſubmit our hands and necks to their Chains, they looked on one ſide and the other, and ſaw a multitude of paſſengers of all conditions, Nobility Commons, Rich, and Poor; nor was their kindneſs more indulgent to the Women; for they were all bound and corded to the Trees of themſelves. At the ſight of this horrid Spectacle *Critilo* and *Andrenio* ſighed, and paſſed through the Spoils to ſee who thoſe cruel Aſſaſſinates were, but could not come to have a full ſight of any; they beheld one and another, all ſeemed to be involved in the ſame misfortune, and yet none knew who had enſnared them; at length, eſpying an ill looked Fellow, they all concluded that he was one. This, ſaid *Andrenio*, muſt be he, with that unlucky look, and ſuch alſo muſt be his Soul. You may gueſs what you will, replied *Critilo*, of his equivocating eye; and yet methinks I am more afraid of that ſquinting Fellow, for may we believe *Artemia*, they never ſhoot with the aim of Reaſon; take care of a pouting Lip, for thoſe are always of a ſurly and moroſe humour; that other with a flat Noſe promiſeth Cruelty and danger in his diſpoſition; he with a tawny Face, looks like a Maſter of *Bridewel*, and he with a ſnarling Look puts me in mind of the Hangman at *Tyburne*; and that other bluſtering Boy, and angry Brow, ſeems always to threaten a Storm and Tempeſt; then they heard another ſpeak with low whiſpers; This, ſaid they, muſt needs be a perſon,

who

who admoniſhes us of what we ſhould beware; but he was one, who ſucked up his words with a Hum and a Hau, and as he drew in his Breath, he ſwallowed down Men. They heard another ſnuffle through the Noſe, and him they avoided, for that accent through the Noſe declared him a true Champion of *Bacchus*, and *Venus*; they met with another worſe, who ſpoke ſo hoarſe, that he could only be underſtood through a Trunk. In this manner they examined all, nor yet among theſe Captives did they eſpy any one who had committed the Spoil. What means this, ſaid they, what are become of thoſe pillaging Rogues who have rifled theſe Paſſengers? Since none are here of thoſe who can Steal by the ſnipping of the Siſſers, or that can leave us naked, whilſt they cloath us, or unfeather our Neſts, whilſt they enwrap us in the quilts, who can miſtake their yard, when they meaſure, and bear down their Scales without weight, who is it rules here, who borrows, who recovers, who executes, doth none detect the faults of the Merchandize, doth none intice the Cuſtomers, are there no Miniſters, nor Scriveners, no Keepers of Books? Why who then Robs? Where are theſe Tyrants of ſo much Liberty? Scarce had *Critilo* ſaid thus, but ſomething between a Woman and an Angel, anſwered him, Hold, I go: and having newly bound two confident Preſumers, She was as I ſay, a beautiful Woman, not rude, and unfaſhioned, but of a courtly behaviour, affable, and courteous; ſhe ſhowed a fair face, and outſight to all, but evil actions. Her Forehead was more ſmooth, then ſerene; ſhe looked on none with an ill eye, and yet all were enchanted with her bewitching emiſſions; i.e. Noſtrils

The Common Robbery.

were white, which was a ſign that ſhe was not ill affected with Fumes, and Vapors; her Cheeks were Roſes without Thorns, her Teeth when ſhe ſmiled and laughed at the World ſhewed like ſo many rows of Pearl, or Ivory. The Knots ſhe tied with ſuch air, and negligence, that her dexterity and art appeared pleaſant, and her very ſight was enough to captivate; her Tongue doubtleſs was of Sugar, for her words diſtilled *Nectar*, and her two Hands made ſigns of affection, for never did ſhe extend a real hand in friendſhip, though ordinarily her Arms made indiſſoluble twinings, with counterfeited embraces, the more eaſily to entrap and entangle in her ſnares; ſo that none could probably ſuſpect an Aſpect ſo promiſing to be guilty of Theft or Robbery: Nor was ſhe alone, but aſſiſted by a flying Squadron of Amazons, beautiful and active, which continually bound one, or other, executing the Commands of their ſupreme Lady. But it is well worth our obſervation, that the Captives they mannacled, had the election of their own Bonds, and many ſo willingly ſubmitted to the Servitude, that they brought their Chains with them; ſome were fettered with Chains of Gold, others with Lockets of Diamonds, an invincible tackling for ſuch feeble Captives; many they bound with Garlands of Flowers, and others as their humour pleaſed them, with Roſes, for only to encircle their Brows was an Enchantment ſufficient to enfeeble their hands; another they ſaw tied with one Lock of a fair and golden Hair, which though at firſt he thought to rend with the ſmalleſt force, yet at laſt it proved more ſtrong then a Cable, which held him Anchored, whilſt he tumbled in the Storms and Tempeſts of Love. Women ordinarily

All Fools.

dinarily were bound with Threads of Pearl, with Bracelets of Coral, and embroidered Ribons, which ſeemed ſomething, and their value nothing. The Couragious, and Valientons of the World, after ſome few bravadoes and bluſtering words, contentedly ſubmitted with the reſt to the loſs of Liberty: and what is very admirable they enticed many of their Comrades with Feathers, and Plumes, and theſe were in a Priſon the moſt ſecure of any; perſons of greater quality, they pretended to manacle with ſmall twiſts, from whence hanged Shells, Keyes, and Links, which bound them ſo faſt, that their whole ſtrength could not break them; there were Bolts of Gold for ſome, of Iron for others, all being equally content, and as ſafely ſecured; but what I admired moſt, was that in wanting Chains to impriſon their numerous Captives, they committed ſome to the Bonds of Womens embraces, which though, but feeble, were yet the Chains of the moſt robuſtous Champions. *Hercules* was enſnared in a tender Thread, and *Sampſon* with ſome hairs, they cut from his own head. One they would have bound with a Chain of Gold, which he himſelf brought with him; but the extremity of his Covetouſneſs would not endure the coſt, but deſired rather the cheaper courteſie of the Rope; another companion of his, they pinioned with the Strings of his own Purſe, one they bound with his own Storks Neck, and another with his Eſtridges Stomach, till they could ſecure others with links of ſavoury Sallats, who were ſo much pleaſed with their Fetters, that the very licking of their Fingers was a pleaſure to them; ſome grew frantick with joy to ſee themſelves fettered with Lawrel and Ivy Wreaths; which is not ſo much as

Covetous.

that

that others ſhould turn fools at the melody of their own Muſick. In this manner theſe wanton Robbers aſſailed the innocent and unwary Travellers, enſnaring the Feet of ſome, fettering the Necks, and Hands, of others, binding their Eyes, carried them away as Spoils, robbing and depriving them of their Hearts. But what made a Tragedy of theſe comick Scenes, was one who wounded the hands of thoſe ſhe bound, devouring, and gnawing their Bowels, making their torments the delight of others, and Hell and the Wrack, a Paradiſe and Glory of their Enemies. Another there was ſo prittily furious, that ſhe ſtrained the Cord until the Bloud ſtarted forth; at which they were ſo much pleaſed, that they drank it in full Bowls to ſeveral Healths; and what is moſt pleaſant, after they had bound ſo many, they would perſwade theſe ſilly perſons that they had touched none. But they coming now to execute the ſame on *Critilo* and *Andrenio*, and asking them with what Fetters they would chooſe to be mannacled; *Andrenio* as young and inconſiderate, ſuddenly reſolved them, and told them with Flowers, believing that this would rather be a Garland, then a Fetter, or Binding; but *Critilo* ſeeing there was no way to reſiſt, deſired they would tie *Andrenio* to him with the Strings of ſome antient, and Oraculous Volumes, which though it ſeemed a new ſort of Binding, yet in fine they were contented, and ſo ſatisfied his deſires.

Envious.

And now this courteous and wanton Tyrant commanded they ſhould beat a March, with which ſhe carried her Spoils in triumph, and yet with ſo much gentleneſs, that though they were dragged with Chains, yet being rivetted to the Socket of their Hearts,

Hearts, they ſo volantarily followed, and ſubmitted to their contented Servitude; that there was no need to enforce obedience on ſuch willing Slaves; for ſome poſted on the Wings of Wind, others ſlided along with a good Air, the moſt ſtumbled as they went, and all were involved in inextricables toils. They ſoon arrived at the Gates of a place, which neither was a Palace, nor yet a Cottage, but thoſe that underſtood it beſt, called it an Inn; their entertainment was not on free quarter, nor the Houſe lent them longer then for a nights repoſe. The building was Stone, and of ſo attractive a Vertue, that it drew the Hands, the Feet, the Eyes, the Tongue, the Heart, as if theſe Members had been Iron, and thoſe Walls the Loadſtones of pleaſure, cemented ſo cloſe and ſtrong, as if Pearls had been a principal ingredient in that Morter. This pleaſant Inn without doubt was the Centre of Delight, the Paradiſe of Content, and a Maſs of thoſe delitious Enjoyments which Senſuality could invent. The golden Palace of *Nero*, in which he turned Steel into Gold, was but a Cottage in reſpect of this; the reſplendence of *Eliogabalus* his Houſe, was obſcured and benighted by the glory and brightneſs of theſe Beams, and the very Caſtle of *Sardanapalus*, was in compariſon hereof a Stye or Dunghil of its own Beaſtlineſs; Over the Gate was engraved this Motto, *The Delightful, Good is profitable, and Honeſt.* *Critilo* ruminating on the Inſcription; This, ſaid he, is to be read backwards. How backwards, replied *Andrenio?* I read it forward. But if you read it backward, it goes thus, *The Honeſt Good, is Profitable and Delightful.* But I ſhall not diſpute of this, only give me

The Inn of the World.

me leave to ſay it is one of the moſt delightful places thy eyes have ſeen. What an excellent Fancy had that Builder who contrived it! In the Front there of were ſeven Pillars, and though the odd number might ſeem to carry ſome diſproportion in it, yet it was in emulation of that which Wiſdom had erected. Theſe gave an entrance to ſeven other lodges or habitations of Princes, whoſe Agent this Pritty Robber was; ſo that all thoſe which ſhe captivated, ſhe lodged and quartered ſo much to their contentment, that every one had the election of his own Priſon. Many entered by the Chambers of Gold, called ſo, becauſe they were covered with Golden Shingles, and Beams of Plate; the Walls were of pretious Stones; it coſt much to get up thither, and when they were above, all the pleaſure was with Stones. The higheſt and moſt lofty Rooms were the moſt dangerous, yet notwithſtanding the graveſt Heads were the moſt forward to mount thither. The loweſt quarter was the moſt convenient and delightful; for the Walls being of Sugar, were eaten into, or mouldred away, the Morter was tempered with exquiſite Wines, and the Clay kneaded into Bisket; many crouded to get in here, who affected to be eſteemed Men of the higheſt Guſto and Palate, and had reduced eating to a Science. On the contrary there was another Room furniſhed with red, and paved with Daggers; the Walls were of Steel, the Doors beſet with Fire-Arms, the Windows were Portholes for Cannon, and from the Ceeling, inſtead of *Moſaick* Work, hung down dangerous Knobs, threatning the death of the careleſs Lodgers, and yet there wanted

Prov. *The Houſe Wiſdom built upon Seven Pillars.*

The Chambers of Vice.

wanted not Gueſts, though they paid the Hire with their own Bloud. Another Chamber there was painted blew, whoſe excellency conſiſted in diminiſhing or ſhadowing the comelineſs and beauty of others. The Furniture hereof was of Dogs and Griffins, and gaping Mouths of Wild Beaſts, and the Materials were Teeth, not of an Elephant, but of a Viper, and though it boar a fair outſide, yet they ſay the inward parts of the Walls were periſhed by ſome internal corroding quality. But the Room moſt uſeful of all, was on a plain Floar, which though it had no Stairs to go up it, was yet full of Seats and Benches, and well furniſhed with Chairs and Cuſhions. It ſeemed a houſe of *China*, without upper Chambers; its Materials were Tortoiſe Shells, where all the World took up their Habitations; thoſe that entered here went ſo ſlow, that the place being long, they could never arrive to the end; but the green Lodging was the beſt of all, being the Apartment of the Spring, where Beauty reigned; it was called the Knot of Flowers, for all was flouriſhing within it, till time and age come to crop the Bloſſom; many Lillies were there turned into Violets; all who entered in, crowned themſelves with Roſes, which ſoon faded and turned into Thorns, and the Flowers became dry and withered as the Graſs, and yet this was generally the moſt delightful place, which afforded the moſt general diverſion for all Humours.

Amongſt the reſt they forced *Critilo* and *Andrenio* to enter into one of thoſe Lodgings which their own fancy ſhould like beſt. *Andrenio* being raſh and in the flower of his age, thruſt himſelf amongſt the Beds of Roſes, bidding *Critilo* go in where he pleaſed, for at the end they ſhould all meet in the

the Centre. *Critilo* being much urged to chooſe his entrance, replied, That he never followed the currant of the Multitude, but went always contrary, not that I think by this I ſay, to excuſe my entrance, but I deſire it may be at the door where none elſe have paſſed. How is that poſſible, replied they, ſince there is no door here which ſtands not continually open to the throngs of Gueſts, ſome laughed at his ſingularity, and wondered to ſee a Man ſo differently diſpoſed, and his Humour formed of a diſagreeing mould and nature to the vulgarity of the World. I muſt confeſs, ſaid he, it is only this, which makes me refractory to the general humour, for my entrance is where others go out, and my eyes fix themſelves rather on the end and concluſion, then on the principles or beginnings; And with that turning himſelf about; the houſe appeared ſo changed and metamorphos'd from the appearance it had at the firſt view, that he could not ſay it was the ſame; for all that maſs and pile of ſtately Buildings, ſeemed an unfaſhioned and rude heap, the beauty of thoſe gilded Beams appeared only the gliſtering of rotten Wood, the pleaſure, and delitious ſight turned to horror, and the whole Fabrick ſtood continually tottering, and threatning its own ruines. The Stones had not now only loſt their Magnetick Vertue, but followed behind their backs, inviting the very Pebbles of the Earth to riſe againſt them. The delitious Gardens were become overgrown Fields of Thorns and Thiſtles; and as *Critilo* obſerved with much admiration, that thoſe who ſmiling entered in, returned again with tears in their eyes, ſighing out their lamentations and complaints of their Misfortunes. Some they flung out of the Windows of that Chamber, which looked into the Gar-

den

den, amidſt Hedges of Thorns, which pierced their Bodies with an infinity of Wounds, and thus pained in this Hell of Torments, breathed out their cries to Heaven for aſſiſtance. Thoſe who had aſcended up the higheſt, had the ſoareſt fall, one of whom fell from a lofty Pinnacle or Turret of the Palace, with as much contentment to others, as of miſery to himſelf; for all ſtood gazing on him as he tumbled, being delighted to ſee him fall, and he having his Wings clipped, could ſoar no longer, but fell with irreparable ruine; thoſe that beheld him, crying out, that he deſerved ſo much, and worſe, for Evil ought to be his Portion, who never did Good. But he which moved pity in ſome, was one, on whom the Moon had more influence then the Stars: This was an unfortunate Perſon, who in his fall lighted on a Dagger which paſt his Throat, and thereby wrote in Characters of his own Bloud, *The firſt Attempt, without a Second. Critilo* obſerved, that through thoſe Windows which formerly appeared of Gold, but now of Dirt, were flung out ſome naked, others ſo bruiſed, as if their ſhoulders had been beaten with Bags of golden Sand. Others fell down through the Windows of the Kitchin, and of theſe their Bellies ſuffered moſt in their fall, which turned their Stomachs; one there was, and but one, that went out at the Door, whom *Critilo* obſerving, went to ſalute him, and coming nearer to him, the Stranger made a ſtop, as if he knew him. Heavens guide me, ſaid he, where have I ſeen this man? I have certainly ſeen him, though I cannot remember where; Is not this *Critilo*, demanded he? Yes, and who are you? Do you not remember when we were both Companions in the Houſe of the wiſe *Artemia*? O! now it comes into

into my mind, ſaid *Critilo*, Are not you he of the *Omnia mea mecum porto.* The ſame, ſaid he, and that hath been the only Spell to deliver me from theſe Enchantments. But what means did you uſe to make this eſcape? The way, replied he, is ſhort and eaſie, and with the ſame facility do you but only deſire it, and I ſhall unbind you; ſee but thoſe blind and dumb Ignorants, whoſe aſſent of their Will is the only Bond that ties them; for in deſiring and wiſhing only to be freed, they immediately obtain their Liberty. With that *Critilo* only deſired his freedom, and his Chains dropt off. But tell me *Critilo*, how it came to paſs that thou didſt not enter into this common Priſon and Captivity of the World? Becauſe, replied he, I followed *Artemia's* council in not ſetting foot or ſtep on the beginning, till my hand could reach and take hold of the concluſion. O happy man! but this is too mean a praiſe for thee: for thou art not a Man, but an Intellectual Spirit. What is become of your Companion, who was younger than your ſelf, and leſs wary? I was about to enquire the ſame of you, ſaid he, if you had ſeen him within, for he having without any reaſon precipitated himſelf in there, will, I fear, run the common misfortune, and at laſt be caſt out among the vile Refues of this deceived Generation. Through what Gate did he enter? Through that of pleaſure. This is the worſt of all, ſaid he, for his Exit will be the later for it, and perhaps not until Vice and Time weaken his Body, and ſtrengthen his Judgment. But is there no means left for his remedy, demanded *Critilo?* There is only one, and that ſomething difficult. What is it? Only to will; for let him follow my courſe, and not ſtay till neceſſity

drive

drive him forth; for it is better to take his opportunity and advantage to go forth on his own legs, and rather willingly paſs out at the door, then to be compelled and thrown headlong from the Windows. I have one requeſt to you, ſaid *Critilo*, which my modeſty denies me leave to demand, and ſavours more of Folly then favour. What is it? that ſince you have gained the clue of this winding Labyrinth, you would return in again, and with that Rhetorick you are uſed to undeceive others, to perſwade, and inſtruct him, how to wiſh and deſire his own freedom. This will be but to ſmall purpoſe, ſaid he, for though I find and ſpeak to him, yet his humour will ſcarce give way to the Counſels of an unknown Adviſer; for oftentimes the examples and entreaties of acquainted Friends prevail more with Affection, then arguments and perſwaſions can with Reaſon. It were better you went in your ſelf, for your friendſhip muſt needs be more prevalent then my word. I ſhould willingly go in, ſaid *Critilo*, but I fear that not knowing the way, I may wander, and looſe my ſelf, and in this manner we may both be deſtroyed. Let us reſolve on this to go both together, for a double diligence is very requiſite in ſo important an attempt; ſo you ſhall be his Guide, and I his Friend. The propoſition was ſo well accepted, that they ſuddenly went about to execute it; but the Guard gave them a ſtop at the entrance, upon ſuſpition that Men of ſuch grave looks, and countenances were not come to be diſciples, but enemies to their Kingdom: But yet, pointing to *Critilo*, for him, ſaid they, I have or-

der to admit. This made them both to retire back, and have recourſe to a ſecond conſult. And now conſidering well of the entrances and goings out, the many twinings and turnings of the Labyrinth which was all Palace, and being abſolutely reſolved to enter, they made a full ſtop in the middle way. Hold, ſaid *Critilo*, let me make you this other Propoſal, which is, that we change Cloathes, that you take mine, which are well known to *Andrenio*, together with a ſufficient commiſſion to procure you credit; and thus being diſguiſed, you may deceive the Guard, and take off all jealouſie of our deſign, the device did not diſlike him, and ſo cloathing himſelf like *Critilo*, he was with freedom admitted entrance

The Ruine which comes by Vice.

In the mean time *Critilo* entertained himſelf without, in viewing the continual falls, and deſtructions of thoſe, whom they violently hurried from the Windows of their own Perdition. A Prodigal he obſerved thrown down by Women from the Beds of Roſes, upon a Buſh of Thorns, where being naked, the Prickles tormented him in every part; his Noſe being battered in the fall, cauſed him to ſnuffle ever after, and this imperfection remained for his whole life, every one laughing made his noſe the common ſubject of their wit, and deriſion. Such was the loathſomneſs and deteſtation which this Man and his Conſorts had of this Sin, that they continually ſpit upon their delight, and in revenge caſt forth a perpetual flux on the Beſtiality of their Sin. Thoſe who rounded in By-ways of repoſe, lingered ſomething in their fall, but being down, were more ſluggiſh to ariſe; for meer idleneſs had deprived

deprived them of all active motions of Life; and theſe being a people of an unprofitable weight to the Earth only ſerved to fill up the number of Mankind, and to ſuck the fat of the Earth; and having never done any thing with dexterity, being once down had neither courage nor ſtrength to recover themſelves. But in the Lodgings of Arms and Weapons, there was heard ſo great a noiſe, and confuſion, that it ſeemed a Hell or Bedlam, from whence proceeded Men ſo hacked and torn by thoſe blows they had received, that they ſpit Blood from their valiant Breaſts, and vomited alſo that of their Enemies, which they had drank in plentiful Bowles, ſo uſually doth Revenge, extort our Victories from our hands. Only thoſe of the Lodgings of Poiſon, remained ſecure, whilſt they beheld the miſeries of others, delighted themſelves whilſt others lamented, and one there was, who that another ſhould break an Arm, or pluck out one Eye, would looſe both; they laught whilſt others wept, and lamented at what was the common joy, their pleaſure being to rejoice at the miſeries of others. *Critilo* ſtood all this while looking on this unhappy end, and at the evening of a day of ſome years, he perceived *Andrenio* appear at the Window, amidſt the Thorns of thoſe Flowers he had elected; at which he was affrighted, fearing his total deſtruction; but he durſt not call to him, leſt he ſhould diſcover himſelf, but made ſigns that he ſhould remember and meditate on his deceived condition; but how and which way he got down, is related in the following *Criſis.*

The Eleventh CRISIS.

The dangerous Golf of the Court.

WHen we have ſeen a Lion or Lamb, in them we diſcover the full nature and diſpoſition of the Species; but in ſeeing a Man, we ſee but one, and his humour and condition too, almoſt unknown. All Tygers are naturally cruel; the Dove innocent, but every Man is variouſly diſpoſed and tempered. The generous Eagle engenders a Brood like himſelf; but noble Worthies are not ſure to propagate their elevated Spirits in their Poſterity; nor is the vitious Father certain to make his Son Heir of his depraved Works, as well as of his Fortunes. For every one hath his ſeveral pleaſure, his different behaviour, and faſhion, and opinions in all ages have found heads, and brains like thoſe that firſt invented them. Wiſe Nature hath beſtowed on every man a Countenance and Complection peculiar to himſelf, a Voice and Geſtures different from others to ſerve for Characters, and marks to know him by, that ſo the Good may not be confounded among the number of the Bad; that Women may be diſtinguiſhed from Men, and that none may pretend to conceal his own faults under the

the guiſe of another. There are many who ſpend much time and ſtudy in knowing the nature and quality of Herbs: but how much more would it import, and advantage them to know the nature, and operations of Men with whom they are to live, and die; for all are not Men who appear ſo outwardly, but horrible Monſters and * *Acroceraunian* Rocks in the gulfes of great Populations. There are wiſe Men without Works, aged Men without Experience, Youths without Subjection, Women without Modeſty, Rich without Compaſſion, Poor without Humility, Lords without Nobility, Commonwealths without Government, Deſerts without Reward, and Men without Humanity: Theſe were the reflections of this wiſe perſon, in ſight of the *Court*, after he had reſcued *Andrenio* with ſo exemplary prudence. Whilſt *Critilo* ſtayed for *Andrenio* at the Free-Gate, he obſerved him at the Window involved in the common danger; howſoever he comforted himſelf with this, that there was none now could tempt him farther, before he might take the Garland from his Head, the which having done himſelf, he untwiſted it, and having tied ſome other Bowes to it, made a Roap, and thereby let himſelf down, and without any danger, or hurt, had the happineſs to come ſafe to ground. At the ſame time alſo appeared his wiſe Inſtructor at the door, a double joy to *Critilo*, who now thought it not time to uſe Complements, or Embraces, but haſted away as faſt as they could. Only *Andrenio* turning his Head to the Window, ſaid, Hang there thou Cord, the Ladder of this my Liberty, and trophy of eternal memory to be dedicated to my undeceived condition. Their way was the direct road to the Court, which

* *Rocks ſo called.*

this wiſe Philoſopher called a *Falling upon Scylla to avoid Caribdis*. Howſoever he accompanied them to the Gate, being much taken with their ſociety and converſe, which was the beſt paſtime of this tedious journy, and travel of our Life. Let me know, ſaid *Critilo*, what Houſe this is, and inform me of what paſſages, and accidents have happened to you. The wiſe Philoſopher by the courteſie of *Andremio*, taking the upper hand, Know, ſaid he, this is the deceitful Houſe, the Inn of the World; The Gate at which Men enter, is Delight, and through which they go out, is Charge and Expence. That famous Robber is *Voluſia*, whom we call Delight, and the Latin *Voluptas*; ſhe is the gratious Protectreſs of Vice, and draws Mortals to their Execution on the Slid of Delight. This is ſhe who enſlaves and captivates Men, impriſons them where they pleaſe, ſome ſhe lodgeth in upper Rooms of Pride, others in the Dungeon and Cellers of Sloth, but none inhabit the Middle, all ſituations being Extremities in Vice. All enter in, as you ſee with Songs and Muſick, but go out with no other melody than their own Sobs, except the Envious, who do all things in a contrary humour. The remedy not to miſs of the End, or be deſtroyed in the Concluſion, is to caſt an eye firſt upon the beginning, which was the counſel and advice of the wiſe *Artemia*, and the only means for me to eſcape ſecure; And for me, ſaid *Critilo*, not to enter in, for I uſually go with more content to the Houſe of Sorrow, then of Mirth, for the Holy Days of Rejoicing, are always the Vigils of Repentance; Believe me *Andremio*, he that founds his Beginnings in his pleaſure, ſhall end in his ſorrow. It is ſufficient, ſaid he, that

The Tyranny of Delight.

that this way we tread is full of Snares, for thereby we become more wary; nor without reaſon hath Fraud ſet a guard at the beginning to intercept our entrance. O houſe of Fools! what little reſpect haſt thou deſerved? O falſe Enchantment of bewitched Loadſtones, which at firſt attract and entice, and then betray; God deliver us, ſaid their Philoſopher, from what begins with the ſmiles of Content. Never flatter your ſelves with proſperous and eaſie ſucceſs of the firſt Beginnings, but attend always to the difficulties of the Concluſion. The experience of this I have tryed in the Inn of *Voluſia*, and in that Dream which ought to awake and revive you.

It is reported that Fortune had two Sons, both of a moſt different nature, and diſpoſition. The eldeſt was handſome, and of as ſmiling a countenance, as the other was ill-favoured and frowning; their conditions and natures, as uſually it happens, being read in the Index of their Foreheads. Their Mother did accordingly habit them in ſuch Garments and Dreſs, as did beſt denote their humours, and diſtinguiſh their conditions. The eldeſt had his Cloaths embroidered by the Spring with Roſes, and Gilliflowers, and between Roſe and Roſe was inſerted a G. which ſerved for a hyrogliphick, and was interpreted by ſome to be Gratious, Gallant, Grateful, Great; the Lining was of white Ermins, which rendred his Aſpect chearful and ſmiling, ſo as it betokened an inward ſerenity of Mind. The other was cloathed in a different manner, in a Black, or Mourning Buckram, worked with Thorns, and Briars, and between every one an F. Characters of his foul, fierce, furious, falſe diſpoſition; his countenance and look ſtrook ter-

The Twins of Fortune.

ror to all that beheld him. In this Garb they went forth from the Houſe of their Mother, to the School, or to the Market. The eldeſt was adored by all, invited to receive entertainment, the doors of their Hearts were opened to him, and the whole World followed him, eſteeming their Eyes bleſt which ſaw ſo gracious a Youth. How much more happy their Arms which could embrace him? The other deſpiſed found none ſo courteous, or charitable as to admit him to any acceſs, but as from a ſcourge or plague fled at his approach; when neceſſity, or conveniency drove him to enter into their Houſes, their Gate was ſhut againſt him, and his importunity returned with blows, that ſo baniſhed from the Society of all, he found no place to make his reſidence, whether he ſhould now live or die, was the ſubject of his Melancholy contemplation; his rage not being able to ſuffer longer theſe injuries, he choſe rather to die, that he might live, then to live that he might die; but as contrivance is the effect of Melancholy, his Brains began to work, and thought on a Plot, which is always more available then open force. For conſidering how powerful Fraud was, and the ſeveral Wonders ſhe continually performs, he determined one night to ſearch her out, for Light, and Fraud are inconſiſtent together. In a wearisome ſearch of Fraud he ſpent much time, but yet arrived not to a ſight, or view of her; for in every place they ſaid ſhe was, but he found her in none. He was perſwaded ſhe could not be abſent from the Houſe of the Fraudulent, but firſt in his way he ſearched the *Houſe of Time*; who told him, ſhe uſed not to reſide there, for that he was an enemy to Falſity, and endeavoured

The Houſe of Fraud.

voured to undeceive the World; but his words were believed too late; from thence he went to the Houſe of the World, which was always deemed for a Deceiver; but was anſwered here, that he never deceived any, though they deſired it; but Men deceived themſelves, and deſired to be blind, that they might be cheated. With that he went to Falſity, and to his demand, was anſwered, Alas fool! with what Tongue, or Face, can I tell thee Truth? In this very anſwer, ſaid he, thou haſt told me Truth, but yet where ſhall I find it? for if it be ſo difficult to find out Fraud in the World, it muſt be impoſſible to diſcover Truth. From thence he went to the Houſe of Hipocriſie, believing Fraud was never abſent from thence, and here, the anſwer he received was as unſatisfactory as at other places, for ſhe turning her Neck like her crooked intention, ſhrugging up her ſhoulders, ſimpering with her lips, contracting her eye-brows, and lifting up her eyes to Heaven with a ſoft and demure Voice, told him ſhe knew no ſuch perſons, nor ever kept ſuch company, though at that time they were both in the ſame League and Conſpiracy with her. From thence he went to the Houſe of Adulation, a Palace of no ſmall Magnificence, and here it was told him, that he was ill adviſed in coming thither; for though I lie, ſaid ſhe, I deceive none, for my words are ſuch groſs Hyperbolies, and apparent Falſities, that the Judgments of the moſt ſimple and ignorant cannot but perceive how clearly I flatter them, and yet notwithſtanding, they are tickled at my vain and exorbitant Praiſes, and remunerate me well for ſo unprofitable

The World.

Hipocriſie.

Adulation.

profitable an Office. Having thus ſuch ill ſucceſs in his ſearch, Is it poſſible, ſaid he, ſighing, that the World ſhould be ſo full of Deceit and Fraud, and yet I ſhould not meet it, that the World ſhould re-ſound with it, and every corner ſhould lament the injuries received by it, and yet my ſelf the only Unfortunate in this wiſht encounter? Perhaps I may find her hid within the Curtains of the Marri-age-Bed, for there will I ſeek her; he asked the Husband, and the Wife, both of them confeſſing there had been ſo many, and ſuch falſe Careſſes be-tween them, that neither could complain their real embraces were returned by the other in a more flattering way, than themſelves had given them. Then he enquired alſo in the Merchants ſhops, un-der the lined Cloaks of the Uſurers, and amongſt the undone Creditors; who anſwered him, that Fraud was not there, for indeed it is not there where it is evidently known to inhabit; the ſame replied all Tradeſmen, affirming, that ſuch could not be deceived, for he, who knows where Fraud lies, and yet ventures on it, cannot complain of recei-ving injury; with ſuch ill ſucceſs as this deſpairing of his intentions, and made deſperate, was reſolved to try his laſt hopes, and to find her out, though it were in the Houſe of the Devil; ſo thither he went, which was at *Genoua*, I mean at *Geneva*; but Fraud fiercely raged, and thundring out Curſes and Execrations, cryed out, Who I, ſaid ſhe, Deceit? I Deceit? How well is my Innocency, and my Pains rewarded, wherewith I deſire to unblind the World; I promiſe them not Heaven, but Hell, I ſet not a Paradiſe before their Eyes, but continually threaten their perſevering Sins with ſulphurous Flames, who notwithſtanding, as not affrighted, purſue after me,

and

and upon hard Conditions are Slaves unto my Will; How then can this Plain-dealing be ſtiled Deceit? At this reply, as fully ſatisfied, he departed away, and giving another turn, came to the Houſe of the Deceived, being Men oftentimes good, and credulous, of a candid nature, and diſpoſition, were apt to admit Fraud, and to give credit to falſe appearances; but they aſſured him it was not there, but in the Houſe of the Deceivers; for thoſe are right, and moſt truly Fools, who endeavouring to deceive others, have the whole weight and misfortunes of their bad intentions retorted on themſelves. How is this, ſaid he, the Deceived tell me the Deceivers retain it, and they, that the Defrauded; for my part I believe both the one and the other entertain her, and are poſſeſſed with her, though they are ignorant of it. In this inquiſitive ſearch Wiſdom met him, not he her, and gave him this true information. Unfortunate wretch, ſaid ſhe, whom ſeekeſt thou, or why ſearcheſt thou any other then thy ſelf? Doſt thou not know that he who ſeeks Deceit, ſhall never find it, its nature lies, in being concealled, and in once diſcovering it, it is no more the ſame; get thee to the Houſe of ſome of thoſe who deceive themſelves, for from them it is never abſent. And ſo it proved, for entring into the Houſe of the Confident, the Preſumptuous, the Covetous, the Envious, at laſt he found it, but much diſguiſed and painted over with the colour of Verity; he communicated to her his misfortunes, his affronts, the diſguſts of the World, and expected from her, as an Oracle, ſome remedy and eaſe of his diſcontents: Deceit looking well upon him, ſaid, thou lookeſt like the Picture of ill-luck, thy ill-favoured countenance ſpeaks thee ſo, and yet thou art worſe

then

then what thou ſeemeſt; notwithſtanding be of good courage, for neither my diligence nor policy ſhall be wanting in this, in which I am glad to find occaſions wherein to manifeſt to the World my power. O! how well we two are matched. Be couragious, for if the firſt ſtep in a Cure, is to find and diſcover the root of the Diſeaſe, I have done the like in your grief, and know the cauſe and original of its ariſe. I know and feel the pulſe, and temper of Men, though they are ignorant of me; I know on which foot the ill arbitrement of their Will halts, and goes lame; for believe me, thou art not abhorred becauſe thou art evil, but becauſe thou appeareſt ſo; theſe Thorns embroidered on your Coat, make Men afraid, and ſo ſtart at them, which changed for Flowers, would give a kind invitation to all to follow you; leave but all to my management, and in a ſhort time the World ſhall adore you, and your Brother fall into the common diſgrace. I have already thought the way, and with that taking him by the hand, they went both together into the Houſe of Fortune, whom after Fraud had ſaluted with the uſual Complements, Fortune ſaid, that ſhe had need of a Guide as being blind. Whereupon Fortune's Son offered this Fraud for her ſervice, declaring the conveniencies and advantages ſhe might receive by it; and running into high commendations of the Youths towardlyneſs, and diſcretion, that he knew more tricks and evaſions then the Devils Scholars; and above all, that he deſired no other pay or reward, then his own Merits; Fortune accepted the profer, and admitted Fraud to her Houſe, which is the whole World.

Upon

Upon this all things began to forſake their uſual conrſe, nothing remained in its proper Centre, nay the very courſe of time it ſelf, was diverted with an unknown motion; for this Guide or Conductor of Fortune, directed her always contrary to her intentions; if ſhe deſired to bleſs the head of the Vertuous with her preſence, the unlucky Boy wantonly led her to the houſe of the Vitious: when neceſſity or conveniency required her haſte, he ſtopt her progreſs, when ſlowly ſhe ſhould move, he fixed her Wings to fly, and ſo ſhuffled, changed, and confounded her Actions, that all went prepoſterouſly diſordered; the Gifts and Favours ſhe ſhould beſtow on the Wiſe, became the undeſerved Bleſſings of Ignorance, and the Cowards Brow was encircled with the Lawrel of the valiant Conqueror, and ſo changed her hands, that ſhe unjuſtly beſtowed both happineſs, and misfortunes, on thoſe who leaſt deſerved them. Thus ſhe ſtrikes out of ſeaſon, when neither time nor ſubject requires it; ſhe wounds the Pious and Vertuous, and with a back-blow of Poverty, knocks down the wiſe and induſtrious; and to the fraudulent and deceitful gives her hand with all promiſes, and proteſtations to make them as proſperous as now we ſee them. How often have her blows erred and unhappily fallen on thoſe whom all bewailed? ſhe deſtroyed *Don Balthaſar* of *Lunniga*, when he ſhould have begun to live; alſo the Duke of *Infantado*, the Marquis of *Aytona*, and other Worthies, when the unſtable condition of that Age moſt required their Government, and Prudence to ſupport and conduct it; ſhe gave a back blow of Poverty to *Don Luys* of *Gongora*, and to *Auguſtin* of *Barboſa*, and to other eminent Men, when ſhe ought both to

Fortunes Guide.

have

have crowned their years and actions with reward; and yet this unlucky Boy excuſed himſelf, that theſe Men like unſeaſonable Fruit came out of time, their age being in the reign of *Leo the Tenth*, or of *Francis* King of *France*, not in the corrupt years of this preſent age. What affronts hath ſhe done to the Marquis of *Torrecuſo*, and afterwards triumphed in ſaying, had he not done ſomething in War, he ſhould quickly have been forgotten. By another ſhot her Bullet erred in hitting *Don Martin* of *Aragon*, though the Crime was ſo evident, that ſhe could not but confeſs her fault: Again ſhe ſeemingly conſented to honour *Azpilgueta Navarro*, with a Cardinals Hat, for his liberal Endowments of a famous Colledge; but ſporting with him one day at Hotcockles, ſhe gave him ſuch a blow on the Hand as ſtruck him to the ground, and whilſt a Choriſter came to help him up, the unlucky Boy laughed, ſaying, that ſuch as theſe have no need to live, whoſe Memory and Fame ſhall never die; to others we continue life indeed, who humbly receive it, and thankfully repay it. She had great thoughts of favouring the Monarchy of *Spain* with much happineſs and ſucceſs; and in reward of their Catholick Chriſtianity to beſtow on them the *Indies*, and other Kingdoms, with many Victories; but inſtead hereof both Fortune and her Guide leaped on a ſudden into *France*, to the amazement of the whole World; which piece of unconſtancy ſhe excuſed, by ſaying, that the Race and Seed of *Spains* former Worthies was quite extinct; that *France* was no longer to be accounted raſh and unconſiderate, but wiſe, ſetled, and firm to her principles; and to conceal the hatred which her Malice bears to Piety, ſhe conſented to the ſucceſs of the

Spain.

Venetian

Venetian Republique in ſome Conqueſts againſt the *Ottoman* power, obtained by their own Valour. A Miracle indeed that the World hath admired; till the reaſon ſhe gave cleared the wonder, ſaying, ſhe was tyred in carrying the *Ottoman* ſucceſs up ſo ſteep an Aſcent by meer force, whilſt they neither contributed thereunto either by Wit, or Induſtry; in this manner all things were ſhuffled together, fortunes and misfortunes were confounded, and reſted on the heads of thoſe that leaſt deſerved or expected them. The Plot being now ripe to be executed, it was obſerved, that at night when Fortune undreſſed her Sons, for none ſhe would truſt with this office of diſpoſing their Cloaths, but with great care ordered it her ſelf, and laid them in ſeveral places, that ſhe might not miſtake when ſhe cloathed her Children again. Deceit was very active to take advantage on the preſent opportunity, and changed the place of their Cloaths, thoſe of ill fortune into the place of good, and thoſe of good into the place of bad: In the morning Fortune, as unwary as blind, cloathed Vertue in the Garment of embroidered Thorns, and made Vice gallant with his elder Brothers Flowers; which being ſet out in the Sophiſtries of deceit, made ſo glorious a luſtre and beauty, that all the World adored his footſteps, and entertained him both in their Houſes and Hearts, believing it was Vertue they then received; and though ſome at the coſt of their own experience, told and informed others of the Error, yet few believed them; for ſeeing Vice to be ſo gallant and gentile, they could not be perſwaded to judge amiſs of that, which they ſo much affected. Since that day Vertue and

Venice.

The Otoman Family.

Vice

Vice have been confounded, and the World deceived; for thoſe who embrace Vice with low thoughts of Senſuality, have ſpeedily found themſelves deceived, and too late entertained thoughts of repentance. But on the contrary, thoſe who being undeceived have cloſed with Vertue; though the Thorns of his Garment have prickt and tormented them, at the firſt embraces, yet at the end they found the fruit of true content, and lived in the ſerenity of a calm Conſcience. How flouriſhing and fair ſeems their own beauty to ſome, and how deformed after, and diſfigured with a thouſand infirmities; how wanton is Youth, but how ſoon doth time benumb their Joints? how plauſible doth Dignity appear to the Ambitious, and the weight of Government to be eaſed by eſtimation; but afterwards how burdenſome do they find it, and how do their ſhoulders faint under ſo heavy a preſſure? How pleaſing do the Cruel imagine revenge, and bathe themſelves in the Bloud of their Enemies; but afterwards their whole Life is pangs and pricks of Conſcience to him whoſe Stomach cannot diſgorge the draughts and ſurfets he hath made in Bloud. Even ſtolen water is ſweet, and the rich is pleaſed to trample on; and make a prey on the poorer. Yet aftewards with how much violence is he compelled to make reſtitution. Let the Glutton ſurfet himſelf in his curious Diet, and pleaſe his Palate with delitious Wines; but what ſatisfaction can theſe make for his Plethory of Body, from whence proceed Dropſies, and Gouts which twinges his Joints, and enfeebles the Nerves of his whole Body.

The beginning of Vice.

The Ends of Vertue.

Changes, Burdens.

Body. The Laſcivious will not looſe his ſenſual copulation, though he buyes his delight with the price of his own Body. The Covetous embraces thorns in his Riches, which torment and diſturb his ſleep, and looſeth his Heart in them, without enjoying of them. All theſe deſign to bleſs their Families with the pleaſing appearance of delight, which indeed is but a concealed evil, and not a contentment, but a torment, and a deſerved reward for their fond miſtake. But contrarily how difficult, and ſteep is the aſcent to Vertue at firſt, yet afterwards what ſatisfaction is there in a good Conſcience? With how much trouble do we undergo an abſtemious Temperance, and yet in that conſiſts the health both of Soul and Body? How intollerable appears Continence, and yet in that we enjoy Life, Health, and Liberty? He who contents himſelf with Mediocrity, lives; the humble poſſeſſeth the Earth, and makes his enemies to be at peace with him; but above all, what peace accompanies him, and how ſavoury is the odour of his good fame? What ſweet Fruit hath ſprang from the bitter root of mortification? Though ſilence ſeems an effect of Melancholy, yet the wiſe never repented he had held his Tongue: ſo that Vertue ſince that time went always cloathed outwardly with Thorns, but inwardly with Flowers different to Vice, which therefore let us diſtinguiſh under that Character, and embrace in deſpight of common, and vulgar deceit.

They were now come in ſight of the Court, when *Andrenio* looking on *Madrid* with a great deal of pleaſure and attention. The wiſe Philoſopher asked him, what he ſaw? I ſee, ſaid he, the * Royal Mother of ſo many Nations, the Crown of the

* *A true Spaniſh Rodemontado.*

two Worlds, the Centre of ſo many Kingdoms, the Jewel of both the *Indies*, the Neſt of the *Phenix* it ſelf, the Sphear of the Catholick Sun, crowned and encircled with Perfections as Rayes, and with noble Arms as Lights. But I ſee, ſaid *Critilo*, a *Babylon* of confuſions, a *Paris* of dirt and filth, a *Rome* of changes, a *Palermo* of *Ætna's* ſmoaks, a *Conſtantinople* of miſts, a *London* of peſtilence, an *Algier* of captives. I ſee, ſaid the Philoſopher, *Madrid* the Mother of all perfections on one ſide, and a Step-mother on the other; for as the chiefeſt rarities addreſs themſelves to the Court, ſo in like manner do Vices ſwarm there, being introduced by thoſe which know not how to bring other then the vitious habits of their own Countries. For my own part, I will not go in, as I have already told you, but bringing them to the Bridge *Milvio*, he there left them. But *Critilo* and *Andrenio* adventured in by the ſtreet of *Toledo*, and preſently they happened into a Shop where Wiſdom was to be ſold; *Critilo* asked the Bookſeller if he had a clue of golden Thread to ſell them: but he did not preſently apprehend his queſtion, for thoſe who only read the Titles of Books, are ſeldom learned by them; but another ſtanding by, a graduated Courtier both in years and experience, ſaid, You little underſtand them, for it is a compaſs they deſire to ſail by in this Ocean and Golf of *Circes*. I underſtand you leſs, ſaid the Bookſeller, for here is neither Gold nor Silver ſold, but only Books, a more pretious Commodity then either. It is this, replied *Critilo*, we look after, and one eſpecially which may give us ſome Councils, and Inſtructions how to govern our ſelves in this twining Labyrinth. So then, ſaid the Book-

Madrid not a Mother, but a Step-mother.

Bookſeller, it ſeems that you are Strangers, and if ſo, make uſe of this Manual, it is no Tome, but rather an Atome, and yet it ſhall ſerve to guide you to the North of Felicity it ſelf: here take this, which I have ſeen do Miracles, it being that which inſtructs us in the art of being Men, and teaches us to keep a ſociety worthy of thoſe who are ſo: *Critilo* took it, and read the Title, which was *Galateus of the Court.* What is the Price, ſaid he? Sir, ſaid the Bookſeller, it hath no price, it is above account, and is worth more to him who carries it; theſe Books we do not ſell, but pawn for two Ryals, for the World affords not ſufficient Riches whereby to make their eſtimation. At this ſpeech the Courtier gave ſuch a loud laughter, that *Critilo* admired at it, and the Bookſeller was put out of countenance, and asked the reaſon why he ſo laughed. To which he replied that the abſurdity of what he ſaid was worthy of it; for the whole matter which the Book treated of was Ridiculous: I ſee now, ſaid the Bookſeller, that *Galateus* is no more then the Elements of Morality, the A, B, C. of Breeeding, nor yet can it be denied; but it is a golden toy, both plauſible and important, and though but little, yet it can make men great, and teach them to continue ſo. Nothing leſs true then this, replied the Courtier, for this Book, ſaid he, taking it into his hands, is Heterodox, and might be worth ſomething, did it teach Contraries: In thoſe innocent times when men were ſuch, theſe rules and precepts were fitly calculated for that age, but in theſe times we now live, they are like Fruit out of ſeaſon, or like Almanacks out of date: theſe were Leſſons for antient days when they uſed Croſs-bows, but this is an age of more dangerous Artillery; believe me they are of no va-

Galateus reprehended.

lue, and that your own ſelves may confeſs the ſame, hear me theſe firſt Lines, he ſays, *That obſerving the Rules of diſcreet Ceremonies, we ought not to ſtare him in the Face with whom we ſpeak, as if we would eſpy ſome Myſteries in his Eyes.* Conſider how good a Rule this is for theſe times, in which the Tongue hath loſt that tie and ſtring which united it to the Heart. Where then ſhould we look, on the Breaſt? It is true, it were good to pierce as far as the Heart, had it the tranſparent Glaſs to cover it, which *Momus* deſired; for though our eyes were fixed to obſerve his poſtures, and our ſight attentive to diſcover changes in his countenance, yet our greateſt attention can ſcarce gueſs at the language of his interiour thoughts; how far ſhort then muſt we come of this end, in not beholding him. Let us then look on him, pierce him with the quick darts of our Eyes, look Noſe to Noſe, and yet pray Heaven the point of our attention may be ſo ſubtle and ſharp as to read his Soul in his Face; to obſerve if he changes his Colour, if he knits his Brows, or his Heart ſhuffles, and plays within him. This Rule, as I ſay, was good and civil in better times: but now Wiſe men will not eſteem it unmannerly, unleſs they could procure the ineſtimable Felicity of ſuch Aſſociates, whoſe words and actions have no need of being tryed by the conſtancy of their countenances. Hear alſo this other, for it much pleaſeth me as often as I read it, that it is a barbarous Slovenry after we have blown our Noſe, to look on the Snot in our Handkerchief, as if the filth were Pearls or Diamonds which proceed from our Brain. This, Sir, ſaid *Critilo*, is a fancy as Court-like as ſubtle; but yet in Criticiſms of this nature, we ſhall never want words, or arguments for both parts. Not ſo, replied

plied the Courtier, for you underſtand it not, but in reſpect of the Author, who muſt pardon me, and teach me better. For I ſay yes, let every one look on it, ſee and know his filth, and corruption he caſts forth: let the confident Sophiſter know that he is but a ſnotty Charlatan, for though he is unable rationally to diſcourſe, or ſcarce Logick enough to know his Right hand, hath yet high thoughts of his own abilities: let him who hath an elevated opinion of his own fancy know, that thoſe are not Sentences, or Subtleties which he conceives, but a dull offspring of his Brain, which is diſtilled through the Limbick of his circumflexed Noſe. Let the dainty Lady perſwade her ſelf, that ſhe is not ſuch an Angel as her Servant ſpeak her, that it is not Amber, through which ſhe breathes, but a Kennel and painted Pipe to convey Corruption. Let *Alexander* undeceive himſelf, that he is not Son to *Jupiter* but to Putrifaction, and Grand-child of nothing. And let every man know that the Divinity he conceives in himſelf is but humane imperfection, a bubble of vanity, and that the wind and ſmoak of conceit which riſes to his head, diſſolves into filth and nautious humours. Let us all underſtand, and know our ſelves, that we are but Veſſels of unclean ſtenches, when we are Children we are Snotty, when Old Flegmatick, when in our middle Age, we are Cholerick and ſubject to the ſuperfluity of Impoſthumes. Another thing he ſays is altogether unprofitable, which is, that a well faſhioned Man ought not to pick the Wax out of his Ears, and paſte it between his Fingers. Let me ask you, Sirs, who it is that can do ſo? for in whoſe Ears hath the importunate diſcourſes of one or other left it? For this is an age wherein Men have but little Wax in their Ears, it had

better he had encharged us, not to ſuffer the rapacity of the deceitful to pick it out, or the cloſe Leach to ſuck it forth, or to ſuffer Scriveners, or others, whom I will forbear to mention, have ſo free a paſſage to the Organ of our Hearing. But I am moſt ſcandalized, that he ſhould call it clowniſh, for one being in company to take out his Siſſers, and clip his Nails. This I confeſs I cannot but eſteem a moſt pernitious Doctrine, for ſuppoſe that men are apt to omit the paring of their Nails in ſecret, how much leſs ſhould they be in publick; it were better to command them this office before the whole World, as the *Almiranto* of *Naples* did, for every one muſt needs be offended to ſee thoſe long Nails ſome wear, that their Siſſers may not be ſaid ſo much to clip as to ſhare them; let them cut off thoſe claws of Rapine ſo cloſe, that they may touch the quick. There are ſome ſo charitable as to frequent the Hoſpitals; to cut the Nails of the poor, it is true, it is a great Charity; nor would it be leſs commendable to enter into the Houſe of the Rich, and ſhorten thoſe Claws of Rapine by which they have made themſelves as great as rapacious, having ſtript the Poor, and thruſt them from their doors, or at leaſt reduced them to that miſery, that they have need of the charitable reception of an Hoſpital.

As little reaſon had he to recommend to us the civility of taking off our Hats, as a token of kindneſs and reſpect; for now they take not only off the Hat, but the Cloak and Coat, and ſtrip men of Honeſty to the very Skin, and flea him alive, and then tell the good man, that it is out of kindneſs they treat him no worſe. There are others who ſo much obſerve this Rule, that they enter with a Cap on whereſo-

Courteſie Deceit.

ever

ever they go; and thus you ſee, that this rule is like the others. Another that I read now, is againſt all Morality. I wonder it hath not incurred a general cenſure, and diſlike; he ſaith, that a man ſhould negligently move his feet, not obſerving at every ſtep where he ſets them, but ſet them there, where by chance or occaſionally they fall. This I deny, for might I counſel any, I ſhould adviſe them not to tranſgreſs or ſurpaſs the bound, and point of that Reaſon, which is in conformity to the Law of God; let a man look and ſee that he doth not paſs the limits of his Eſtate and Fortune, leſt he fall into that Precipice, in which many have periſhed. That he treads not on a narrow Line without leiſure, and due conſideration, for this is for a man to meaſure his own abilities, and to weigh his own Burden; that he ſtrain not his hand nor foot to reach farther than he is able; this I adviſe and counſel: That he conſider where he ſet his foot, ſee where he enters, and where he goes out, that he makes a firm footing in the middle, and not in the dangerous brims and borders of extremes: for this is to go well, and ſecure. Another thing he ſays, that it ſeems like a Fool for a Man to go talking with himſelf; but with whom can a man diſcourſe better, than with himſelf? What Friend hath he more faithful, and ſincere? Let him ſpeak, and tell himſelf the truth, for none elſe will; let him ask and hear the Voice of his own Conſcience; let him conſult, and adviſe himſelf, and believe that all others admoniſh only for their own advantge and intereſt, that they are ill keepers of ſecrets, and would even betray the very ſhirt of the King *D. Pedro*. The next thing he ſays, is, that in our

His Bloody Shirt.

diſcourſe we ſhould not uſe much action, for that is to pump out our Soul, as well as our Body. He ſays well in this, if he to whom we ſpeak is attentive; but not if he be deaf, as often Men are in thoſe things which concern either them or us moſt; if he ſleeps we have need to awake him, and there are ſome, though brayed in a Morter, are ſtill unapprehenſive, and uncapable Subjects of the loweſt Reaſon; for what can a Man do leſs when he ſees his Auditors both dull of apprehenſion, and unattentive to his words? Of neceſſity we had need with the Peſtle of our Speech to beat it into their Brains, for unleſs it be violently inculcated, they will ſcarce admit it into their Ears. That a loud, and high Voice is inconſiſtent with gravity, is according to thoſe unto whom we ſpeak; for believe me, words of Silk are not agreeable unto Cloth ears, and he who actuates not his words with his hands, gives no life to his Speech, but ſtands with that compoſedneſs, as if he were Angling, or ſtill in expectation the Fiſh ſhould bite, it were a good buſineſs if we could by this means diſtinguiſh good hands from bad; let me priſe thoſe which are good, for then they ſeem to reach Heaven it ſelf, and graſp it in their hands. Thus, with the Authors leave I muſt be of a contrary opinion to him; for let every Man Do and Say, let him not be all Words, but ſometimes Actions, and Executions, let him ſpeak truth, and if his hands are endued with dexterity, let him interpoſe them on all occaſions.

Sayings and Doings.

As this Author hath ſome rules ſuperfluous, ſo he hath others idle, and fooliſh, and this is one; that a Man when he ſpeaks to another, ſhould not approach very near to him, leaſt he beſpatter him with his

his Spittle; for there are ſome ſo indiſcreet, that they ought to adviſe before they ſpeak, and bid them beware of * Water, that the Hearers may retire at ſome diſtance, or arm themſelves againſt the torrent, and theſe are ſuch who ordinarily ſpeak with a continual motion, without Parentheſis, Coma, or Period. For my own part, I think it more dangerous to be ſubject to thoſe Fires ſome caſt from their Mouth, then the ſprinklings of Spittle, and more dreadful are thoſe Flames of Malice, of Murmurings, of Flattery, of Obſcenity, and Scandal, which iſſue from them. Worſe alſo are the foams of Rage, and more need had he to adviſe us of a flood of Choler: let him rather reprehend the emiſſions of Poiſon, which proceed from under their lips, for to diſcommend ſpitting, is Childiſhneſs: Small hurt can the ſhrill noiſe of a Quail do us, God deliver us from the ſwift Bullet of injury, from the Shaft of the Throat, from the Wildfire of Treaſon, from the Pikes of ſharp Tongues, and from the Artillery of Slaunders.

* Agua va, *as they do at* Madrid, *when they empty the Chamber-pots at their Windows.*

Another Precept he hath as ridiculous as the reſt, That when we ſpeak with another, we ſhould not lay our Hands upon his Breaſt, and twine his Buttons till they fall off. I ſay yes, let us feel the Pulſe of his Breaſt, touch his Heart, examine how it beats *, try if he have Loops on his Waſtecoat, for there are ſome have not: let us pull him by the Sleeve who goes aſtray, and another by his Skirt, that he may amend his crooked ways, and ſo far remember himſelf as not to be Frantick.

* *He means thoſe who never uncloſe their inward Garments,* viz. *their Thoughts to none.*

tick. The next that follows, is what was never ſo much as mentioned in any Commonwealth, no not in *Venice* it ſelf, nor in any time of former age, which is, that we ſhould not in our eating fill both Cheeks at once, as being a great piece of Clownery: This you ſee is a Leſſon, which the moſt curious, in their dreſs and behaviour, leaſt practiſe, being that which fills up the wrincles of the Face moſt, and ſets off their beauty to beſt advantage. Another is, that we ſhould not laugh loud: and yet there are ſuch ridiculous mockeries in the World, that a man cannot contain himſelf by deriding them in his Sleeve only; but he muſt neceſſarily burſt into an exceſs of laughter. The next is like the former, That we ſhould not chew with our Mouth ſhut; how good a Rule is this, for the nature of this Age, in which there are ſo many hungry Wolves, that the beſt ſecurity we can take, is ſcarce ſufficient to preſerve a morſel within our Mouths from rapacious hands. What would become of us then if our Mouths were open? for in no occaſion it imports us more then in our eating and drinking to keep them ſhut; which was the Rule that the Marquis *Spinola*, obſerved when he invited the ceremonious *Henrico* to his Table; but that our Author may be punctual in all points, he forbids us to belch; for though it be healthful, yet it is clowniſh; believe me, let all caſt out thoſe bad Fumes engendred by ill concoction, thoſe windy puffs, that ſwell them, of which thoſe are moſt full, who are emptieſt of ſubſtance: and I wiſh they may at laſt work out thoſe Fumes from their heads, and therefore when they ſneeze may God help them to caſt out the Wind of their Vanity, that we may wiſh them joy of ſo fair a riddance: for all may know by the filthineſs of the Breath, how corrupted the Air is when

when out of its place. Yet there is one Precept of *Galateus* hath much pleaſed me, and ſeems very ſound, that ſo may be confirmed that common ſaying, There is no Book without ſomething good, and commendable; he therefore premiſeth as a capital Precept, and fundamental point of his ceremonious Office; that a Gallant of his making, ſhould endeavour above all to ſhine with the Endowments of Fortune, and upon the Baſis of Gold to erect a Scheme of Courteſie, Diſcretion, Gallantry, and other Parts, which commend an accompliſhed Gentleman; for if his Fortunes be ſmall, his Treaſury of Knowledge, will be eſteemed but Poor; nor ſhall he have the reputation of Wiſe, Diſcreet, Courteous, as if his inward Perfections were to be ſet off with an outward foil; this is my opinion of *Galateus*. If this doth not content you, ſaid the Bookſeller, becauſe he treats of material Ceremonies, his Doctrine being only of outward carriage: Here is then, and it may be better to your liking, the judicious and grave Inſtruction of *Juan de Vega*, which he gave his Son when he ſent him to the Court: This ſublime Doctrine is not delivered with the affected gravity of a *Portagues*, but is as much as the Count of *Portalegre* could ſay when he ſent his Son upon the like occaſion. This Work, replied the Courtier, is too ſublime, and high for me, and fit for thoſe only who move in the ſupream Sphere of the Commonwealth; for he is not to be eſteemed a judicious Workman who ſhall think to fit a Dwarf with the Shooe of a Giant; believe me there is no other Book which Art could form more for the purpoſe, or accommodated to the humours of *Madrid*; I know that my Heterodox and per-

The Count of Portalegre.

perhaps Stoical Tenents may have cauſed Men to cenſure me as Cynical; yet I ſhall ſooner prefer Truth, then flatter others in their own ſenſe and fancies. Let me tell you the Book, that you ſhould ſeek, and read, is *Homer's Ulyſſes.* But hold, and let me declare my ſelf, leſt there be a miſtake; Do you think the dangerous Golf he writes of, is in *Sicily*, and that the *Syrens* inhabit on thoſe Sands with their Faces like Women, and their Tails like Fiſh, or that the *Cirze* performs her Enchantments in her Iſle, and the proud *Cyclops* in his Cave? Know that the dangerous Sea, is the Court environed with the *Cylla* of Deceit, and *Caribdis* of Falſity: thoſe Women you ſee paſs yonder ſo wantonly Modeſt, and ſo deſolutely compoſed, are the true *Syrens*, and falſe Women, whoſe end is monſtrous, and the remembrance of them diſpleaſing. It was not ſufficient that cautious *Ulyſſes* ſtopt his Ears, unleſs he had bound himſelf to the Main-maſt of Vertue, and flying from theſe Enchantments, ſteered his Ship to the Haven of Security: There are *Cirzes*, who with the force of Magick Charms, have bewitched men in that manner, that they have transformed them into Brutes. What ſhall I ſay of ſo many *Cyclopſes*, as fooliſh, as arrogant, who having but one eye, have yet fixed that on the Objects of their own appetite, and preſumption. This very Book you turn over, ſhall, as I ſay, direct your ſteps, and teach you like *Ulyſſes* to eſcape this Rock, and as I hope, divert you from thoſe monſtrous encounters, which threaten your deſtruction. Upon this recommendation they took his counſel, and paſſed forward, much guided by what the Courtier had adviſed, and *Ulyſſes* taught. They met with no Friend nor Kinſman, no Acquaintance, becauſe they were poor, and in a mean condition.

Nor

Nor could *Critilo* diſcover his deſired *Feliſinda*; and ſo finding themſelves deſtitute of all relief, and deſpiſed becauſe in want, *Critilo* determined to make uſe of the vertue of ſome Oriental Stones, which the favour of the Seas had reſerved to him in his Shipwrack: but eſpecially to make experience how well the ſolidity of his Diamond could conquer difficulties, and whether the rich Emerod (as Philoſophers write) had the virtue to reconcile Wills, and gain Affections. With that he brought them to light, which at the ſame time worked ſuch miraculous effects, that he ſoon obtained the good will and wiſhes of all thoſe of the beſt Blood of *Spain*, the moſt gallant, diſcreet, and underſtanding, were ambitious of his acquaintance. So great was the Fame of this Diamond, that it betrayed them into the Covetous hands of ſome Soldiers, but were freed from them by a multitude of Friends, who courted their Friendſhip, and deſired to be of their Kindred; they gained more Coſins then a King, and Nephews then a Pope, all which the Fame of this Diamond had created. But the moſt pleaſant accident was that which happened to *Andrenio*, for in paſſing through the great Street to the Palace, came a Page to him, gaudy in his Livery, and free in his Garb, drew out a fold of a Letter, which he kept cloſe up, giving him only leave to look on the Firm which was ſubſcribed a Coſin and Servant of yours; in it ſhe congratulated his ſafe arrival at the Court, much complaining that he who was of ſo near Blood to her, was yet ſo much a Stranger and unknown, with all deſiring him not to fail to come and ſee her, for that Page was there to direct him the way, and ſhow him her lodging. *Andrenio* was much ſurprized to hear the name of Cozen, who be-

believed he had no Mother; but being more excited with curioſity to try the event, then with hopes of unknown embraces, together with the Page went directly to the houſe; But what ſtrange ſucceſſes befel him there, is related in the following *Criſis.*

The

The Twelfth CRISIS.

The Charms of Falſe Syrens.

THough *Solomon* was the wiſeſt of Men, yet he was the moſt deceived by Women, and having been the moſt amorous perſon in the World, he was beſt able to give a Character, and a report of their Nature, which was this, That an Evil Woman is a great Evil to Man, and his worſt Enemy; ſhe is more ſtrong then Wine, more powerful then a King, and being all Falſity, is not afraid to bid open defiance unto Truth. Leſs dangerous to us are the Rancours, and Malice of an Enemy, then the Embraces, and Careſſes of a falſe Woman, ſaid he, who ſpake the wiſeſt; for leſs hurtful is it, to be purſued by the threatning Dart of a Man, then to have a Woman follow our ſteps with pretenſions of Love. She is not one Enemy alone, but many complicated in one; and in her hath Malevolence placed its Ammunition, and Artillery againſt us, ſhe is compoſed of Fleſh to diſcompoſe carnal Man; the World cloaths her, and that ſhe may conquer Man, makes a World of her, and the Devil over thoſe Garments which the World gave her, caſts a Cloak of deceitful Embraces. She is a Gerion of Enemies,

the

the triple Cord, and Snare of our Liberty, which is hardly broken. Hence doubtleſs it is, that all the evils of the World have Attributes of the Feminine Gender, as the Furies, Deſtinies, Sirens, Harpies, for all thoſe Evils may be united in the wickedneſs of one bad Woman: Different Paſſions have their ſeveral times, and ſeaſons of age, in which their ſtrength is moſt vigorous to encouter Man, ſome in Youth, others in Old age; but a Woman without reſpect of years, is an importunate Tormentor in all Ages; neither is Youth ſecure from her, nor Ripe, nor Old age; neither the Wiſe, nor Valiant, nor yet a Saint can ſay that he is invulnerable in thoſe temptations: for ſhe as a common Enemy always wages War, and yet is ſo familiar, that ſhe hath corrupted all the Servants of the Soul to aſſiſt and favour her; the eyes conſent to the entrance of her Beauty, the Ears are raviſhed with her Voice, the hands attract her, the Lips whiſper her name; the Tongue reſounds her praiſes, the Breaſt ſighs after her, and the Heart cloſes with her. If ſhe be beautiful, others ſeek her, if ill favoured, ſhe ſeeks others, and had not Heaven provided that beauty ſhould be the ordinary Throne of Folly, there would not have remained a Man with breath, if liberty be eſteemed the formality of life. O! how amazed *Critilo* endeavoured to deliver deceived *Andrenio*, but with ſmall ſucceſs and advantage to either. For *Andrenio* departed blind to ſeek light at the Houſe of Fire and Flames, he conſulted not firſt with *Critilo*, fearing his ſevere life would prevent him; wherefore guided only by a ſilly Page, he walked ſometime through turnings and windings of many Streets diſcourſing in this manner, My Lady,

The Throne of Folly.

ſaid

ſaid the Boy, the honeſt falſe *Syrena* lives retired from the World, eſtranged from the Tumults of the Court, which is a life ſhe chuſes both as moſt agreeable to her melancholy humour, and as moſt healthful and pleaſant, whilſt ſhe diverts her ſelf in the ſweet Air of the Country, and in her chearful Gardens. At laſt they came to a houſe which in outward appearance promiſed no great commodiouſneſs, much leſs magnificence, which took much off from the expectation of *Andrenio*, and at the beginning diſpleaſed him: but as ſoon as he entred in, he ſeemed to have been enwrapped into the Palace of *Aurora*, for the entrance was firſt into an open Court, a capacious Theatre of Miraculous appearances, and the Houſe quiet, and ſtill, without noiſe, or diſturbance; Inſtead of firm *Atlantes* the Pillars to ſupport it, the Court was encircled with beautiful Nymphs moſt artificially worked, and engraved, bearing on their tender ſhoulders a Heaven crowned with Seraphims, but not with Stars; in the centre or middle ſpouted a pleaſant Fountain, emitting ſucceſſively Flames and Water; it was made in the form of a *Cupid*, attended on by the Graces, and by their Hands ſupplied with Darts, which continually ſhot a ſcorching Shower both of Water and Fire: Theſe Flouds paſt continually through Pipes of Alablaſter as white as Snow, and gliding ſwiftly along, one part of the Stream ſeemed to purſue the other, murmuring afterwards at thoſe whom at their firſt ſource their bubling Voice ſeemed to flatter. At the end of the Court ſtood a green Cypreſs, which appeared beautiful to a curious Eye; its Bowes were more luxuriant then fruitful, all Flower and Bloſſom, but nothing came to maturity, nor proved

Love Weeping burns.

ved correſpondent to the preceding hopes: It was encircled with delightful Flowers, which ſent forth odours of a ſtrong fragrancy. The Birds alſo ſeemed to bid him welcome, and a gentle breath of Air whiſtling through the Trees, joined in conſort with the Birds. All which he eſteemed as happy omens and courteous ſalutations to bid him welcome, or indeed rather to bid him farewel. The Garden was fitted to nouriſh penſive thoughts, for whoſoever walked in it, fell into melancholy and deep imaginations. *Andrenio* went ſtill toward the pleaſures, and delights of the middle, where the Spring ſtood ſpinning Flax into Jaſmines, I mean the vain *Venus* of this *Cypreſs*, for never was *Cyprus* without *Venus*. At his coming *Falſirena* went forth to meet him, and counterfeiting a Sun in her ſmiles, and forming a Half-moon with her Arms, encloſed him in the Heaven of her Embraces. Sometimes ſhe chid him, anon ſhe ſpoke kindly, often repeating, O Coſin! O dear *Andrenio!* thou art as welcome as deſired; and as ſhe ſpake ſhe changed her tone at every word, and ſtringing Pearls thread by thread, ſhe twiſted and interweaved Falſities. How is it, ſaid ſhe, that having a houſe ſo ſolely devoted to your ſervice you ſhould obſcure your ſelf in an Inn; perhaps the poor entertainment you may find here would move you nothing, yet the obligations of Blood and Conſanguinity which I have to you might invite you. I look on you, and cannot but call to mind the beauteous Features of your Mother in your Countenance; in truth you very much reſemble her, nor can I ſufficiently wonder that you ſhould be ſo ſtrange here, but I conſider that you are a Novice and a young Courtier. Madam,

Cyprus and Venus have the ſame ſignification.

dam, ſaid he, I muſt confeſs I am ſomething amazed to hear you ſay, you are my Coſin, who am ignorant of that Mother that brought me forth; nor do I think my ſelf ungrateful or ſtupid in it, in diſowning them who neglected me; I have none of my Blood, nor Kindred, ſuch a Product, and Child I am nothing; adviſe your ſelf, and conſider better, if you may not probably miſtake me for ſome of a more happy and fortunate condition. Alas, ſaid ſhe, *Andrenio* no, I know you well, know who you are, that you were born in an Iſle encompaſſed with the waters of the greateſt Seas: I know very well, that your Mother and my Aunt, and Miſtreſs, O! how beautiful ſhe was, and therefore unfortunate, how modeſt and diſcreet a Lady, but how like a *Danae*, ſhe eſcaped from Deceit, how like a *Helen* in her flight, how like a *Lucretia* from violence, and like an *Europa* from ſpoils? *Feliſinda* thus arriving here, for ſo was her name of bleſſed memory, *Andrenio* was much moved to hear her named for his Mother, who he had heard was the Wife of *Critilo:* Which paſſion and change in him was well obſerved by the *Faliſrena*. *Andrenio* urged much to know the reaſon of this accident; for I have heard oftentimes, ſaid he, of this Name. To which ſhe replied, that you may know I do not lie, take theſe particulars: *Feliſinda* was married with a Gentleman as paſſionate in her love, as diſcreet, who was priſoner in *Goa*, who yet at her departure carried him impreſſed on her Heart, and you in her Womb, as a Pawn and Pledge of her Matrimonial Bed; but the time being expired, and her Travels coming on her, brought forth you in an Iſle, giving heaven innumerable thanks, which had

Violences of Love.

ſo providently preſerved both her credit, and ſafety; neither would ſhe truſt her Maids the enemies of ſecreſie, but committing her ſelf to the ſtrength of her own Valour, and Honour, was the only Midwife to bring you to light, and caſting you on the Earth, more compaſſionate then our own Bowels, committed your helpleſs Body to the Mantles of Graſs, and to the protection of pious Heaven, which was not deaf to her prayers, but provided you a Nurſe, though a Beaſt, which was not the firſt time, nor ſhall be the laſt, that they as Subſtitutes have and ſhall ſupply Maternal abſence. Oh! how often ſhe hath told me this, with more tears then words, by which one may eaſily perceive with how much Paſſion ſhe related it. How much will ſhe rejoice when ſhe ſees you, and in what manner will ſhe now make amends for her unhumane cruelty, to which once ſhe was compelled through the ſence of her Honour.

Andrenio was much amazed to hear the riddle of his life thus expounded, and comparing theſe particular circumſtances with his former knowledge; his tender diſpoſition cauſed him to burſt into tears, and to diſſolve his heart into drops through the conduct of his eyes. Let us leave off, ſaid ſhe, leave off the thoughts of paſt ſorrows, and let not antient griefs recover a new force to oppreſs your heart; let us go up, ſee my poor, but now only happy Cottage: bring us a Banquet, and Collation, for in this houſe never can want a kind entertainment: Thus we may now fancy them going up the Stairs of Porphiry, or of the Perfidious; but we ſhall ſoon find them coming down with eyes like Cats, grown dim at the Rayes of the Sun in his

Tears eaſe Sorrow.

his brighteſt Sphear, and winking at the Moon in her ſeveral Changes: Every Room was obſerved to be ſquare, and well-ordered, the Roof of admiral artifice, which reſembled a Heaven, at the ſight of which many contemned the real glory of the cœleſtial Stars. There were Manſions and Habitations for all times, and ſeaſons, even for thoſe that are paſſed, and all rarely worked, and adorned; ſhe continually told *Andrenio* all this is yours, as it is mine. During this delitious Collation, the Graces entertained him with Songs and Muſick, and the Circes enchanted him. There is no way now, ſaid ſhe, Coſin, but you muſt ſtay here, and you ſhall need to be at no farther charge, then at the coſt of your own pleaſure: order that your Portmantles be brought hither, and though this Houſe ſhall furniſh you with all conveniencies, yet I would not have you looſe any thing of your own; your ſelf ſhall not need to go forth for any thing, for my Servants ſhall readily perform your commands in bringing hither your Baggage, and ſatisfying the Reckoning which is due in your Inn. It is neceſſary, replied *Andrenio*, that I ſhould go my ſelf, for know that I am not alone, but the favour you do muſt be double, and be beſtowed on another beſides my ſelf, for I muſt give an account of this to *Critilo* my Father. How, to your Father, who is he, ſaid *Falſirena?* I call him Father, who hath performed the office of it, in being my Tutor; and if your Relation be true, he is my natural Father, for he is the Husband of *Feliſinda*, the Gentleman who was Priſoner in *Goa*. Go, ſaid the *Falſirena*, go inſtantly, and ſtay not one minute before you return, and bring *Critilo* with you, for I will neither eat nor ſleep till I am bleſſed again with your return. Thus parted *An-*

drenio, accompanied with the ſame Page, one of her own Creatures, and her moſt faithful Spy: when they were come to their Lodging, they found *Critilo* much troubled, and in a thouſand thoughts; but ſo ſoon as *Andrenio* ſaw him, he caſt himſelf down at his feet, kiſſing his hands, and ſaying, O Father! O Tutor! for my very Heart and Mind tells me the ſame. What Novelty is this, demanded *Critilo?* You know, anſwered he, it is not ſtrange for me to ſtile yon ſo; for beſides thoſe antient obligations I have to you, my Bloud cries now in my Veins, and acknowledgeth you to be him, who begot me; for know, Sir, that you have not only given me my being, but by your inſtructions have produced in me, thoſe qualities which become a Man, and my Mother is your Wife *Feliſinda*: This relation I received from a Couſin, the Daughter of my Mothers Siſter, and at this inſtant I am returned from her, to inform you ſo much. What means this of Couſin, demanded *Critilo?* this name ſounds not well to me. Why not, ſaid *Andrenio?* for ſhe is a Woman well-faſhioned, and ſeems diſcreet, let us return to her, where we ſhall hear again related this never unwelcome Hiſtory. At this *Critilo* ſtood ſomething in ſuſpence, and though he heard theſe particular circumſtances, yet he feared the many inventions and artifices of the Court. Howſoever, as we all are, being credulous of what he deſired, under pretence of informing himſelf better, they both went to the Houſe of *Falſirena*. It ſeemed not now the ſame, but ſomething better adorned, with a ſtate and gracefulneſs that made the reſemblance of Heaven. You are welcome, ſaid ſhe, *Critilo* to this your Houſe, whoſe want of being acquainted with it can only be an excuſe for not honouring it before. My

Couſin,

Couſin, I believe hath already informed you of thoſe mutual ties and obligations we have of Bloud, and Kindred, and that his Mother and your Wife the beautiful *Feliſinda*, was my Aunt, and Miſtreſs, to whom I owe more for her courteous offices of friendſhip, then on the ſcore and natural tie of Bloud: I have ſufficiently felt the want of her, and already bewailed it. At this *Critilo* ſtarted, and ſaid, Is ſhe dead then? No, replied ſhe, not ſo bad, for her abſence is ſufficient; her Parents are dead, principally cauſed by a diſcontent they took, to ſee, that amongſt ſo many Rivals, which ſtood in competition for her Beauty, her conſtancy to you, would give her leave to make choice of none. She afterwards, under the charge and protection of that great Prince Embaſſador now in *Germany* for this our Catholick Monarch, went to accompany her Kinſwoman the Marqueſs, with whom ſhe now lives happy, and contented, and may God in his good time return her again to us in ſafety: but I remained with my Mother, her Siſter, and though alone and thus deſerted, yet with ſufficient ſupport to maintain our neceſſities both of Life, and Honour; but as misfortunes come not alone, ſo I having firſt loſt her, ſoon after, my grief having a little pauſe, I loſt my Mother too, whoſe death I partly believe was occaſioned by her abſence: My Kindred now remaining are my only comfort, to all I owe duties of kindneſs, Vertue being my ſtudy, and my endeavour to inherit the honor of my Parents, as being one of thoſe who owe moſt to the Piety, and good example of their Anceſtors: This is my Houſe, but hereafter no more to be named mine, but yours for ever, as long as your life ſhall laſt, and may it be as durable as *Neſtors*. Let me now conduct you into

ſome of my Rooms, and chiefeſt Galleries, which they found full of Roſes and Perfumes; all of them were hung with admirable Pieces and Pictures limbed by the moſt artificial Pencils; in ſome of which they ſaw deſcribed the Succeſs and Tragedies of their own lives, which they with aſtoniſhment beheld, admiring as well the Art, as the plain Deſcription of this unknown Hiſtory. Now not only *Andrenio*, but alſo *Critilo*, was perſwaded of her affection, and of the reality of that information ſhe gave them; ſo that making their excuſes with thankfulneſs, they began to contrive the ſending for their Baggage, and amongſt that, ſome precious Stones, which were left of the ruines of *Critilo*'s periſhed houſe; which being brought, and they had over-viewed them, he judged them a due Preſent for Ladies of Pleaſure, with whom he now drank in a full Cup to the health of *Falſirena*; which Jewels after ſhe had much commended for the luſtre, and perfections of them, ſhe commanded ſome of her own to be brought, which ſhe chearfully deſired him to enjoy; but *Critilo* rather beſeeched her to keep his for him, and ſhe as gracefully accepted the Profer. *Critilo* ſtill ſighed for his loſt *Feliſinda*, and one day at Table propoſed to make a journy into *Germany*; but *Andrenio* already enamoured and captivated with affection of his Couſin, diverted the diſcourſe, much diſpleaſed to hear of his departure, and ſhe cunningly praiſed his reſolution, but yet propounded difficulties, and adviſed him to prolong it, until a time of better conveniency. But there offering now an opportunity, that he might be entred into the ſervice of the great Phenix of *Spain*, which went to crown her ſelf with the Eagle of the Empire. *Andrenio* had no farther excuſe, yet whilſt he prepared for the Journy,

Falſirena made a motion of ſeeing the two Miracles of the World, the *Eſcurial* for Art, and *Aranjuez* for Nature, the paralel lines of the Sun of *Auſtria* in his ſeveral times, and ſeaſons. But *Andrenio* was ſo blind in his Paſſion, and his Eyes ſo wholely darkned, that he had no light remaining to ſee other curioſities of Art, or Nature: for the *Falſirena* having bewitched him, *Critilo* in vain uſed perſwaſions and reaſons for his departure, but at laſt his ſight not only left him, but his hearing, and from blind he became deaf alſo. In fine *Critilo* reſolved, though unaccompanied to pay that juſt debt to his curioſity, leſt afterwards he ſhould be troubled he had not ſeen the high admiration of all, or his fancy, and imagination check him for contemning the ſight of the greateſt Wonder in the World. So that thither he went alone, *Eſcurial.* though to admire for many. He received in this great Temple of the Catholick *Solomon*, the only Fabrick excelling the Hebrews glory; not only a ſatisfaction equal to his former thoughts, but an amazement in exceſs: for there he ſaw the oſtentation of Royal power, the triumph of Catholick Piety, the perfection of Architecture reſtored; the Pomp both of antient and modern curioſity, the laſt eſſay of growing Art, and where Greatneſs, Riches, and Magnificence concurred in one Centre. From hence he went to *Aranjuez*, the conſtant habitation of the Spring, the Country of *Flora*, her Arbour of Delight in all Months of the year, the Preſervative for Flowers; the Centre of Delights and Content: by both which Wonders, he remained with ſuch admiration imprinted in him, as well ſufficient for his whole life to adminiſter

Aranjuez *one of the King of* Spain's *Country Houſes.*

miniſter matter of contemplation. From thence he returned again to *Madrid*, much pleaſed to have ſatisfied his curioſity, intending to lodge again in the Houſe of *Falſirena:* but now he found it ſhut more cloſe then a Treaſury, and more ſilent then a Deſert: his impatient Servant knocked often at the door, and the ſound of every ſtroak made an Eccho in the heart of *Critilo.* The Neighbors being diſturbed with the continued noiſe, bid them not trouble themſelves any more, for there lived none, they all were dead. *Critilo* ſtartling at that, replied, Did there not live a principal Lady here, whom not many days ago I left well, and in good health? One hearing him ſay Good, laught. Pardon me, ſaid he, I do not believe it, nor is ſhe a perſon of good quality, added another, who conſumes her time in youthful pleaſures. Nor yet a Woman, ſaid a third, but a Harpy, and the worſt Woman of this worſt and preſent age.

Critilo could ſcarce perſwade himſelf what he deſired not to hear, but turned back again to demand if *Falſirena* dwelt not there: But in the mean time one came to him, and told him, that he ſhould not trouble himſelf; for it was true that not many days ago, there was one dwelt there; a *Circe*, and a *Syren*, for her Enchantments, and one that could raiſe Tempeſts, and vexatious Storms; for beſides that, ſhe was wicked, and diſſolute; ſhe was a famous Witch, a renowned Enchantreſs having the power to metamorphoſe Men out of their own ſhapes into that of Brutes, and particularly into Aſſes, not of Gold, but of their own Folly and Poverty. In the Streets of this Court walk thouſands converted into ſhapes, not humane, becauſe abuſed with

with all kind of beaſtly affections. That which I can aſſure you for truth is, that in thoſe few days I have been an Inhabitant here, I have ſeen many enter in, but none go out, and in as much as this *Syren* is half a * Fiſh, ſhe fiſheth away their Wealth and Livelihood from all that know her; their Jewels, Cloaths, Liberty, Honour, and that her Frauds may not be diſcovered, ſhe changes every day. I do not mean her conditions, nor cuſtoms, but her place and reſidence, leaping from one end of the Town unto another; that it is impoſſible to have the leaſt hopes to find her: Another trick ſhe hath, being the compaſs by which ſhe ſteers the courſe of her Policies; and that is, that when a Forraigner comes rich and wealthy, ſhe preſently informs her ſelf, who he is, and from whence and to what purpoſe he came, endeavouring to know the particulars of his Name, and Family, and ſo accordingly calls her ſelf by the name of Couſin, or Siſter, and gives her ſelf ſome Appellations of their Houſe, and Family; ſhe changes as often Names, as Places, ſometimes ſhe is *Cicilia*, anon *Sirena*, *Ines*, *Tereſa*, *Tomaſa*, *Quiteria*: and with theſe Arts ſhe deſtroys and ruines others, but triumphs her ſelf, and grows rich with the ſpoils; but *Critilo* could not ſatisfie himſelf, with the belief of theſe Stories, and therefore deſirous to enter in, demanded if the Key were at hand. Yes, anſwered one, I have it committed to me in courteſie to admit thoſe in, who come to ſee it. With that he opened it, which when they had entered: This, ſaid *Critilo*, is not the Houſe, or I am blind; the other was a Palace. It is true replied he, whilſt it was enchanted, and the moſt of this nature are ſo.

* *A Maremaid.*

Here

Here are no Gardens, but heaps of Moral filth, the Fountains are become gutters, and ſinks to convey ordure and corruption; and the ſtatelieſt Rooms are but Sties, and neſts of uncleanneſs. Hath this *Syren* fiſht any thing from you? tell us the truth. I muſt confeſs yes, ſome Jewels, Pearls, Diamonds; but what I am moſt ſenſible of, is the loſs of a friend, I know not whether moſt by her fault, or his wilful obſtinacy, or whether in the form of a Beaſt, ſold to his own own Luſts, he wanders through this City. O my *Andrenio!* ſaid he, ſighing, where art thou? He ſought him in every houſe, which gave occaſion of Mirth to ſome, but to himſelf of Sorrow, and ſo taking his leave of them, he retired to his former Lodgings.

He gave a thouſand turns through the Court, and none could give any account or advice concerning him; for of a good, and happy ſucceſs, there are but few informers, he having with diligence broken his Brains, and drained his Wits to diſcover him, at laſt he reſolved to return again, and conſult with *Artemia*, and ſo he departed from *Madrid*, according to cuſtom, poor, deceived, repenting, and melancholy. He had not gone far, before he met with a Man of a far different diſpoſition then thoſe that he had hitherto ſeen, he ſeemed to be a ſtrange Prodigy of Nature, for he had ſix Sences, one more then ordinarily Men are endued with. This was a Novelty to *Critilo*, for many with leſs then five he had ſeen, but none with more. Some there are without eyes that ſee not clearly, but grope in the dark, ſtumble againſt Blocks, and yet never ſlacken their pace, not knowing where they go. There are ſome that are deaf to words,

The Sixth Sence.

words, and capable of nothing but the ſound of air, of noiſe, of flattery, vanity, and falſity; there are ſome who have no ſmell, and leaſt of any, ſmell out the ſavour of their own Houſes at home, whilſt all the World beſides receives it hot in their Noſtrils, and thoſe whom it leaſt concerns, have the ſtrongeſt Sent of it; Theſe ſenſleſs Animals are ſtuft in their Heads againſt the Smells of a good repute, either of their own, or that of their enemies, and having Noſes only to wind the ſent of ſmall Punctilio's of Honour, are not touched with the fragrancy which proceeds from the perfume of true Vertue: There are ſome alſo without any kind of Taſte, diſreliſhing all things of ſubſtance and wholeſome Nutriment, and are diſtaſteful in their Society; others being unſavoury to them, as they are to others: Another thing they hinted, which was very obſervable, that he had met with many, and thoſe he could nominate who had no feeling, and leaſt in their hands, where that ſence commonly is moſt tender; for they handle not their affairs firſt, and make tryal before they proceed; but being hurried with a certain eagerneſs, their hands neither ponderate their actions, nor their reaſon compares them with former examples. But he whom *Critilo* thus occaſionally met, was one different to all others; for beſides thoſe five Senſes which were moſt acute and vigorous in him, he had another Senſe, which was more advantageous then all the reſt; for it is that which gives life to Men, and awakens them to diſcourſe, and ſearches out the moſt hidden ſecreſie, contrives, invents remedies, gives us tongues, with confidence to ſpeak, feet to run, and wings to fly, and a prophetick ſpirit to divine future accidents; and this is neceſſity, it is a thing very admirable

rable and uſeful, for though the Object wants, yet the defect is ſupplyed by the ingenuity it begets: it is witty, inventive, cautious, active, acute, and is a Sence which for its excellency hath preheminency over all the others.

Critilo had no ſooner this knowledge of him, but how well, ſaid he, may you and I join in company together; I am glad I have met with you, and though misfortunes do uſually attend me, yet now I account my ſelf happy, and ſo related to him the whole ſtory of the misfortune which had befallen him in the Court. I believe you, ſaid *Egenio*, for ſo was both his name, and nature, and though my Journy is to the Grand Fair of the World, publiſhed on the Confines of Youth, and Manly age, the great Gate of Life; yet to ſerve you, let us go to the Court, where I will employ all my ſix Sences in ſearch of him, and whether Man or Beaſt I make no doubt, but to diſcover him: ſo having entred in, they ſought him with all attention; firſt on the Theaters, and amongſt the Comedians, in the commoneſt Streets, in the openeſt Markets, where they met great Mules tailed one to the other, every one followed treading on the heels of him that went before; their Baskets were ſo laden with Gold and Silver, that they groaned under their Burden, their Sumpter-Cloaths were fringed with Gold, and Silk, and ſome of theſe wore Plumes of Feathers on their Heads, being oftentimes the Trappings of Beaſts, and their Pectorals of Gold made a gingling as they moved. He may be ſome of theſe, ſaid *Critilo*. No, replyed *Egenio*, for theſe are, I mean, have been great Men, on whoſe backs the heavy Burdens of the Commonwealth have been laden; and though you

the Nobility.

you now ſee them gallantly adorned, yet take but off their rich Saddles, and you ſhall diſcover their backs ſo galled and feſtered, that there is ſcarce a place free from the Boyles of Vice. See if he be amongſt any of theſe Country people, who drag and draw the Cart with creaking Wheels. Nor none of theſe neither, for theſe caſt their eyes downward, having no thoughts of Honour, and therefore contentedly ſuffer. See yonder is a Parrot which calls us, perhaps it may be he. No, no, don't give ear to his call, for this is but a Flatterer, which never meant what he ſpeaks. There is a kind of a Politician of this ſort, that hath one thing in his Beak, and another in his Heart; a Prater which only repeats the words of others, that imitates Men, but is not ſuch, and goes clad like a Parrot all in green, expects to receive the reward of Jeſts, and accordingly receives it in earneſt; nor doth this formal Cat ſeem to be he which hides his Claws and ſhows his Beard. There are many, ſaid *Egenio*, of this ſort who lie at the catch, and ſtrike not only at open, but at ſecret and guarded evils; but to judge rightly, we may call theſe Men of the Pen; and that old Dog which ſtands barking yonder, What is he? He is a bad Neighbor, one who never ſpake well of any, he is emulous, of a bad intention, melancholy, and that paſſes for one of the ſeventy. I know he cannot be that Baboon which makes mimical Faces, and ſcrews himſelf in ſo various poſtures in yonder Balcony: O he is a grand Hypocrite! who would ſeem, and only imitate good Manners, and Piety of the Religious, and yet is not ſo; he may be ſome grave Accountant, or ſome Licenciado, ſome

Idle Praters.

A Backbiter.

ſome Clerk, or Writer of Burleſque; and being a Man always in jeſt, never deals in earneſt, but is made up all of flaſhes, and little ſubſtance. Nor can he be amongſt the Lions and Tigers of the *Retiro*, for thoſe are a People made up of Proceſſes, Writs, and Executions. Nor yet is he amongſt the Swans in this Pond: for thoſe are Scriveners and Lawyers, Men of the Quill. Yonder I ſee an unclean Beaſt prodigally wallowing in the Mire of his own beaſtly Appetite, which he calls and believes to be Flowers. If it be any it muſt be he, replied *Egenio*, for theſe are the Unclean and Laſcivious, who are ſo choaked in the filth of their own vile Delights, that whoſoever ſees them, does abhor and abominate them, and theſe think the Mire to be Heaven, and ſmell not the ill ſavour which proceeds from the Putrifaction of the World, which they eſteem to be a Perfume, and a fragrant odour, far excelling the ſweetneſs of Paradice; let me ſee if this be he. No, no, it is not he, but a Wretch whoſe Riches and pampered Body, ſhall at his death make a joyful day for his Heirs, and feaſt for the Worms. Is it poſſible, complained *Critilo*, we cannot find him amongſt all theſe Brutes we have ſeen, nor amongſt theſe many Droves we have encountred? Neither drawing the Coach of the Harlot, nor carrying the Chair of one greater and heavier then he; nor is it he who ſits in his Litter in falſe Latin, and out of it ſcarce in good *Spaniſh*, or that Pack-horſe of corrupted Cuſtoms. Is it poſſible theſe *Circes* ſhould disfigure and diſguiſe a Man in this manner? Thus may Sons beguile their Fathers, and make them mad with jealouſie that they are not their own, who are not content

A place where Lyons are kept.

Diſhoneſt.

content only to ſtrip them of the Garments of their Bodies, but of thoſe alſo of their Mind, degrading them of the very formality and eſſence of Man: But tell me *Egenio* when we find him thus changed into a Beaſt, how can we reduce him him again, and reſtore him to his former condition and ſhape of Man? When we have found him, replied he, the buſineſs will not be difficult, for ſome have perfectly recovered and become themſelves, though others have always retained ſome tainture and ſavour of their former condition. *Apulejus* was worſe then any, yet with the Roſe of Silence, an admirable Medicine againſt Folly was recovered of his infirmity: for material pleaſures being well ruminated, and our own corruptions conſidered, it is a ſoveraign means to take off the mask which makes them appear amiable. The Companions of *Ulyſſes* were metamorphos'd into Beaſts, and with taſting the bitter Root of the Tree of Vertue, recovered the ſweet Fruit of Humanity. We will give him ſome Leaves pluckt from the Tree of *Minerva*, which are planted and highly eſteemed in the Garden of the courtly and learned Duke of *Orleance*; and if not, we will give him ſome leaves of the moral Sage you know of, and I am ſure it will prove an infallible remedy to bring him to himſelf, and to reſtore his loſt Reaſon. *Apulejus.*

They having thus given a hundred turns with more pains then ſucceſs, at laſt, ſaid *Egenio*, I have conſidered of a better device; let us go to the ſame houſe where he was laſt, and perhaps, raking there amongſt the filth and ruines of it, we may find this loſt Jewel: ſo thither they went, entered in, and ſought him with much diligence. This is but loſt time, ſaid *Egenio*, for already I have nar-

rowly ſearched that place. But hold, ſaid *Egenio*, let me apply my ſixth Sence, which is the only remedy in this condition. And now he obſerved that from one great heap of laſcivious filth proceeded a Smoak very thick. Here, ſaid he, is fire, and removing ſome moral Rubbiſh and Uncleanneſs, there appeared the Door of a horrid Cave, which when they had opened with ſome difficulty, they ſaw by a confuſed twilight of infernal Flames, many diſanimate Bodies ſtretched out in the Coffins of their Senſualities. There were ſome young Gallants as ſhallow and ſhort-witted, as they were long haired; ſome alſo learned Men, but Fools, rich old Uſurers, whoſe Eyes, though open, yet ſaw nothing; for ſome blinded them with a Linnen Napkin caſt about their Eyes; ſome had no other life then what they gave ſigns by their Sighs and Groans. In fine, all were frantick, a ſleep, and naked, no not a Rag left them to make a Winding-ſheet, wherein to bury their inanimate Bodies. In the midſt of theſe lay *Andrenio* ſo changed and diſfigured, that his Father *Critilo* ſcarce knew him. But then he caſt himſelf upon him and wept, and called aloud to his deaf ears; his Hands were as cold as Clay, no Pulſe beating, nor any ſymptoms of Breath or Life. *Egenio* obſerved that that dim Light, which was not the light of a Torch, but of a Hand proceeding out of a Wall, which though pale and cold, was yet adorned with Bracelets of Pearl, purchaſed with the the Sighs and Tears of many; the Fingers, which were ringed with Diamonds, bought with Falſity, burned like Tapers, though they gave not ſo bright a Luſtre, as that Fire which ſcorched and conſumed their Bowels. What dead mans hand is this, ſaid *Critilo*, one that was hanged? No, replied

plied *Egenio*, of the Hangmans rather, which deſtroys, ſtrangles, and ſtifles Breath: They had no ſooner removed this a little away, but ſuddenly they began to revive; for whilſt this did burn, their ſleep was ſo profound, that there was no poſſibility to awake them. They endeavoured to extinguiſh it with Water, but could not, for this is the fire of *Naptha*, blown by the blaſts of amorous ſighs, and is more enflamed by the water of tears; but the way is to caſt duſt and earth upon it; for Fire, though as violent as the infernal, is ſmothered by it. This being done they all awaked, and every one began immediately to excuſe the fault which had brought him into that Lethargy: the graver ſort much aſhamed alledged that the diſeaſe was epidemical, and that theſe flames of uncleanneſs were not only nouriſhed in dry Fuel, but in the ſappy moiſture of greener Sprouts; the Juditious exclaimed againſt their own folly, and that *Paris* in affront to *Pallas*, was young and ignorant; the Diſcreet called it a double madneſs. *Andrenio* amongſt the *Benjamites*, or younger Sons of *Venus*, had a Dart pierced through his Heart; and now ſeeing and acknowledging, *Critilo* went towards him; What do you think now? ſaid he. How well hath this wicked Woman treated you? in leaving you without Eſtate, Health, Honour, Conſcience, hereafter by experience ſo dearly bought, you will give both credit to my words, and add caution to your ſelf. With that they all unanimouſly began to exclaim againſt her; ſome called her the *Cylla of Ivory*, others the *Caribdis of Emerods*, a painted Peſtilence, Poiſon in *Nectar*. Where there are Reeds, ſaid one, there is Water, where is Smoak, there is Fire, where evil Women are Devils. There is no greater Evil then a falſe

Woman, ſaid an experienced Don, except it be two, for then it is double. There is enough comprehended in this, ſaid *Critilo*, that they are witty in nothing but in Evil. To which *Andrenio* replied, that he muſt ingeniouſly confeſs, that notwithſtanding all this Evil they had caſt upon him, he could neither abhor nor forget them; for I aſſure you, of all thoſe excellencies the World boaſts of, as Gold, Silver, Stones, Palaces, Gardens, Flowers, Birds, Stars, Moon, and Sun it ſelf, there is none of that Beauty to me as the Woman; nor can Heaven it ſelf afford me more happy bliſs and felicity then one of the Female Sex, that is amiable in her Countenance, and kind in her Embraces to me.

Theſe are loſty expreſſions, ſaid *Egenio*, but let us go from hence, our time here is miſpent, and thoſe Invectives I have to utter againſt a falſe Woman, are ſuch, that our time is too ſhort to vent them: So we will double down the Leaf for our diſcourſe in the way. In this manner they all went forth, and proceeded to the Light diſguiſed to others, but better known to themſelves, to viſit the Temple of their own amazement, there to render thanks to undeceiving Light, hanging upon her Walls the Spoils of their Shipwrack, and the Chains of their Captivity.

The 25th May, 1671
The 23d Octob. 1886

The

The Thirteenth CRISIS.

The General Fair of the World.

IT it a report of antient times, that when God created Man, he impriſoned the licentious nature of Evils in a profound Abyſs, which ſome ſay was in the fortunate Iſlands, and from thence they take their Name and Appellation; for there he reſtrained the exorbitancy of Crimes and Troubles, Vice, & Puniſhment, War, Famine, Peſtilence, Infamy, Sadneſs, and the very Pangs and Torments of Death it ſelf. Theſe he linked and chained one within another, and not truſting to theſe vile *Canalia*, made a Gate of ſolid Diamond, which he ſhut with a Padlock of Steel, the Key thereof he delivered to Man's Free-Will, to make his Enemy the more ſure, giving him to underſtand that unleſs he opened the door, they could never eſcape out to all Eternity. Contrariwiſe he gave freedom to all other good things in this World, namely to Felicities, Vertue, Content, Peace, Honour, Health, Riches, and Life it ſelf, permitting them to walk and range the World as they pleaſed; ſo Man lived happily till the Woman, moved out of her own curious Fancy, was impatient to diſcover what was contained in that

fatal Cavern; ſo that one day taking Man in an amorous humour by her Careſſes and Embraces, ſhe hugged from him his Heart, and with that the Key; which ſhe no ſooner obtained, but without farther conſideration, ſhe raſhly ſet her hand to open the Priſon, where Evils were encloſed. The Key was no ſooner put into the Hole of the Lock, but the Univerſe trembled, and the bolt thruſt back, out came a Floud of Evils, which crowding in multitudes, flew like a whirl-wind through the whole circumference of the World. Pride the Captain of the Band took the Front, and met with *Spain* the firſt Province of *Europe*, and finding it a place agreeable to its humour, reſolved to take up his habitation there, where he now lives and reigns, ſet in the ſame Throne of his Kindred, ſelf-eſtimation, contempt of others, deſire of ſovereignty, and to be commanded by none. Much is he pleaſed to be ſtiled *Don Diego*, and to boaſt his Lineage and Bloud from the *Goths*, to make great oſtentation to praiſe himſelf, to ſpeak high and hoarſe, and that with gravity, diſdain, action, and with all kind of preſumption, which is not an affectation only of the Nobility, but an humour common to every *Plebeian*.

Spain.

Covetouſneſs overtaking Pride, and finding *France* in the hands of none, poſſeſt it ſelf of it, from *Gaſcoigne* to *Picardy*. Its beggerly Family ſpread miſery in every part, a baſe ignobleneſs of mind, and a ſervile diſpoſition fit to be made the Slaves of other Nations, who apply themſelves to vile and mean Offices, ſelling their ſelves to bondage for Intereſt; their toil always laborious, their bodies naked, their feet unſho'd,

France.

unleſs

unleſs with * Sabots, all Workmanmanſhip being cheap by the multitude of ſuch Slaves. In fine, a diſpoſition to commit the moſt baſe and vile attempts for Mony, that it may well be ſaid that Fortune, compaſſionate of their low Spirits, made ſome recompence for the common baſeneſs in the rare Endowments of their Nobility, who ſo much differ in excellency from the vulgar people, that they are become two Extremes, without a Middle. Deceit paſſed into *Italy*, taking deep Root in the *Italians* Breaſts. In *Naples* for their Words, In *Genoua* for thir Dealing; for in that whole Country is the Army and Kindred of Falſity numerous and ſtrong; Deceit, Artifices, Inventions, Plots, Treaſons, all which they ſtile the effects of honeſt Policy, the order and good management of a profound Brain. Anger took another courſe, and paſſed into *Africk*, and her adjacent Iſles, being pleaſed with the fierce and rugged converſation of the *Alarves*, and *African* Monſters. Gluttony with her Siſter Drunkenneſs (exempting that pretious *Margarite* of *Valois*) hath devoured both upper and lower *Germany*; for there they ſpend days and nights in luxurious Diet, their Eſtates and Conſciences are drowned in their Bowles; and though ſome are drunk but once, yet it is a continual intoxication their whole life; Theſe Vices in War devour Provinces, lay Fields waſte, and for this reaſon *Charles* the Fifth compoſed the belly of his Army of *Germans*. Inconſtancy flew into *England*, Simplicity into *Poland*, Infidelity to *Greece*, Barbarity into

* *Wooden Clogs.*

Italy.

Africk.

Germany.

England.

into *Turky*, Craft into *Moſcovia*, Moroſity into *Sweadland*, Injuſtice into *Tartary*, Deliciouſneſs into *Perſia*, Cowardiſe into *China*, Raſhneſs to *Japan*, and Sloth coming late, found all places taken up before, and no room left, that ſo ſhe was forced to paſs into *America*, and take up her habitation amongſt the *Indians*. Luxury, that famous and renowned piece of Gentility, as great, as powerful, eſteeming the bounds of one Province too narrow a confinement, at laſt extended it ſelf through all the World, filling it from one end unto the other: and ſo incorporating it ſelf with other Vices, hath taken ſo deep a root in every Nation, that it is hard to be reſolved which part is moſt polluted with this growing infection. Woman being the firſt ſubject which Evils encountred, made her their firſt Prey, and from head to foot ſwelled her with the Venom of Malice. This was the diſcourſe *Egenio* uſed to his two Companions, after he had conducted them out of the Court, by the Gate of Light, which was of the Sun, to bring them to the grand fair of the World, publiſhed in the great Empire which divides the pleaſant Meadows of Youth, from the ruff and rugged Mountains of Manly age, where multitudes of people flock to buy and ſell, ſome ſuch as the moſt diſcreet came only to ſee and obſerve the conditions of the vulgar; they entred through the broad path of convenience, the univerſal Garden of pleaſure, and contentment; ſome praiſing what others abhorred; as ſoon as they ſet footing on one of theſe entrances, for many there were, came two prating Sophiſters, which they called Philoſophers, one of

Puerta del Sol *or the Gate of the Sun, which is one of the Gates of* Madrid.

one

one Sect, and the other of another; for all men are divided into ſeveral opinions, and every head begets a fancy like his own Brain. *Socrates* invited them (for ſo the firſt was called) to one part of the Fair, where thoſe Commodities were ſold, which moſt conduced to accompliſh a Man, and to enrich him with the Treaſury of unperiſhable Vertue; But *Simonides* (for ſo the other was named) told them, that all the Merchandizes of the World were reduceable into two Claſſes, Honour, and Profit; Honour was always full of Vapour and Smoak, and empty of Subſtance, or Solidity; but the other was an inexhauſtible Mine of Gold, the Coffer of Riches, and a Compendium of all Worldly advantages. This I profeſs to you, but the choice I leave to your own Arbitrement. Theſe different offers greatly perplexed their friends which way they ſhould incline, their opinions being as diſagreeable as their humours; and as they were thus divided, came a Man to decide the difference; in his hand he brought a piece of Gold, with which he rubbed theirs, pretending to know them thereby. What doth this man mean, ſaid *Andrenio*, I am, replied he, the cunning Critick in judging Mens affections, the Touch-ſtone of their Humours. How, ſaid *Andrenio*, the Touch-ſtone? This it is, ſaid he, ſhewing him the Gold. That is a ſtrange Touch-ſtone, ſaid *Andrenio*, for it is the Gold that is tryed, rather then the Stone. It is true, ſaid he, but the Touch-ſtone of Men is Gold, and thoſe to whoſe hands it cleaves, are not true, but falſe Men: So that a Judge to whoſe clammy Palm the Gold ſticks, we preſently condemn him for a tryed Man, and diſmis him from his Bench of Judicature. That Prelate that hoards his Fifty *Intereſt.*

thou-

thouſand Dollars rent, is not ſo much to be eſteemed golden Mouthed, for his Pious and florid Sermons, as his Cheſt is for the Treaſure it amaſſes. That Officer that ſtruts in his Gold lace, and is clincant, and Vapours in his Plumes of Feathers, ſhews that he hath diſplumed his Soldiers, and doth not ſuccour them like the valiant *Borgonon D. Claudius Mauricius*. That Cavalier who Rubricks his Executions with the Bloud he hath drawn by the inſtrument of extortion from the Poor, is indeed no Gentleman. When the Wife goes gallant, and the Husband poor, it breeds ſuſpition. In fine, all theſe whoſe hands are not clean, nor well wiped from the clammy Birdlime of Intereſt, cannot be Men of honeſt integrity. And ſo you, pointing to *Andrenio*, to whoſe Palms Gold will ſtick, and leave its impreſſion, paſs over to this ſide. But he, pointing to *Critilo*, who hath not that clammy Palm, nor hath the print of Coin on his Fingers ends, let him turn up by this way of Integrity. But that he alſo, replied *Critilo*, meaning *Andrenio*, may do the ſame, it is neceſſary I ſhould follow him.

And thus going forward, they began their diſcourſe by the rich Shops on the right hand, where they read an Inſcription, Here is ſold the beſt and worſt, and going in, they found that they were Tongues, the beſt were thoſe that held ſilence, which they bit between their Teeth, and fixed to the roof of their Palate; and a little farther ſtood a Man making ſigns that they ſhould be ſilent, ſo far he was from crying his Merchandiſe. What is it this Man ſells, ſaid *Andrenio*; and with that the Seller clapt his Fingers to his Mouth. How ſhall we know in this manner what it is you ſell? Without

out doubt, ſaid *Egenio*, he ſells ſilence: It is a Merchandize rare and important, ſaid *Critilo*, I thought the whole ſtore had been ſpent in former times, or that it was a drug now, and in no demand. This Commodity is brought from *Venice*, eſpecially Secreſie, which is a Fruit that theſe parts do not produce. Who is it then that ſpends it? This, replied *Andrenio*, is a Commodity for melancholy Hermites, Anchorites, and Monks, who only know the uſe of it, and ſuck from it their beſt advantage. For my part, ſaid *Critilo*, I believe the moſt that uſe this, are generally, not the good, but the bad. For the diſhoneſt conceal their ſin, the Adulterers diſſemble their Uncleanneſs, the Aſſaſſinate covers his Cruelty, the Thief enters with the ſilent ſteps of his Woollen Socks. In fine, Sin as aſhamed of it ſelf, arrives not to that Impudence, as to blow a Trumpet before it, but treads ſoftly, ſpeaks not high, and goes vailed in all its Enterprizes: But the World is changed now, replied *Egenio*, and this age is arrived to that pitch of impudence, that thoſe who ſhould be ſilent ſpeak moſt, and the debauched perſon boaſts in the number of his iniquities. You ſhall ſee another, whoſe Nobility is diſgraced by his unſeemly Carriage, and whoſe laſcivious paſtimes give him but ſmall content, unleſs they appear impudent and ſhameleſs in the face of the World. The Fencer who plays Prizes, is proud of the many Scars in his Face. The amorous Boy is pleaſed to have his Locks and Features commended. The diſſolute Wife neglects her Houſhold affairs, only to dreſs her Face. The Thief is not aſhamed of the Gallows, and the Ambitious pleads for a Title to inſcribe over the liſt of his baſe Anceſtors. In this manner

Secreſie.

manner we ſee the worſt and moſt wicked, are thoſe who in the World make the greateſt noiſe and buſtle. Who then, Sirs, are thoſe who buy? he that acts and doth not ſpeak; he who performs his Employment, and ſays nothing, is like *Harpocrates*, who never incurred the cenſure of any. Let us know the Price, ſaid *Critilo*, for I would buy ſome quantity, for perhaps this Commodity is not to be afforded in another place. The Price, replyed they of Silence, is Silence alſo, how can this be? For if that which is ſold, is Silence, how can the Price be ſatisfied with the like return? Very well, for the benefit of ones Silence is repayed with that of anothers; for one replies not, becauſe the other ſpeaks not, and all ſay do you be quiet, and we ſhall be ſilent. Then they paſſed hence to an Apothecaries Shop, where there was an Inſcription written, *Here is ſold the Quinteſſence of Health*; a thing, ſaid *Critilo*, of no ſmall Excellence, ſo that he was importunate to know, what it was, which they told him was the Spittle of ones Enemy. This, ſaid he, I ſhould rather call the Quinteſſence of Poiſon, being more mortal and venemous, then the foam of the Baſilisk: for I ſhould rather a Toad ſhould ſpit on me, a Scorpion ſting me, a Viper bite me, then to be beſpattered with the Froth of an enraged Enemy. The Spittle of a faithful and true Friend is Balſamick, and the only Remedy to cure our Infirmities. You do not yet well underſtand me, ſaid *Egenio*, for the flattery of a Friend is a more dangerous Charm; that Paſſion by which he encourages our faults, that affection by which he diſſembles our infirmities, and perſwades us that our Eſtate is better then it is, haſtens his Friend who is ſick with the aboundant humours of his ſins into the Grave of his deſtruction. Believe

me

me a true cenſure will better advantage him, though diſtilled from a bitter Potion which an enemy adminiſters, for that ſcowers out the ſpots of his Honour and Reputation, and cleanſeth the ſtains of Fame; for as it takes off the acrimony of the envious from us, ſo it keeps us conſtant and cloſe to the line and point of Vertue and Reaſon. After this ſome others called them to another Shop in great haſte, for the Merchandize was almoſt all ſold and exhauſted, and that was Truth, and this was the only time to buy it Of which asking the Price, they told them, it was now given freely, but hereafter the ſmalleſt quantity would be ineſtimable, and not to be ſold, though we would buy it with our deareſt ſight. Another cryed out heartily to come and buy, for the longer they ſtayed, the more they loſt, a Commodity which could never be purchaſed hereafter, and no Price could redeem it, and that was Time. Another cryed his Ware, which he ſold for nothing, and the value great; and that was Admonition, a thing which Fools buy at their own coſt, and the Wiſe at anothers. Where is Experience ſold, demanded *Critilo?* a thing of an ineſtimable value; and for that they directed him a great way off, to the Shop of Years. And where is that of Friendſhip, demanded *Andrenio?* This is not bought, ſaid they, though many ſell it: but bought friends are not indeed ſuch, nor are they worth any thing. In Letters of Gold in another place, was wrote, *Here are ſold all things, and that for Nothing:* Here I will go in, ſaid *Critilo:* but there they found the Merchant ſo poor, that he was totally naked and ſtripped of all, forſaken, and nothing in his Shop; ſo they asked how his Dealing was correſpondent to his Motto? Very well, replyed the Merchant.

But

But how is it you ſell all things without Price? Yes, by deſpiſing of them, ſetting no value nor eſtimation on them; for he who can over-rule himſelf, and do thus, is Maſter of the World, embraces all in his Arms, and he who contrariwiſe eſteems and adores them, is rather the Slave and Servant, then Maſter of them. Hard by was wrote, *He who gives to another, beſtows on himſelf, and thoſe who receive are obliged by the Gift.* This they ſuppoſed to be Courteſie, and civil reſpect which honours all the World.

Courteſie.

Here is ſold, cryed another, that which is every Mans own, and not anothers. This is not much, ſaid *Andrenio.* Yes, ſaid the Seller, but it is, for many ſell that Diligence they perform not, and the favour and intereſt which they have with others, and many times thoſe actions and labours they never ſweated or laboured for. Thus paſſing from one Shop to another, they met with one, where Merchants with much trouble and perplexity drove away their Cuſtomers, and diſcouraged all that came to trade with them. Do you ſell, or not, ſaid *Andrenio?* I never ſaw ſo abſurd an action, that the Merchant ſhould deny acceſs to their Chapmen, and hinder their own Profit and Sales. What is it you mean by this? With which they uncivilly treated them, and deſired them to be gone and Trade farther off. Do you ſell, ſaid he, or not? What is it Fraud, or Poiſon? Neither one, nor other, but rather the moſt eſteemed Jewels of the World; for it is Eſtimation it ſelf, which a reſervedneſs only can preſerve; familiarity deſtroyes it, and intimate ſociety diſenobles it: This is agreeable, ſaid *Critilo*, to that ſaying, *That Honour inhabits at a diſtance, and*

Eſtimation.

that

that there is no Prophet in his own Country; and that were the Stars themſelves fixed near us, they would in few days looſe their Luſtre and Eſteem; ſo antient years are valued by the preſent, as the Sages of our times will be the admiration of ſucceeding ages.

Yonder, ſaid *Egenio*, is a rich Jeweller, let us go thither, where perhaps we may buy ſome pretious Stones at a cheap Rate, in which are not on-Luſtre, but Vertue alſo; being entered in, they found the diſcreet Duke of *Villa Hermoſa* in perſon there, deſiring the Lapidary to ſhew him ſome of the fineſt ſort, and of greateſt eſtimation. He anſwered that he would, for he had ſome of great Value and Price: and as all expected ſome rare oriental Stone, ſome Diamond, or Emrod, whoſe ſparkling brightneſs chears up thoſe who behold it; he drew out a piece of black Jet, as dull and melancholy as himſelf. This, ſaid he, excellent Sir, is a Stone the moſt worth your eſtimation and value; in this hath Nature inſtilled the quinteſſence of Virtue; into this hath the Sun, the Stars, the Elements, conſpired to drop their moſt precious Spirits and influence. At theſe high expreſſions, they were all amazed, and remained ſilent, giving way to the diſcreet Duke to ſpend his Judgment; who replied, What is it you mean by this? Is not this a piece of Jet? What then can this Lapidary pretend by it? What need is there of all theſe extravagant praiſes of it? Doth he take us for *Indians?* This, ſaid the Jeweller, is more precious then Gold, more profitable then Rubies, more bright then the Carbuncle: Pearls are not to be compared with it. In fine, it is the Stone of Stones. The Duke not being longer able to let him run on in theſe extravagancies; Is this more, ſaid he, then a piece of Jet? No, replied

plied he, Why then do you give theſe exorbitant commendations of it, for of what vertue or beauty is this Stone? Or what Novelty or ſtrange effects have been found lately in it? It is not pleaſing to the ſight, as theſe of a ſhining and tranſparent Luſter; nor is it Phyſical or Medicinal, as the Emrod, nor Comfortable as the Diamond, nor Purifies as the Saphyr, nor an Antidote againſt Venoms, as the Bezar, nor can facilitate Birth like the Eagles Stone, nor is a remedy to eaſe Diſtempers; for what more then can it ſerve, then as toyes for Children? Your Excellency, ſaid the Lapidary, muſt pardon me, for it is only uſeful for Men, and thoſe of the wiſeſt ſort, for it is the Philoſophers Stone, which teacheth, and inſtructs us in the Precepts of Morality; and in one word, that which moſt imports, it gives us Rules which way to guide the courſe of our lives. In what manner? by contemning and ſcorning the World, by yielding to it in nothing, that neither Cares ſhould weaken our Stomach, nor Troubles make us ſtart from our Sleep; nor as fond Fools affect the World too much, but to walk as free and diſinſlaved, as the King of it, made us; this is to live, this is a buſineſs in whoſe right management the World is moſt ignorant. Give it me hither, ſaid the Duke, for I will chain it in my Houſe, and encloſe it in the moſt ſecret Drawers of my Cabinet. Here is ſold, cryed one, a Soveraign remedy againſt all Diſeaſes; to which there crowded ſuch a multitude of Cuſtomers, that the Shop could not receive their Feet, but their Heads being empty, and without ſubſtance, were more eaſily contained in a narrow compaſs. *Andrenio* impatiently deſired them, to give him ſuddenly of that Merchandize; and they told him Yes; for we know you have need

of

of it, and therefore have Patience; but he preſently after again importuned them to diſpatch him. Sir, ſaid the Merchant, have I not already given it to you? How given it me? Yes, replied another, I am an eye-witneſs of it. *Andrenio* growing angry hereat, denied it with fury. It is true, replyed the Seller, though he hath no reaſon neither in what he ſaith, for though they have given it to him, yet he hath not received it; wherefore be patient and expect it: The Seller having thus wearied the expectation of his Cuſtomers, deſired them to retire, and give way for others, having that which they came for. What means this, replied *Andrenio?* Do you affront us, ſee with what patience we attend, give us our deſires, and we ſhall ſoon depart. You may go, ſaid the Merchant, for I have already given it you, and that twice. To me? You have only bid me have Patience. How pretious a Commodity, laughing aloud, ſaid the Merchant, is this? It is ſo admirable a remedy againſt all diſaſtures, that all generally, from the King to the Peaſant, that are not Maſters of it, are unarmed Soldiers againſt the Worlds Revolutions. Here is, ſaid another, to be ſold what all the Riches of the World have not value enough for to buy. Who then can trade for it? Thoſe who will not looſe it, was replied. And that is Liberty: a thing which we ought moſt to eſteem; for not to have our dependance on anothers Will, eſpecially to be diſingaged from obedience to an ignorant Ruler, or of him, whom we would be aſhamed to own, not only for our Maſter, but for a Servant; for there is no pain nor trouble greater then to have men impoſe weights on our heads, and to

Patience.

Liberty.

make them ſerve inſtead of Backs for Burden. Amidſt this came in a Chapman into the Shop, who told the Merchant he would ſell him his Ears; at which motion they all laughed; but *Egenio* eſpecially, who informed them, that it was the principal thing, and firſt that we ſhould buy; a thing as uſeful as any, for as we have bought Tongues to keep ſilence, ſo let us buy Ears that we may not hear, which will be of excellent uſe being ſet on the ſhoulders of a ſtrong Porter or Miller. In all this Fare, it was a rare ſight to find one, who ſold his own Commodities; things alſo not eſteemed, for what they are, but for what they appeared, and Men not ſeeing, nor hearing with their own Eyes, and Ears, but with thoſe borrowed from others; whoſe very Taſte was regulated by anothers Palate; and their whole Knowledge and Judgment beholding to their own Credulity and others Information. But a thing very much obſerved was, that the famous Men of the World, as *Alexander*, the two *Cæſars*, *Julius*, and *Auguſtus*, and others of that Rank, and Order of time, together with the Moderns, as the invincible Captain *Don Juan* of *Auſtria* did much frequent a Shop on which there was no Inſcription; their curioſity of knowing the myſtery thereof, and the unwillingneſs of the people to inform them what was to be ſold, made them more deſirous and inquiſitive; beſides the Merchants were thoſe, who were the moſt Diſcreet and Judicious. There muſt be ſome deep myſtery in this, ſaid *Critilo*; and going to one of them, asked him privately, what was their ſold? Who replyed, that there was nothing ſold, but given at a high Rate. What is that? It is that ineſtimable Liquor, which makes men Immortal,

Don John of Auſtria.

tal, Deifies their Memories, and makes them only known, and chronicled in the World, whilſt millions beſides are buried in perpetual oblivion; as if they were not only dead, but never had lived: all confeſſed it was a pretious thing, ſaying, What an excellent fancy had *Francis the Firſt*, *Mathew Corvinus*, and others. Tell us if there may be any left for us? Yes, ſaid they, there may be, upon condition you repay as much, I mean of your own Sweat; for ſo much as a man ſweats with his Induſtry and Travel, ſo much doth he obtain of Fame and Immortality. The Vertue of *Critilo* ſeemed deſerving of it, to whom they gave a Glaſs of that Immortal Liquor; who looking on it with much curioſity, believing to ſee the influence of the Stars ſmile upon it, or ſome quinteſſence of the Suns Rays, or ſome diſtilled Spirits of Heaven, he found it to be nothing but a little Ink mingled with Oyl; and therefore in contempt he would have thrown it away, had not *Egenio* hindered him; for know, ſaid he, that the Oyl of the Students Lamp, and the Ink of Hiſtorians, mixed with the Sweat and Induſtry of famous Worthies, and ſometimes with the Bloud of their Wounds, compoſe an Immortality of Fame. In this manner the Ink of *Cæſar* Deified *Achilles*, and that of *Virgil*, *Auguſtus*; *Cæſar* was immortalized by his own, that of *Horace* renowned his *Mecœnas*, that of *Jovius* his invincible Captain, the Ink of *Peter Matheus*, *Henry the Fourth* of *France*; but the reaſon why all arrive not to this pitch of excellency, is becauſe they want ſucceſs in their Enterprizes, or at leaſt the fortune of a good Hiſtorian to tranſfer them to Poſterity.

Tales Mileſius ſold Works without Words, ſaying his Deeds were Men, and words only Handmaids to them, or Servants of the Female Sex. * *Horace* ſays that the firſt ſtep to Wiſdom is to be free from Folly. *Pitacus*, another of the Wits of *Greece*, moderated exorbitant Prices, and reducing all things to the juſt ballance of *ne quid nimis*. There were many reading an Inſcription, which was, *Here is ſold the Beſt at a bad Price*; but few came into the Shop. Do not wonder, ſaid *Egenio*, that this ſhould be a Merchandize, ſo little eſteemed of in the World. Some wiſe men, ſaid the Merchant, trade here by returning good for bad, and thus employ their Talents with no ſmall advantage and happy returns. This is a place, ſaid another, neglected by all, every one being ſuſpitious, that he who is his greateſt Friend to day, will to morrow be his Enemy; and indeed few Countrymen of *Valentia* enter here no more then they do into the Shop of Secreſie. At the end of all, there was a common Office, to which all people applyed themſelves to know the value and eſtimation of every Commodity, but the way and means how to priſe and rate them, was odd and ſtrange, it being to beat them in pieces, to ſpoil, burn, and in fine, to deſtroy that which we moſt love, and value, as our Health, Eſtate, Honour; in ſhort, what is either dear or precious to us: Is this (ſaid *Andrenio*) the way to raiſe Eſtimation? Yes, replyed they; for till our Folly hath made us ſenſible of the want of Goods, either of Nature or Fortune, our Judgments can never ſet the due Price, and value upon them.

* *Sapientia prima eſt ſtultitia caruiſſe.*

Valentia a Province in Spain.

At

At the requeſt of *Andrenio* they paſſed to the other part of the Fare of Humane life, notwithſtanding the unwillingneſs of *Critilo* to be drawn with them, for oftentimes to pleaſe Fools, Wiſe men err: On this ſide there were many Shops of different conditions each from the other. The firſt Inſcription was, *Here is ſold him who buys.* This is the firſt ſtep to Folly, ſaid *Critilo.* And pray God it proves not miſchievous to us, replyed *Egenio.* Notwithſtanding which ſaying, *Andrenio* had precipitated himſelf in, had not they pulled him back, warning him of the danger, and that his entrance there was the Gate to Captivity. To confirm which they ſaw ſome afar off, and thoſe none of their ſmalleſt Friends, captivated in Chains, and ſold Slaves to unworthy Maſters. On another Shop it was written, *Here is ſold that which is given.* Which ſome gueſſed to be rewards. Others the remuneration and Preſents of theſe times. Without doubt, ſaid *Andrenio*, it muſt be that which is given, and beſtowed too late, which is as much as not to give, and deſerves a thankleſs return. No, ſaid *Critilo*, it may be Gifts, or Alms, bought with Demands; for Requeſts coſt a certain reluctancy of Nature, fearing to receive the diſcourteſie of a denial. But *Egenio* ſaid, they were the Gifts of this vile World. How bad a Merchandiſe is this, cryed one at the Gate; but however they were impatient to enter in, and when they returned again, they complained of moſt accurſed Ware; for if you poſſeſs it not, you are tormented with a deſire to enjoy it; when you have it, your care to keep it, is troubleſome; and when you looſe it, you conſummate all your miſery with vexation. They obſerved

another Shop full of nothing but empty Glaſſes, and Cheſts, and yet full of People. To this hurly-burly and croud came *Andrenio*, and asked, ſeeing nothing, what was ſold there? They anſwered Wind and Air, and ſomething elſe, both of leſs ſubſtance and advantage. And is there any that will buy it? Yes, ſaid they, and ſome are ſo covetous of it, that they eſteem their whole Eſtates too ſmall a Price wherewith to purchaſe it. That Cheſt yonder is filled with Flatteries, and ſold at the higheſt Rate; In that Glaſs are words the Price unvaluable; In that Box is a Conſerve of Favours, generally asked for, and demanded; That vaſt Trunk is ſwelled with Falſity, a Commodity of more Demand then Truths, eſpecially if Craft and Cunning can for three days conceal the Fallacy. As the *Italian* ſaith, *In tempo di guerra bugia, cometerra.* Is it poſſible, conſidered *Critilo*, that any man ſhould buy Air, and pay himſelf with it too? Do you wonder at this, ſaid they, What is there in the World but Air, take that from Man, and you ſhall ſoon ſee what then remains. And yet here is ſold ſomething leſs then Air, which notwithſtanding is very ſatisfactory, and Men are paid ſufficiently with it; for there they ſaw a young ſmock-fac'd Lad, actually dealing out man and rich Jewels, Careſſes, and Gallantries, which always go together, to an ugly Jade, of whom he was enamoured; and being asked what he thought pleaſing or amiable in her, He anſwered, a certain Meen and little Air ſhe had. And is it but a little Air, ſaid *Critilo*, and yet is it capable to enkindle ſo much Fire? There was another Fellow, that was delivering out many Ducats, to ſome, that ſhould kill his Adverſary; and ſaid one to him, Sir, what hurt hath he done you?

All Air.

Done

Done me, ſaid he, he hath not done much; but there was a kind of word which he ſpake; —— What was it, Affrontive? No, ſaid he, but yet methought, he ſpake it in a certain Manner, and Air, that offended me much, Alas, ſaid *Critilo*, is it not ſo much as Air, which is likely to coſt you and him ſo dear? here was one great Prince to be ſeen that conſumed all his Eſtate and Revenue in Paraſites, and Buffoons; and he ſaid, he did it becauſe he was pleaſed with their Geſtures, their Faſhion, and Behaviour; and in that manner at a dear rate are ſold the Punctillio's of Honour, the Vanities of the Mode, the Air of Songs, and a Debonaire Behaviour.

But that which was beyond all admiration, was a certain Woman ſo fierce, that ſhe run through the Market like an infernal Fury, ſcratching and tearing all that came to her Shop, crying out, Who buys Sorrows, Head-aches, Potions to break Sleep, bad Dinners, and worſe Suppers; and yet whole Armies entered in, and the worſt was, that when they came to number them, few remained alive, and ſuch as did, came forth all beſmeared with Bloud, and with more Stabs and Wounds then Marquis *Borro*; and notwithſtanding ſuch as ſaw theſe paſſages, and newly came, did not forbear to enter in. *Critilo* was ſtartled to behold ſo much Cruelty. See, ſaid *Egenio*, how many Evils entice and enſnare poor Mankind, Gold moves his Avarice, Delight affects his Luxury, Honours raiſe his Ambition, Meats pleaſe his Gluttony, Eaſe cheriſhes his Sloth, only Anger affords naught but Blows, Wounds, and Death, and yet many Fools and Mad-men purchaſe it at the deareſt Rate.

Marquis Borro.

There ſtood another making an Outcry, *Here are ſold Bonds and Fetters of Matrimony.* Some came to cheapen them, and asked whether they were Bands of Iron, or Women? That is all one, ſaid he, for they both hold faſt alike, and for their Price, you may have them for nothing, or ſomething leſs. How can that be, ſaid one? what leſs then nothing? It muſt certainly be a bad ſort of Merchandize. What, Women? and thoſe cryed too, conſidered another: for my part I will have none of them, neither ſeen, nor unſeen, known nor unknown. Howſoever there came one, and he demanded a handſome Wife, which they ſold him at the Price of an Aching-head; and the Match-monger aſſured him, that the firſt day would be his own happineſs, but that for other days he muſt be content to ſhare them with other Men. Another came, who was well warned hereby, and he would have an ugly Wife. And for this, ſaid the Seller, you ſhall pay with a perpetual trouble. They invited a young Man paſſing by to take a Wife; but he anſwered, that it was too early yet for him; And asking the ſame of an antient Man, and he ſaid it was too late. But when another, who thought he had more diſcretion then the reſt, asked for a Wiſe Woman; they brought him out a moſt ill-favoured Creature, all Bones and Tongue. But ſaid one wiſer then he, Let me, good Sir, have one that is agreeable to me in all things; for I am aſſured that a Woman is the other half of a Man; for that at firſt they were both really one, till God ſeparated them for not obeying his Divine Command; and this is the cauſe why man ſeeking his other half, is tranſported with a vehement propenſity towards the Female Sex. You have ſome rea-

Marriage.

ſon,

ſon, anſwered they, but it is very difficult for every one to find his other half, for all things are confuſed and ſhuffled together; ſo that the half which belongs to the Chollerick man, we give to the Phlegmatick, that of the Melancholy to the Chearful, that of the Handſome to the Hard-favoured, and ſometimes that of a young Man of Twenty, to an old decrepid Dotard of Seventy; which is the occaſion that moſt married Men live in a repenting ſtate. But Mr. Matchmonger by your leave, ſaid *Critilo*, you have no excuſe in this, for the inequality is ſufficiently apparent between fifteen years and ſeventy. What would you have me do, replied he, they are blind, and will have it ſo, and the reaſon hereof is, Sir, becauſe that they, being Girls, deſire ſpeedily to be Women, and the Men being old and doating, turn Children, and as ill luck will have it, when they have not young Men by their ſides, they are diſpleaſed to have ſuch lie by them, who are troubled with Coughs, Ptiſicks, and Rheumes. But as to this Woman now, there is no remedy, take her as you deſired; but the Chapman reviewing her again, found that ſhe came ſhort in two or three particulars, both as to her Age, her Quality, and her Riches, and willing then to diſclaim his Bargain, declared ſhe was not agreeable to his deſire. Take her however, ſaid he, for in time you may accommodate her to your Mind, for otherwiſe ſhe may become much worſe; but have a care you afford her not all that is neceſſary, for in giving her that, ſhe will quickly come to arrogate that, which is ſuperfluous. One being invited to ſee a Wife, was much praiſed for his anſwer, That he would not chooſe a Wife by his Eyes, but

by

by his Ears, and in reward thereof obtained one, who had a good Fame for her Dowry.

At length they were invited to the Houſe of Good Chear, where there was a Banquet prepared. This muſt be the quarter of Gluttony, ſaid *Andrenio.* It may be ſo, replied *Critilo*, but thoſe that enter ſeem the Eaters, and thoſe that go forth appear to be the Meat that is devoured: and here were rare Sights, for there was a great Lord ſet up in State, encircled with Gentlemen, intermixed with Dwarfs, Buffoons, and Flatterers, like the Ark of—— he eats well, but the account was large, for they avouched that he had eaten One hundred thouſand Ducats a year Rent, which account was paſſed without any queſtion or ſcruple. *Critilo* conſidering hereof, ſaid, how can this be? for he hath not eaten the hundred part of what they pretend. It is true, replied *Egenio*, but what he hath not devoured, theſe have. Then according hereunto, ſaid he, let them not ſay, that ſuch a Duke hath a hundred thouſand Crowns a year, but only a thouſand, and that the reſt only conſiſts in troubles and vexations of Mind. There was a ſort of people like *Camelions*, that ſucked in Air, and pretended that they grew fat with it, but at length all vaniſhed into Air. Some eat all, and ſome drank all, ſome ſucked in their Spittle, and others chewed upon an Onion; and at length thoſe that eat were eaten themſelves, and that to the very Bone. In all theſe Shops was ſold nothing of ſubſtance, or true benefit; howſoever on the right hand, were Wares of the moſt pretious quality, and Truths of the pureſt Touch, which were ſold to Mens own ſelves; ſuch as theſe, *The Wiſe man is with himſelf; and God is All-ſufficient.*

In

In this manner they came out from the Fare, diſcourſing as they went. *Egenio* being other then what he was before, becauſe now rich, intended to return to his Lodging, for in this life, we have no Houſe, or abiding Manſion. But *Critilo* and *Andrenio* reſolved to paſs the Gates of Virile Age in *Aragon*, of which the famous King gave this teſtimony, that he was born to make as many Knights of *St. Jago*, as ſhould be Conquerors of ſeveral Kingdoms, and comparing the ſeveral Countries of *Spain* to the different Ages of Man, attributed the robuſtious and manly Age to that of *Aragon*.

The

The Concluſion;

Being the Univerſal Reformation.

IF Men change their inclinations every ſeven years; how much more muſt their Judgments alter in every Period of their four Ages. He that underſtands little, or nothing, lives but by halfes; the Faculties of our Souls are feeble in our infancy; and the common or inferiour, as well as the more noble Powers lie buried in an unſenſible Infancy, exerciſing only an animal Life, and encreaſing with a Vegetation like Flowers, or Plants. But the time comes when the Soul proceeding out of its Mantles, enters into the Jovial Stage of Youth, which being Senſual and Luxurious, is moſt naturally expreſſed by ſuch Epithites. He that underſtands little, indulges his Genius, and purſues thoſe Inclinations, to which Youth and Nature prompt him, neglecting the uſe of the ſublimer Faculties. Howſoever at length, though late, he arrives at the Rational Life which appertains to Man; his Judgment being awakened, he reaſons, and diſcourſes, deſires to be eſteemed, thirſts after great Actions, embraces Vertue, cultivates Friendſhips, purſues Knowledge, treaſures up Wiſdom, and attends

The Employments of Manhood.

tends to every noble and worthy Action. He that compared the life of Man to the ſwift current of a Stream, did apply an apt ſimilitude rightly fitted to the tranſient condition of Humane nature, which glides away like a paſſing Water. For Infancy is a lively Brook ſpringing from amidſt little Sands, the Muck of our Bodies being produced from the Duſt of nothing. It twinkles as bright as a little ſpark, it ſmiles, but doth not laugh, it runs after the little bubbles of Wind, tumbles amongſt the Pots, and binds it ſelf with the green Stays with which the Nurſe keeps it from falling. But Youth ſallies forth like an impetuous Torrent, runs, leaps, precipitates its Waters like Cataracts, bubbles on the looſe Pebbles, turns into a thouſand Eddies, troubles the clearneſs of its Streams, and caſts all into Froth, and Fume. But the fury of this Brook tumbling into the Age of Manhood, glides then with a more quiet Stream, and is as ſmooth, and ſtill, as it is deep: It then diffuſes it ſelf without noiſe towards ſome good end or deſign; it overflows the Meadows to make them fertile and rich; it encompaſſes Cities, to carry their Veſſels of Proviſions, and fortifie them againſt their Enemies; and in ſhort enriches whole Provinces with all things neceſſary and uſeful. But alas! at length this placid River comes to diſcharge it ſelf into the froward Sea of Old age, emptying every drop of it ſelf into the profound Abyſs of Infirmities, and Diſeaſes: Here it is wherein Rich men looſe the vigour of their ſtrength, their pleaſures, and the remembrance of their very names: Here it is wherein the ſhattered Veſſel drives to Leeward, leaking in a hundred places; and being beaten on all ſides with Guſts, and Storms, is at length

The Life of Man compared to a Stream.

length caſt away, being ſhipwracked in the Gulf of the Grave, and ſwallowed up in the Sands of perpetual Oblivion.

Critilo and *Andrenio*, our two Pilgrims of Life, were now arrived in *Aragon*, which Travellers call, *The Good Spain*, where being entered, they found themſelves ingaged in the greateſt ſtage and courſe of Humane life. They had now inſenſibly paſſed the chearful and pleaſant Fields of Youth; and the plain and wanton Paths of Delight, and were aſcending upwards on the ſteep Mount of Manly age, which was full of ſharp Rocks, covered over with Briers and Thorns, and in every reſpect a moſt difficult, and troubleſome paſſage. *Andrenio*, like ſuch who would ariſe unto Vertue, ſtrained hard to mount aloft, he laboured and ſweat, and was out of breath; whilſt *Critilo* encouraged him with prudent remembrances, and comforting him in a way where no Flowers grew, with the proſpect of Trees above laden and overcharged with Fruit which were more plentiful, and in greater abundance, then the leaves of thoſe Books which they carried in their hands. At length they were got ſo high, that they ſeemed to be raiſed above all that this World contains, and to rule and govern inferiour things. What is your opinion, ſaid *Critilo*, of this new Region? Do not you think that we do now breath in a more pure Air? Yes indeed, replied *Andrenio*, methinks we now carry another ſort of Air with us. We are entered into a good ſtation, where we may repoſe, and recover our ſtrength. Let us now reflect, ſaid *Critilo*, on the Journy which we have made. Do not you obſerve thoſe green and trampled paths, which we have left behind us, how mean, how vile,

Aragon *the Good* Spain.

vile do all thoſe matters ſeem, which we have already paſſed? How childiſh and vain appears every thing in reſpect of that great Province into which we are now entred? How empty and void do paſt matters appear? How little do they ſhow from our ſublime place of reſidence? It were a madneſs to return to them again by the ſame ſteps which have wearied us already without ſatisfaction or contentment. And here we will leave our Pilgrims in the Confines of *Aragon*, having attained to the Virile, and robuſtious Age of Manhood.

FINIS.